AUTHORS

A REPRESENTATIVE
COLLECTION · FOR · YOUNG · PEOPLE

INDIANA AUTHORS

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A Representative Collection for
Young People

By

MINNIE OLCOTT WILLIAMS

"Ah! ever dearest homeland,
'Tis here my spirit sings."

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DEDICATED
TO THE MEMORY OF
MY FATHER
JOHN MILTON OLCOTT
WHO DEVOTED THE
BEST YEARS OF HIS LIFE TO THE
SERVICE OF THE
SCHOOLS OF INDIANA

Give me your hand, my friend, my friend—
We'll journey together, you and I—
Where the green-topped mountains kiss the sky.
We'll travel the road the bards have sung—
And see the things where our fancies clung—
For our limbs are strong and our hearts are young—
Over the world our way we'll wend,
Give me your hand, my friend, my friend.

—Frances Morrison.

FOREWORD

Seeking rest and a cup of tea in the Indiana Building at the Panama-Pacific Exposition, one heard with gentle surprise, that fifteen thousand volumes from Hoosier pens awaited the perusal of leisure moments.

Afloat in such a sea of effort, it would be only natural to seek refuge in something familiar, true and tried, as one looks longingly for a familiar face in the crowds of a large city.

In presenting this little book to the children of Indiana, I have but opened the gate to the garden of Indiana literature, inviting them to enter in, hoping that they will follow the paths and search for themselves other beautiful flowers and plants and trees within the garden, and share them with their friends in other states.

M. O. W.

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THE STORY OF A STONE

DAVID STARR JORDAN

Once on a time, a great many years ago, so many, many years that one grows very tired in trying to think how long ago it was; in those old days when the great Northwest consisted of a few ragged and treeless hills, full of copper and quartz, bordered by a dreary waste of sand-flats, over which the Gulf of Mexico rolled its warm and turbid waters as far north as Escanaba and Eau Claire; in the days when Marquette Harbor opened out toward Baffin's Bay, and the Northern Ocean washed the crest of Mount Washington and wrote its name upon the Pictured Rocks; when the tide of the Pacific, hemmed in by no snow-capped Sierras, came rushing through the Golden Gate between the Ozarks and the north peninsula of Michigan and swept over Plymouth Rock and surged up against Bunker Hill; in the days when it would have been fun to study geography, for there were no capitals, nor any products and all the towns were seaports—in fact, an immensely long time ago there lived in the northeastern part of the state of Wisconsin, not far from the city of Oconto, a little jelly-fish. It was a curious little fellow, about the shape of half an apple, and the size of

a pin's head; and it floated around in the water and ate little things and opened and shut its umbrella pretty much as the jelly-fishes do now on a sunny day off Nahant Beach when the tide is coming in. It had a great many little feelers that hung down all around like so many little snakes; so it was named Medusa, after a queer woman who lived a long while ago, when all sorts of stories were true. She wore snakes instead of hair and used to turn people into stone images if they dared make faces at her. So this little Medusa floated around, and opened and shut her umbrella for a good while—a month or two, perhaps, we don't know how long. Then one morning, down among the sea-weeds, she laid a whole lot of tiny eggs, transparent as crab-apple jelly, and smaller than the dew-drop on the end of a pine leaf. That was the last thing she did! so she died, and our story henceforth concerns only one of those little eggs.

One day the sun shone down into the water—the same sun that shines over the Oconto saw-mills now—and touched these eggs with life; and a little fellow whom we will call Favosites, because that was his name, woke up inside the egg and came out into the world. He was only a little piece of floating jelly, shaped like a cartridge pointed at both ends, or like a grain of barley, although very much smaller. He had a great number of little paddles on his sides. These kept flapping all the time, so that he was constantly in motion. And at night, all these little paddles shone with a rich green light, to show him the way through the water. It would have done you good to see them some night when all the little fellows had their lamps burning at once, and every wave, as it rose and fell, was all aglow with Nature's fireworks,

which do not burn the fingers, and leave no smell of sulphur.

So the little Favosites kept scudding along in the water, dodging from one side to the other to avoid the ugly creatures that tried to eat him. There were crabs and clams of a fashion neither you nor I ever see alive. There were huge animals with great eyes, savage jaws like the beak of a snapping turtle and surrounded by long feelers. They sat in the end of a long round shell, shaped like a length of stove-pipe, and glowered like an owl in a hollow log; and there were smaller ones that looked like lobsters in a dinner-horn. But none of these caught the little fellow, else I should not have had this story to tell.

At last, having paddled about long enough, Favosites thought of settling in life. So he looked around till he found a flat bit of shell that just suited him. Then he sat down upon it and grew fast, like old Holger Danske in the Danish myth, or Frederic Barbarossa in the German one. He did not go to sleep, however, but proceeded to make himself a home. He had no head, but between his shoulders he made an opening which would serve him for mouth and stomach. Then he put a whole row of feelers out, and commenced catching little worms and floating eggs and bits of lime—everything he could get—and cramming them into his mouth. He had a great many curious ways, but the funniest of them all was what he did with the bits of lime. He kept taking them in, and tried to wall himself up inside with them, as a person would "stone a well," or as though a man would swallow pebbles, and stow them away in his feet and all around under the skin, till he had filled himself all full with them, as the man filled Jim Smiley's frog.

Little Favosites became lonesome all alone in the bottom of that old ocean among so many outlandish neighbors. So one night when he was fast asleep, and dreaming as only a coral animal can dream, there sprouted out from his side, somewhere near where the sixth rib might have been if he had had any ribs, another little Favosites; and this one very soon began to eat worms and to wall himself up as if for dear life. Then from these two another and another little bud came out, and other little Favosites were formed. They all kept growing up higher and cramming themselves fuller and fuller of stone, till at last there were so many and they were so crowded together that there was not room for them to grow round, and so they had to become six-sided like the cells of a honey-comb. Once in a while some one in the company would feel jealous because the other got more of the worms, or would feel uneasy at sitting so long and swallowing lime. Such a one would secede from the little union without even saying "good-by," and would put on the airs of the grandmother Medusa and would sail around in the water, opening and shutting its umbrella, at last laying more eggs, which, for all we know, might have hatched out into more Favosites.

So the old Favosites died, or ran away, or were walled up by the younger ones, and new ones filled their places, and the colony thrived for a long while, until it had accumulated a large stock of lime.

But one day there came a freshet in the Menomonee River, or in some other river, and piles of dirt and sand and mud were brought down, and all the little Favosites' mouths were filled with it. This they did not like, so they died; but we know that the rock-house they were

building was not spoiled, for we have it here. But it was tumbled about a good deal in the dirt, and the rolling pebbles knocked the corners off, and the mud worked into the cracks, and its beautiful color was destroyed. There it lay in the mud for ages, till the earth gave a great long heave that raised Wisconsin out of the ocean, and the mud around our little Favosites packed and dried into hard rock and closed it in. So it became part of the dry land, and lay imbedded in the rocks for centuries and centuries, while the old-fashioned ferns grew above it and whispered to it strange stories of what was going on above ground in the land where things were living.

Then the time of the first fishes came, and the other animals looked in wonder at them, as the Indians looked on Columbus. Some of them were like the gar-pike of our river here, only much larger—big as a stove-pipe and with a crust as hard as a turtle's. Then there were the sharks, of strange forms, and some of them had teeth like bowie-knives, with tempers to match. And the time of the old fishes came and went, and many more times came and went, but still Favosites lay in the ground at Oconto.

Then came the long, hot, wet summer when the mists hung over the earth so thick that you might have had to cut your way through them with a knife; and great ferns and rushes, big as an oak and tall as a steeple, grew in the swamps of Indiana and Illinois. Their green plumes were so long and so densely interwoven that the Man of the Moon might have fancied that the earth was feathering out. Then all about huge reptiles with jaws like cross-cut saws and little reptiles with wings like bats crawled and swam and flew.

But the ferns died and the reptiles died and the rush-trees fell in the swamps, and the Illinois and the Sagamon and the Wabash and all the other rivers covered them up. They stewed away under the layers of clay and sand till at last they turned into coal and wept bitter tears of petroleum. But all this while Favosites lay in the rocks in Wisconsin.

Then the mists cleared away and the sun shone, and the grass began to grow, and the strange animals came from somewhere or nowhere to feed upon it. There were queer little striped horses, with three or four hoofs on each foot, and no bigger than a Newfoundland dog, but as smart as ever you saw. There were great hairy elephants with teeth like sticks of wood. There were hogs with noses so long that they could sit on their hind legs and root. And there were many still stranger creatures which no man ever saw alive. But still Favosites lay in the ground and waited.

And the long, long summer passed by and the autumn and Indian summer. At last the winter came, and it snowed and snowed, and it was so cold that the snow did not go off till the Fourth of July. Then it snowed and snowed till the snow did not go off at all. And then it became so cold that it snowed all the time, till the snow covered the animals and then the trees and then the mountains. Then it would thaw a little and streams of water would run over the snow. Then it would freeze again and the snow would pack into solid ice. So it went on snowing and thawing and freezing till nothing but snow-banks could be seen in Wisconsin, and most of Indiana was fit only for a skating-rink. And the animals

and plants which could get away all went south to live, and the others died and were frozen into the snow.

So it went on for a great many years. I dare not tell you how long, for you might not believe me. Then the spring came, the south winds blew, and the snow began to thaw. Then the ice came sliding down from the mountains and hills and from the north toward the south. It went on, tearing up rocks, little and big, from the size of a chip to the size of a house, crushing forests as you would crush an egg-shell and wiping out rivers as you would wipe out a chalk-mark. So it came pushing, grinding, thundering along not very fast, you understand, but with tremendous force, like a plough drawn by a million oxen, for a thousand feet of ice is very heavy. And the ice-plough scraped over Oconto, and little Favosites was torn from the place where he had lain so long; but by good fortune he happened to fall into a crevice of the ice where he was not so much crowded, else he would have been ground into powder and I should not have had this story to tell. And the ice melted as it slid along, and it made great torrents of water, which, as they swept onward, covered the land with clay and pebbles. At last the ice came to a great swamp overgrown with tamarack and balsam. It melted here; and all the rocks and stones and dirt it had carried—little Favosites and all—were dumped into one great heap.

It was a very long time after, and man had been created, and America had been discovered, and the War of the Revolution and the War of the Rebellion had all been fought to the end, and a great many things had happened, when one day a farmer living near Grand Chute, in

Outagamie County, Wisconsin, was ploughing up his clover-field to sow to winter wheat. He picked up, in the furrow a curious little bit of "petrified honeycomb," a good deal worn and dirty; but still showing plainly the honey-cells and the bee-bread. Then he put it into his pocket and carried it home and gave it to his boy Charley to take to the teacher and hear what he would say about it. And this is what he said.

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COLUMBUS

JOAQUIN MILLER

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
  Behind, the Gates of Hercules;
Before him, not the ghost of shores;
  Before him, only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
  For lo! the very stars are gone.
Brave Adm'r'l, speak; what shall I say?"
  "Why say: 'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day;
  My men grow ghastly, wan and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
  Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave Adm'r'l, say,
  If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
"Why, you shall say at break of day:
  'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!'"

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
  Until, at last, the blanched mate said:
"Why, now not even God would know
  Should I and all my men fall dead.
These very winds forget their way,
  For God, from these dread seas, is gone.
Now speak, brave Adm'r'l; speak and say—"
  He said: "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed! They sailed! Then spake the mate:
  "This mad sea shows his teeth to-night.
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,
  With lifted teeth, as if to bite!
Brave Adm'r'l, say but one good word:
  What shall we do when hope is gone?"
The words leapt like a leaping sword;
  "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then pale and worn, he kept his deck,
  And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
Of all dark nights! And then a speck—!
  A light! a light! a light! a light!
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!
  It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
He gained a world; he gave that world
  Its grandest lesson: "On! sail on!"

THE PALM-STREWN PATH

ELIZABETH MILLER HACK

Barcelona had been in a contemplative state for days. A kind of glory overarched the beautiful port. The king and queen were there, and there the magnificent society of Spain had betaken itself. That was a distinction that in season fell to most of the principal cities of Castile and Aragon, but Barcelona had been especially favored.

Don Cristobal Colon,* admiral of the ocean sea and viceroy of all the Indies, was a guest of the city, and the royal pageant and the royal reception in his honor had just been held.

The streets were still aflutter with banners and hung with garlands. Every point of vantage had been reserved for the seats of the nobility, and the commons had thronged the streets. At the gates the head of the procession had been watched for hours before it came in sight. Then soldiers with truncheons and mounted lances had been required to drive a way through the crush to admit the distinguished guest.

Hundreds of nobles had ridden out to meet him. Music and salutes preceded the arrival. In the cathedral the great organ rolled and the chant of the choirs mounted to the vast groining, where the incense of the censors was already collecting in shoals of fragrance.

Colon had been identified while yet the procession was far down the way to the sea. Something of the same

* Christopher Columbus.

awe that had affected the simple natives of the New World had seized the Spaniards on beholding the great man whom few had known. Clothed in scarlet and white-haired, and taller than any of the proud nobles who rode at his bridle, he had amply fulfilled the imaginative expectations of the folk of Barcelona. And after he had passed amid a storm of vivas there had come copper-skinned savages, beautiful as wild animals and hurdles of bamboo confining birds of gorgeous plumage and hampers heaped with strange grains and fruits and thrice armed and double-guarded men bearing coffers of gold in ornaments and nuggets, and then a party of high-headed, weather-beaten tars who had made the journey into unknown lands and were qualified for all time to listen to marvelous sea tales with a quirk at the corners of their mouths.

And then, the last wabbling seaman having come through the gate, the mob had closed in around the procession that seemed to be borne upon the shoulders of the people toward the royal house.

This was surrounded while the procession climbed the stairs and was swallowed, one marvel at a time, within the portals. Outside, the litters of the great and grand nobles, imbedded in retinues, and ambassadors and envoys were continually arriving amid salvos from the soldiers and shouts from the populace.

Hourly, royal patents in Don Cristobal's favor were posted on the cathedral and were cried through the streets by heralds. Hourly, streams of people turned and poured toward some spot where it had been rumored that the admiral could be seen riding at the king's right hand. Couriers covered with dust galloped up to the inn or to

the royal house with letters from pope or king or from some smaller dignitary, as a prince or a cardinal or a duque, for and anent the greatest man in Christendom.

From the sea-girt city the excitement spread abroad over the world. In England, Henry prepared to despatch Cabot upon a voyage of exploration. In Portugal, serious complications arose over the sea boundaries. Bull after bull was issued from Rome. Adventurers of blood and rank poured into Barcelona to go with the next expedition that was already planning for an immediate return to the new possessions.

Luis de Santangel, before any one else, had the first letter from Colon, written on board the *Nina* during the great tempest, and so was the first to be informed of the grand event. Courtiers and lords borrowed this valuable writing and copied it. It went into print and through many editions and several languages in short time.

Cardinal Mendoza took Colon from the hands of the sovereigns and carried him off to a grand dinner in his honor. And it was said that the cardinal set a precedent in conformance to which all the gold plate and functionaries that the nobles could borrow and lend among each other were required, when their entertainments followed in order. Among other extreme courtesies that were laid down for their imitation was to urge Colon to sit covered at board, after the royal custom, and to have his food tasted before serving.

But the king surpassed the cardinal by commanding Colon to ride on his right hand at his horse's bridle, a distinction granted only to fellow monarchs. And then the queen capped the toppling hight of favor by commanding Colon to sit in her presence.

So while the populace poured hither and thither, now to see the copper natives of the New World stalk by to be cared for in some grandee's menagerie, now to watch the cardinal's door to see the linkboys light the great ones home from the feast; while friends rubbed their hands and enemies gnawed their nails; while sycophants harried their heads for some new and surpassing mark of favor to bestow upon the admiral; while Ferdinand levied on his first return of gold from the New World to reimburse himself for the funds of the Santa Hermandad loaned to the expedition; and while the queen's rapt eyes beheld solemn triumphs of the cross over the ancient domains of unbelief; while the turmoil and excitement of the greatest event of the Christian era agitated Barcelona and Spain and the world, Cristobal Colon wore a modest smile and a quiet air as one who had not a single care upon his shoulders.

But on the night of the feast at the cardinal's house, after the lords had departed and a bedchamber was made ready for the distinguished guest, Colon stood in the banquet hall amid goblets of gold and the wreck of viands and the vapors of scented lamps, with all the luxuries of a medieval high prelate's establishment about him, and waited.

He had sent for his little son and had given command that as soon as the child arrived in Barcelona he should be brought at once to his father. A messenger had but a moment before announced the arrival of the boy. Then the cardinal's chamberlain led in the little one, bowed and retired.

That was a glorious hall filled with a confusion of splendor and ablaze with light. The fear of the mag-

nificence stopped the little boy. His blue eyes wandered, wide open, before they fell upon the admiral coming toward him.

That great figure in rich brocaded robes, so intent upon him, was enough like his father to keep him from fleeing, but far too splendid to reassure him. He moved backward and Colon stopped at once.

The admiral extended his arms, but the child was afraid of that offered embrace. Then Colon knelt, that his face might be the better offered for the boy's contemplation. The child was something more interested but the more puzzled. Then Colon undid the clasp that fastened the rich robe, put it off his shoulders and knelt in his waistcoat and sleeves, still an imposing man, but growing familiar.

"Dost thou love me better in my rags, little son?" the admiral asked. And by that sentence, that called back to the childish mind the tired man in an old black doublet and wide hat, who bore him in his arms and tramped over endless roads, Fernando knew his father.

And when the little boy tightened his arms with growing recognition and affection around the admiral's neck, Colon said to him: "Stand by me, little mate! Thy father hath need of thee yet!"

IN THE LONG FIGHT

GRACE SHOUP

All ages dead and splendid,
  All masters that are past,
  All hero figures vast—
By hate and scorn attended,
By Death and Time defended,—
  As with a bugle blast
  Cry out to us, "Stand fast!
All's well when all is ended."

Across the gulf of ages
  We send our answering hail:
"O poets, heroes, sages,
We lift to you a beaker
  Filled to the very brim;
The Lord's cause is no weaker
  Than when you died for Him.
Though long the battle rages
  The victory shall not fail,
  Right shall at last prevail!

THE HEART OF A BOY

OLLAH TOPH

Boy! With the heart of a man, I love you;
  Your youth, your dreams and the infinite grace
  Of the smiling courage in your dear face!
Why, to look on you seems as tho' there blew

From some radiant yesterday, the dew
  Of a thousand morns, impearling the place
  Where our fretted footsteps have slackened pace
In the briared paths, we're journeying thro'.

Thus I look and lean thro' your clear young eyes,
  To hopes I have lost, to good I have slain,
  Till I laugh and sing—they've come back again
On the breath of a bloom from Paradise!—
  Have all come back, just for gladness and joy
  Of youth and truth in the heart of a boy!

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING

A Pilgrim Play in Two Parts

CATHERINE DUNN

CHARACTERS

Patience.....A Young Plymouth Girl
Grace.....Her Sister
Roger.....Her Brother
Sunlight.....A Young Indian Girl
Myles, Stephen, Jonathan, Christopher, Peace, Constance, Mercy, Polly—other children of the colony.

PART I

Preparing for Thanksgiving

Scene—A Plymouth kitchen. Enter Patience and Sunlight, with wooden bowls or crocks, and corn. They seat themselves and begin shelling the corn.

PATIENCE—How good it seemeth, Sunlight, that thou art with us again. My heart rejoiced when I saw thee coming this morning.

SUNLIGHT—Truly it seemeth good to me likewise, Patience, and now what is the good news that maketh all so happy and busy to-day?

PATIENCE—In truth 'tis great news, Sunlight! Our mother hath gone to the Common house, with Mistress White and the other women to prepare, and our father hath joined the hunters, for our dear Governor Bradford hath said we shall have a Thanksgiving day in order that we may give praise for the bountiful harvest that so cheereth all hearts. We are to assemble in the morning at the beating of the drum, that we may listen to a sermon by our good elder and sing a psalm of praise, and after that we are to have a great feast.

GRACE (Running in with Roger)—And oh, girls, mother hath said that because our kitchen is the largest we may ask all of the other children of the settlement to come here after the feast when all work for the day is finished!

ROGER—And we may eat pop-corn and ginger-bread.

GRACE—And mother will tell us of a game.

ROGER—And we may play it.

GRACE (Shaking her finger at Roger)—If we be very quiet.

PATIENCE—Oh, is it not wonderful! And Sunlight here for it all! I will make the ginger-bread at once then, and surprise our dear mother. (Goes to cupboard door.)

ROGER—And do make a vast amount, Patience!

PATIENCE (Returning with bowl or crock and spoon; going to table and stirring vigorously)—Ay! Roger. I

shall surely do so, and, oh! Sunlight, the Indians are all to be invited to join our feast!

SUNLIGHT—How good thy people are!

GRACE—The men are still bringing in the turkeys—oh, such great ones, Patience!

ROGER—And I must help them again! (Exit.)

GRACE—How fast thou workest, Sunlight! I must be busy, too. (Gets a cloth and dusts furniture.)

PATIENCE—Thou art ever an example to us, Sunlight—so our mother tells us. Thou wast diligent even when thou first camest to us, and such a small girl, too! Thou couldst only speak three English words then; dost thou remember them?

SUNLIGHT—Ay! Me love Paleface.

GRACE—Ay, and Palefaces loved thee at once when thou saidst that, Sunlight, but oh, how grave thou wert—and how pretty thy hair looked with the bright feathers; and thou didst have the pretty beads that thou still wearest sometimes.

PATIENCE—How straight thou art, too, Sunlight! Belike if we also had been fastened in board cradles, we had been so—would it not have been odd, Grace, to hang from a tree?

SUNLIGHT—Like little papooses in their cradles?

GRACE—But we would have cried and not been as patient as are the papooses. Even Patience is not as patient as are Indian children.

PATIENCE—In truth, nay! nor half so wise! How swiftly thou didst grind the corn, Sunlight, when thou wert not much taller than father's gun that he carrieth to the meetings. Then what pretty blankets and moccasins thou canst make!

GRACE—And how much thou knowest about everything in the woods! Thy picture-writing, too, hath so much more of interest than doth our plain letters that go only up and down and make our birch-bark books all look alike.

SUNLIGHT—But I am glad to know how to make thy letters now and to read thy books and sew as the mother hath taught me. The white people have been good to my people.

GRACE—But our people could not have the Thanksgiving feast to-morrow if thy people had not taught us how to clear the ground quickly for the corn. Oh! the hard times we had at first—and the sickness and the deaths! Can we ever forget it all!

PATIENCE—Still our mother and father say we must not think of these things, but must be brave and cheerful and must work diligently and so do our part in our colony.

GRACE—Our mother and father are right, too, as they always are. (Looks out door.) Here cometh Roger, with Myles and Stephen, and see what they are bringing!

(Enter the three boys with corn, pumpkins and grapes; girls greet them.)

MYLES—Good day, neighbors! Is not this a great time!

GRACE—And you are to come here to-morrow with all the others!

MYLES—So Roger hath said, and he telleth us we may have a new game.

ROGER—And pop-corn and ginger-bread! Let us not forget them, boys!

STEPHEN—How can we when Patience hath already been mixing the dough, and Sunlight shelling the corn.

ROGER—And Grace is even now making sure there will be no dust to spoil thy new home-spun clothes!

STEPHEN—We shall show our gratitude to you all to-morrow by not being noisy and not eating too much.

MYLES—And in order to deserve it all, let us go now for more grapes. Where shall we put all this?

PATIENCE—In the cupboard. (Leads the way to the door and boys put the pumpkins, etc., outside.)

MYLES—Come, now, boys. (Opens door.) Oh, what great turkeys the men are carrying. Let us all go out and see them!

(Exeunt all; Patience and Sunlight carrying bowls and Grace carrying dust-cloth.)

PART II

The Children's Party

SCENE—Same as Part I.

Enter Roger, Patience, Grace and Sunlight.

ROGER—I hear them coming.

GRACE—And all is prepared.

(Enter all of the other children; greetings are exchanged as wraps and hats are removed and then all are seated.)

MYLES—And now for the new game, Patience!

SEVERAL VOICES—Ay! Ay! Tell us of it, Patience!

PATIENCE—It hath the name of "Proverbs" and is played after this fashion: We girls are to leave the room

while Roger telleth you of a familiar proverb that our mother hath selected and hath whispered to him. Then he will assign the words to you, each in turn a word, and when we return and ask each in turn a question, his answer thereto must contain the word assigned by Roger. We, then, must guess the proverb from the answers.

MYLES—Let us begin; away with you, girls! (Girls leave the room.)

ROGER—My mother hath selected this: "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches and loving favor rather than silver and gold." You all do know it, surely.

SEVERAL VOICES—Ay! Ay!

ROGER—Thou art nearest the door, Myles, so they will begin with thee. Thy word is, of course, "A"; thine is "good," Stephen, as thou art next; then thine is "name," Jonathan; thine "is," Christopher; mine, "rather," and then back to Myles. It is plain?

ALL—Ay! Ay! let them come! (Roger summons girls, who enter.)

PATIENCE—Myles, hadst thou thoroughly warmed thy mother's footstool for the meeting this day? I noted that she shivered somewhat.

MYLES—Nay, 'twas *a* brave warming I had given it, but the meeting-house beeth never a sultry spot in November.

GRACE—Stephen, I hear that thy father hath a beautiful tankard in his great iron-bound chest. Is it so?

STEPHEN—Ay, Grace; by *good* fortune both it and a clock, given him by an uncle, were preserved during our voyage.

SUNLIGHT—Jonathan, is it thou that must gather the pine-knots for the evening lighting?

JONATHAN—Now, Sunlight—couldst thou not have given a less difficult question for my word? Methinks I need a moment wherein to frame a reply—well—ay! whene'er any such labor is needed my *name* is called, since I am ever the chore-boy in our home.

PEACE—Christopher, didst thou leave thy trencher clean e'er it was gathered to be washed at the feast to-day?

CHRISTOPHER—Thy wits will ne'er unriddle my word with that question, Peace! ay it *is* but too true I did so, being in great hunger.

CONSTANCE—Didst thou help to build Mistress Bradford's brick oven, Roger?

ROGER—Ay, and I would *rather* work for that dear lady than hear of a great adventure.

MERCY—Hast e'er seen the fork that Mistress Brewster owns and that was fashioned in Italy, Myles?

MYLES—Ay, Mercy, and strange it seemeth *to* me that any in Italy or elsewhere should have need of such a tool.

POLLY—Stephen, how long thinkest thou will it be ere we may have real glass in our windows instead of oil paper?

STEPHEN—Ah, Polly; that know I not, it may *be* many moons ere that happen.

PATIENCE—Thy mother says thou dost help wash the cups when she is busy—dost thou like that work, Jonathan?

JONATHAN—Ay, Patience, as I said, I have ever been *chosen* as chore-boy in our home; there! two answers have I given with two of the hard words—hast thou not some pride in me, Myles—thou who hast had such simple words?

MYLES—Ay, Jonathan, but note me when my next cometh—it is worse than thine.

GRACE—Methinks I begin to guess the proverb, but no matter; Christopher, is not this the jacket for which thy mother wove the home-spun last winter?

CHRISTOPHER—Ay, Grace, and she hath woven more this year *than* last; she hath been so diligent.

SUNLIGHT—Hast thou yet written in thy new book of the birch-bark, Roger?

ROGER—Not yet—oh—(hesitates) let me see—oh, Sunlight, it will give me *great* pleasure to have some of thy picture-writing therein.

PEACE—Myles, thou say'st thy word is difficult—well—answer this with it—did Polly and I not mark thee nodding in the meeting-house this day?

MYLES—Oh, Peace! couldst thou not have done better in thy questioning? Let me have a moment for thought—ah, I have it! Thou didst so mark me; but well I know that no amount of *riches* could have tempted thee and Polly to betray my fault to the tithing-man.

CONSTANCE (Clapping her hands)—I have it, methinks! Thy next word is easy, Stephen. Hast thou thy lessons for the morrow?

STEPHEN—All, save one, *and* it shall be learned to-night.

MERCY—Wilt thou be a school-master when thou art a man, Jonathan?

JONATHAN—Ay, Mercy, but I shall ever win my pupils by kind and *loving* words and not by the rod.

POLLY—I fear me much that Jonathan's pupils will ne'er master their primers and horn-books—what sayst thou, Christopher?

CHRISTOPHER—Nay, Polly, I, too, *favor* gentle means in teaching.

PATIENCE—Ah, I am sure of the proverb now; we will help you now, boys, with simple questions. Roger, which wouldst thou rather have if thou mightst choose one only, pop-corn or ginger-bread?

ROGER (Laughing)—I would *rather* have pop-corn if such a strict choice were all that were left me.

GRACE—Thou needst no help with thy next word, Myles, and what dost thou say of our skill in guessing?

MYLES—In truth it is hardly less of a marvel *than* our skill in contriving answers.

SUNLIGHT—I have not guessed it as yet—do I know this proverb, thinkest thou, Stephen?

STEPHEN—Nay, surely not! else hadst thou given me a question not beyond all answering—; Sunlight, thou hast seen a book that containeth this proverb—it is a book of great size and hath a *silver* clasp.

PEACE—Good, Stephen! well, Jonathan, thou'lt find thy answer as simple as the learning of thy criss-cross row. Hast thou a good jack-knife?

JONATHAN—Ay, *and* have just carved my little sister a doll with it.

CONSTANCE—Thine shall be a question that shall delight thee with its directness, Christopher; for what did the Spaniards seek?

CHRISTOPHER (Laughing)—For *gold,* kind lady; and so you all have it?

SUNLIGHT—I have not—wilt tell me, Patience?

PATIENCE—Surely; "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches and loving favor rather than silver and gold."

SUNLIGHT—Ah, I have heard it.

ROGER—Now, Patience, here is a question from us boys; where are the pop-corn and ginger-bread?

PATIENCE (Laughing)—Come with me to find the answer.

(Exeunt all.)

THE RAINBOW

LOUISE VICKROY BOYD

"'Tis the heaven of flowers you see there,
All the wild flowers of the forest,
All the lilies of the prairie
When on earth they fade and perish,
Blossom in the heaven above us."

—HIAWATHA.

'Tis the sweet belief of the Indian child,
That above this world of ours,
The rainbow, gleaming in colors soft,
Is the heaven of the flowers.

That never a lily is broken here,
A rose's leaflets shed,
Or a lowly violet rudely crushed,
But it blooms again o'erhead.

The snowy bells that the hunter brought,
To wreathe in the maiden's hair,
The buds that died with the absent child,
Alike they are blooming there.

Oh, holiest faith, that the very flowers
  Have a spirit that can not die;
But will rise again with a brighter glow
  To smile on us from the sky.

Ah, 'twere sweet to know that the faded bloom
  Of our bygone happy years,
With the mist and the sunshine blending soft,
  Of remembered smiles and tears,

Freshened and pure, from a holy heaven,
  Sometimes in our sky would gleam,
And promise a future of flowers—aye, tinged
  With the light of some early dream.

LITTLE TURTLE

An Indiana Indian

JACOB PIATT DUNN

No part of the United States is richer in the tragedy, romance and pathos of Indian history than the region included in the old territory northwest of the Ohio River. It might be called the empire of the Algonquin tribes within our boundaries.

It was here that they made their last stand for the country east of the Mississippi and put the white man to his best effort to conquer them. No part of the country ever produced greater Indians than Pontiac, Tecumseh, The Little Turtle and Black Hawk.

The greatest of the Miamis and, perhaps, by the standard of achievement, which is the fairest of all standards, the greatest Indian the world has known was Mi′-shi-kin-noq′-kwa, commonly known as Little Turtle. He was rather small of stature and was probably a puny infant, which may account for his name, for a more sprawling, helpless-looking creature than a newly hatched painted-terrapin can hardly be imagined. He was born near the present city of Fort Wayne about 1751. Though small of stature, he was both brave and wise. He had also a remarkable dignity of manner that commanded respect, and although not a hereditary chief, he soon rose to a position of leadership. His first opportunity for special distinction came in 1780, when a rude shock occurred. Out from the East there came Colonel Le Balme, a French officer, who came over with Lafayette and had been serving with the Continental army in New England. Inspired perhaps by the success of George Rogers Clark, he conceived a plan for capturing Detroit with a force raised in the French settlements. He won the confidence of the French settlers on the Mississippi and thirty of them started with him on his expedition. At Vincennes he recruited nearly as many more.

The alarm spread rapidly and soon came to The Little Turtle, who quickly gathered a band of warriors to attack the enemy. They followed the trail and in the darkness of the night struck the sleeping camp. La Balme had not even posted sentinels and he and his men were all killed except a young man named Rhy, who was carried captive to Canada and handed over to the British authorities. He said he was aid-de-camp to La Balme, and that they had fallen back to the Aboite River to await reinforce-

ments to the number of four hundred, which were expected, but of these nothing further was ever heard. The news of the destruction of the expedition against Detroit was received with great satisfaction by the British, and thenceforth The Little Turtle was the recognized war chief of the Miamis.

In the next ten years there was an abundance of fighting, of Indian raids on the Kentucky settlements and all along the frontier, with counter expeditions by the whites. But the white man was growing weary of this petty and harassing warfare, and this feeling was increased by the belief that the British, who still held the region about Detroit, were furnishing supplies to the Indians and urging them to war. It was decided that a crushing blow must be struck, and in 1790 an expedition was started against the Miami town under the command of General Josiah Harmar, the commander-in-chief of the American army.

And now The Little Turtle had no ordinary Indian foray on his hands. He had an army to deal with, and it must be handled as an army, for the Indians were determined not to await invasion and another destruction of their winter supplies. They must be furnished with food on their march to meet the enemy. . . . The Little Turtle vanquished an American army fifty per cent. larger than his own and inflicted great loss, the greatest victory ever gained by Indians over American troops, wholly achieved by Indian military skill.

The Little Turtle realized, as few others did, that a new era had come to his people which called for a change in them. In the past he had contended against the vices of barbarism, and had been the chief agent in suppress-

ing "the ancient sacrificial rites," including cannibalism, which had been practised among the Miamis as late as the Revolutionary War. He now entered on a campaign against the vices of civilization and an effort to gain its advantages. Most destructive of the former was intemperance. He visited the legislatures of Ohio and Kentucky, as well as Congress, and begged for the prohibition of the liquor traffic among the Indians.

While on a visit to Washington The Little Turtle learned of the benefits of inoculation as a preventive of smallpox. He at once had himself and the members of his party inoculated, and he also carried this remedy to his people, which was the means of saving the lives of many of them and of the surrounding tribes.

He tried to introduce a civilized system of agriculture among the Miamis, and at his request the Society of Friends of Baltimore established a training farm on the Wabash. The Little Turtle also endeavored to promote friendship with the Americans, and opposed British influence, which brought him into opposition to Tecumseh. This opposition was much aggravated by his supporting the treaties made by Governor Harrison for lands in the southern part of Indiana. As the government had built a substantial log-house for him at his town on Eel River and otherwise encouraged him in his efforts for civilization, his enemies found many listeners to their insinuations that he had sold himself to the Americans. Nevertheless he still retained his influence with most of the Miamis, and very few of them took part in the battle of Tippecanoe. After that event, his wisdom was again generally recognized, and he regained much of his former standing.

In his later years the old chief was much troubled by rheumatism and gout, and was treated for them by the army surgeons at Fort Wayne. One day an interpreter rallied him with a suggestion that gout was supposed to be a disease of fine gentlemen. The Little Turtle quickly replied: "I have always thought that I was a gentleman." And he was. . . . The Little Turtle exceeded all his brother chiefs in dignity of appearance—a dignity which resulted from the character of his mind. . . . His appearance and manners, which were graceful and agreeable in an uncommon degree, were admired by all who made his acquaintance.

The Little Turtle prepared to take the side of the Americans in the War of 1812, but he was destined not to participate in that conflict. His old enemy, the gout, carried him off on July 14, 1812, while at Fort Wayne for treatment. He was buried on the bank of the St. Joseph, above Fort Wayne, with military honors. For a generation or more the Indians were accustomed to visit his grave and pay tribute to his memory, as well they might, for if ever man served his generation to the best of his ability, this man had done so.

From *True Indian Stories*, by permission of the author.

THE INDIAN'S FAREWELL

M. LOUISA CHITWOOD

Is it farther west? Is it farther west?
The isle of peace, and the land of rest;
I had thought to lie where my fathers lie,
Where my fathers died, I had thought to die;

And the notes of my death song, low and clear,
To die away in my strong heart, here.

But in vain the hope—the wish in vain—
I turn my steps to the West again;
I turn from the mound so green and low,
Where the sunlight falls, and the south winds blow,
While waves of agony shake my breast,
To the distant West, to the far-off West.

. . . . . .

I have journeyed long, o'er hills and plains,
O'er rivers wide, o'er mountain chains;
I have slept while the light of the stars was bright,
In the broad blue tent of the skies at night;
And heard the strong north wind that blows
From the icy lips of the god of snows.

And I am here in the distant West.
Yet where, oh, where is the land of rest?—
For even here a shadow falls
From the low brown eaves of the white man's walls;
And 'neath the pines, at the close of day,
The paleface rests where the children play.

I hear the loud Pacific roar,
As the dark waves dash on the sandy shore,—
Must I tempt the deep, in my light canoe?
Must my paddle sound on the waters blue?
And is there an island upon its breast
Where the aged warrior at last may rest?

Oh, wan is the light of my once bright eye;
I am old, and weak, and soon must die.
I had thought to find my brothers here,.
And hunting-grounds, with the fleet young deer,
Where the birds might sing, and young bees hum,
And the sound of the white man's voice ne'er come.

I had thought to find, in these dingles deep,
Full many a haunt where the wolf might sleep;
Where the panther's eyes, in glaring bright,
Look down through the thick green leaves at night;—
I had thought my arrow again might rest
With unerring aim in the eagle's breast.

But in vain, in vain! I can only die,
With a heart untamed, and a tearless eye.
They will scoop my grave in the yellow clay,
And the white man's children o'er me play,
With their lips of rose, and golden hair.
But where are the red man's children, where?
A scattered, and wronged, and broken band.
But there is rest in the Spirit Land.

From *Poems*. Selected by George D. Prentice and published by Cranston and Stowe.

ROMANTIC INDIANA

AUGUSTA STEVENSON

ORDERLY (Courteously)—Father Gibault, General Clark asks permission to use this church for a conference with the British officers.

GIBAULT—It is at his disposal, Officer. (To people.) Come, we will retire to the square. 'Twill be safe whilst the truce is on. (They start off.)

ORDERLY (At door; waving them back)—One moment! General Clark is here—at the door!

Enter General Clark and Major Bowman. Clark is twenty-seven years old; is prepossessing in appearance; has pleasing manners; is brave, energetic and bold. He wears buckskins, as does the major.

GIBAULT (Advancing)—You are welcome here, General Clark! Long have I prayed for this day! (Gives hand to Clark.)

CLARK (With great respect)—'Tis through your help I have come, Father Gibault.

GIBAULT—My part in it was small enough—

CLARK—Nay, 'twas much, and 'twas all you had. It grieved me to take it from you.

GIBAULT—The cause for which you fight is dearer than any man's gold. But tell me—did Colonel Vigo arrive in time? He was compelled to go to St. Louis first, through his promise to Colonel Hamilton.

CLARK (Smiling)—He carried out his promise to the letter—went straightway to St. Louis, and then was off again—back over the way he had come—to Kaskaskia!

GIBAULT—And all the time exposed to great danger! The Indians would have burned him alive had they captured him again.

CLARK—He knew that, Father, and spoke of it, but he was willing to sacrifice himself that our pioneers might live in safety under the American flag.

GIBAULT—He should be honored by Americans forever!

CLARK—Aye, he will be! And so shall you, Father Gibault, so shall you! (Sound of weeping heard, back. Clark turns.) Why, these women are weeping! Are they afraid of us?

GIBAULT (Aside to Clark)—They fear you will mistreat them, despite all I have said. They have listened to the British officers. (Weeping continues. Clark crosses to people. Gibault follows.) Why do you weep, my friends?

FIRST WOMAN—We pray you not to seize us!

FIRST MAN—We will submit to the loss of our land, but we beg you not to take us from our wives and children!

OTHERS—Aye! We beg you!

CLARK—Do you mistake us for savages? Do you think that Americans would mistreat women and children? My countrymen disdain to war on the helpless. It is to prevent Indian and British butchery of women that we come to this place. And we come for that alone, my friends, and not for plunder or loot of your homes.

FIRST MAN (Amazed)—Why, sir—'tis not what we've been hearing—

CLARK—You have been prejudiced against us by Brit-

ish officers. No restraint will be put upon you after the fort is taken.

SECOND MAN—But suppose the British conquer?

PEOPLE—Aye!

CLARK—They are beaten now. Have they not sent us a flag of truce and asked for a conference?

THIRD MAN—But you may not come to terms—

CLARK—We shall oblige them to accept whatever terms we choose to offer them.

FOURTH MAN—Ah, but you need many men to do that.

PEOPLE—Aye!

CLARK—Men I have in plenty. The French at Kaskaskia volunteered in large numbers. Why, victory is ours! 'Tis now merely a matter of form and detail. So think all these things over, my friends. We shall not compel you to take the oath of allegiance, but 'twould be an act we would appreciate; 'twould make you beloved by our nation. (Turns to priest.) Speak to them, Father, without. I should like the church for a conference with Major Bowman. (Exeunt Gibault and people.) Well, Major, it is plain that we must resort to braggadocio—or, rather, we must continue to use it. Our French volunteers would scarce make a baker's dozen, but these villagers must not know it. So much do they fear the British, we can gain them only by tales of a superior force.

BOWMAN (Smiling)—Your display of numerous banners as we approached Vincennes in the dusk impressed them from the first.

CLARK—'Twas necessary in order to disarm them.

And 'twas necessary to deceive the Indians, too, who were hanging about in large numbers, ready to go this way or that. I hoped also that reports of our large force would alarm the garrison. And now I am certain that happened. Hamilton would not be asking for a conference otherwise.

BOWMAN—Nay, indeed he would not!

CLARK—And the danger is not over for us. Any moment the Indians may discover the truth and begin a counter-attack. These French, too, might arise against us. So braggadocio, Major, bombast and bluff must be in order to-day.

BOWMAN (Smiling)—You'll find me here at your elbow in any picture you paint. (Enter Gibault. He is followed by several young Frenchmen.)

GIBAULT—Your pardon, General, but these young men of Vincennes wish to join your forces and fight.

CLARK—I appreciate your offer, gentlemen, but I am not in need of men. Indeed, I have so many that more would embarrass my plans.

FIRST YOUTH—I pray you to take us, General!

SECOND YOUTH—We desire the Americans to win!

THIRD YOUTH—We will help you to storm the fort, General.

CLARK—You would make brave and loyal soldiers, I know, but I can not accept you now. My ranks are filled. But I thank you, young gentlemen. I thank you, Father Gibault. (Exeunt priest and young men.) That took as much courage, Major, as it does to face a cannon. I need men as I need my head, and could use them just as effectively. (Enter an orderly.)

ORDERLY—Some Indians are coming to you, General, to offer you their aid. They are now within the square.

CLARK—Keep them away if you can. I will not use Indians to make war upon any human being—not even that hair-buying Hamilton! Tell them we have men in plenty. (Exit orderly. Bowman looks out window.)

BOWMAN—He can not dissuade them, General. Their chief looks at the orderly with anger—and now he comes this way.

CLARK—'Tis better perhaps that they do. We must have their good will if it can be got by fair words and excuses. (Enter Tabac, an Indian chief, followed by several braves.)

TABAC—Who is chief among you? Speak that I may know.

CLARK (Haughtily)—I am chief. What would you of me at this time?

TABAC—Father, I am Tabac, chief of the Piankeshaws, who dwell in the land of their fathers by the waters of the lower Wabash. Father, we do not like the English. My braves would fight with you.

CLARK—You are too late, my children. I can not use more men.

TABAC—Father, Tabac and one hundred warriors will fight for you to the death.

CLARK—You should have come to me at Kaskaskia, before the French volunteers joined.

TABAC (Sorrowfully)—Tabac did not know, Father. The English deceived him with lying words.

CLARK—I must refuse you, Tabac. Nor have I time to speak further to-day. The British officers are coming here to plead with me not to destroy them utterly.

TABAC (Quickly)—Tabac American! Braves American, too! (Braves grunt assent eagerly.)

CLARK—We will smoke our peace pipe to-morrow, my children, before a fire in the fort. (Conducts Indians to door.) To-morrow, remember! To-morrow! (Exeunt Indians. Enter Orderly.)

ORDERLY—Governor Hamilton is coming, General.

CLARK—Who is with him?

ORDERLY—His major and Captain Helm.

CLARK (Surprised)—Captain Helm! That looks suspicious to me, Major. They bring him here to intercede in their favor. Little good 'twill do them! I shall insist upon unconditional surrender.

BOWMAN—Hamilton will fight that most bitterly.

CLARK—He knows it will mean death to him, as it most assuredly will. Major Bowman, 'tis all I can do to receive that murderer with the required civilities of war.

ORDERLY—He is approaching, General. (Short pause. Enter Hamilton, Hay and Helm. Officers bow formally.)

CLARK (Coldly)—You suggested a conference, Colonel Hamilton, under your flag of truce.

HAMILTON—I wish, General Clark, to offer you terms of capitulation. (Hands a paper to Clark, who looks at it critically.)

CLARK (Coldly)—It is not acceptable to me—

HAMILTON—What is your objection, General?

CLARK—You propose surrendering if you and your men are permitted to go to Florida on parole.

HAMILTON—You would not agree to that?

CLARK—No, most decidedly I would not!

HAMILTON—Will you then make some proposition?

CLARK—I have no other offer to make than that of unconditional surrender.

HAMILTON (Displeased)—But, General—

CLARK (Lifting hand)—If you choose to comply with that demand, perhaps the sooner the better. It is useless to make any further proposition to me. You realize by this time that your garrison must fall. My troops are impatient at the delay, and are calling aloud for permission to storm the fort. They are enraged against you, as are all Americans in the United States. Should it come to the point, then, of these frontiersmen breaking into you fort, they would not leave a man of you alive.

HAMILTON—They are enraged without reason, sir.

CLARK—(Sharply)—Say not that to me! You know of what you are guilty! Will you take my terms or no?

HAMILTON—My men are not to blame, at least, and it is unfair that all should suffer. I believe Captain Helm agrees with me on that point.

HELM—I do, General Clark. I—

CLARK—Captain Helm, you are a British prisoner, and it is doubtful whether you should speak.

HAMILTON—Captain Helm is free from this moment.

CLARK—I will not receive Captain Helm on such terms. He must return to the fort and await his fate. Hostilities will not be renewed until five minutes after the guns give the alarm. There is nothing more to be said, Colonel Hamilton. (Officers bow coldly. Hamilton and escort start off. Hamilton stops and turns.)

HAMILTON—Would you be good enough, General Clark, to give me your reasons for refusing the garrison under any other terms than those of unconditional surrender?

CLARK—Certainly, I will give them. I want an excuse for putting certain Indian partisans to death, or otherwise treat them as I think proper. The cries of the widows and of the fatherless children on the frontiers require their blood from my hands. And I do not intend to be so timorous as to disobey these voices. I may even send for some of these widows to accuse their husbands' murderers—these selfsame Indian partisans.

HAY (Alarmed)—Who is it that you call Indian partisans?

CLARK—Sir, I take Major Hay to be one of the principal ones, after Colonel Hamilton. (Hay trembles noticeably; is obliged to hold to a chair for support. Hamilton bites his nails nervously. American officers look with disdain upon them. Silence for a moment.) There is no more to be said. If I should decide to reconsider the matter I will let you know under flag. If not, you will soon hear the roll of the drum. (All bow. British go with Helm. Clark turns to orderly.) Ask all officers to attend me here at once. Tell the men to rest on their arms for fear of treachery. (Exit orderly. Enter Clark's officers. All wear buckskins and carry tomahawks in their belts.) Gentlemen, I would lay before you the result of the conference. The British will not accept my terms of unconditional surrender.

CAPTAIN—We can force them to it, General. The men are anxious to storm the fort.

LIEUTENANT—Aye, they are—most anxious! They want to be revenged for the loss of relatives and friends.

CLARK (After a pause of reflection)—It can not be done without great loss of life, and I am not willing to lose a single man. Besides their Indian allies may rally

to their support. We could not hope to withstand an Indian attack whilst engaged in storming the fort.

CAPTAIN—Nay! We could not!

CLARK—Taken altogether, it is a situation that we must make the best of, and do so whilst we may. I am, therefore, willing to moderate my demands, and accept them as prisoners of war. What have you to say, gentlemen?

BOWMAN—We can do nothing else under the circumstances, without running the risk of defeat.

CLARK—And that would mean the utter ruin of all our plans and hopes! With perfect security could this Hamilton then sally forth with his Indians to torture our pioneers and murder their children and wives. A reign of terror would begin anew for our settlements, and 'twould last as long as an American remained alive from here to the Alleghanies.

CAPTAIN—I favor your terms, General. Accept them as prisoners of war, by all means.

OTHERS—Aye!

CLARK—So be it. I will return Hamilton's articles of capitulation with word that we will accept them in mercy to his men.

OFFICERS—Aye! (Clark writes on paper left by Hamilton.)

CLARK—Orderly, bear this paper to the fort under a flag and wait for it to be signed. (Exit orderly with paper. Enter Gibault with people, now increased by merchants and others.)

GIBAULT—General Clark, my people have decided. They have come to take the oath of allegiance to the United States. They wish to be American citizens.

CLARK—It rejoices my heart to hear this, but the surrender is not yet completed.

FIRST MERCHANT—That does not matter to us, General. We have made up our minds to be Americans.

OTHERS—Aye!

SECOND MERCHANT—We have talked with some of your French volunteers, and the things we have heard have decided us. The French at Kaskaskia are as free as before, they say, and freer. And their women were treated with respect.

THIRD MERCHANT—Aye, and they act and talk in a different style, as freemen do—and should.

FOURTH MERCHANT—So we, like they of Kaskaskia, would become your people at once.

OTHERS—Aye!

CLARK—We must wait for my flag from the fort. It should be here now in a moment. (Enter orderly with American flag.)

ORDERLY (Offering a paper)—From Colonel Hamilton, General.

CLARK (Taking paper)—This will decide the matter, friends. (Looks at paper carefully. There is a moment of suspense.) The British have surrendered as prisoners of war!

GIBAULT—May Heaven be praised!

OTHERS (Solemnly)—Aye!

CLARK—Father, conduct me to the altar. I will administer the oath of allegiance to these new citizens of our beloved United States. (Priest and Clark go to altar. Priest raises his hand. People kneel at altar. Officers stand with bowed heads. Orderly lifts flag over altar and kneeling people. Music of *America*. Curtain.)

MOTION TABLEAU

General Clark, officers and soldiers wait at gate of fort. Governor Hamilton and garrison come from fort and deliver up their arms. An American flag is then run up over the gate and Clark's fifers and drummers play *Yankee Doodle.* The people of Vincennes who are gathered about church wave handkerchiefs and shout with joy. Curtain.

FATHER GIBAULT

MAURICE THOMPSON

Great movements in the affairs of men are like tides of the seas which reach and affect the remotest and quietest nooks and inlets, imparting a thrill and a swell of the general motion. Father Gibault brought the wave of the American Revolution to Vincennes. He was a simple missionary; but he was, besides, a man of great worldly knowledge and personal force. Colonel George Rogers Clark made Father Gibault's acquaintance at Kaskaskia, when the fort and its garrison surrendered to his command, and, quickly discerning the fine qualities of the priest's character, sent him to the post on the Wabash to win over its people to the cause of freedom and independence. Nor was the task assumed a hard one, as Father Gibault probably well knew before he undertook it.

A few of the leading men of Vincennes, presided over by Gaspard Roussillon, held a consultation at the river house, and it was agreed that a mass meeting should be called bringing all of the inhabitants together in the church for the purpose of considering the course to be taken under the circumstances made known to Father Gibault. Oncle Jason constituted himself an executive committee of one to stir up a noise for the occasion.

It was a great day for Vincennes. The volatile temperament of the French frontiersmen bubbled over with enthusiasm at the first hint of something new and revolutionary in which they might be expected to take part. Without knowing in the least what it was that Father Gibault and Oncle Jason wanted of them, they were all in favor of it at a venture.

René de Ronville, being an active and intelligent young man, was sent about through the town to let everybody know of the meeting. In passing he stepped into the cabin of Father Beret, who was sitting on the loose puncheon floor, with his back turned toward the entrance and so absorbed in trying to put together a great number of small paper fragments that he did not hear nor look up.

"Are you not going to the meeting, Father?" René bluntly demanded. In the hurry that was on him he did not remember to be formally polite, as was his habit.

The old priest looked up with a startled face. At the same time he swept the fragments of paper together and clutched them hard in his right hand.

"Yes, yes, my son—yes, I am going, but the time has not yet come for it, has it?" he stammered. "Is it late?"

He sprang to his feet and appeared confused, as if caught doing something very improper.

René wondered at this unusual behavior, but merely said:

"I beg your pardon, Father Beret; I did not mean to disturb you," and went his way.

Father Beret stood for some minutes as if dazed, then squeezed the paper fragments into a tight ball, just as they were when he took them from under the floor some time before René came in, and put it in his pocket. A little later he was kneeling, as we have seen him before, in silent but fervent prayer, his clasped hands lifted toward the crucifix on the wall. "Jesus, give me strength to hold on and do my work," he murmured beseechingly, "and oh, free thy poor servant from bitter temptation."

Father Gibault had come prepared to use his eloquence upon the excitable Creoles, and with considerable cunning he addressed a motley audience at the church, telling them that an American force had taken Kaskaskia and would henceforth hold it; that France had joined hands with the Americans against the British, and that it was the duty of all Frenchmen to help upbuild the cause of freedom and independence.

"I come," said he, "directly from Colonel George Rogers Clark, a noble and brave officer of the American army, who told me the news that I have brought to you. He sent me here to say to you that if you will give allegiance to his government you shall be protected against all enemies and have full freedom of citizens. I think you should do this without a moment's hesitation, as I and my people at Kaskaskia have already done. But perhaps you would like to have a word from your distinguished fellow citizen, Monsieur Gaspard Roussillon.

Speak to your friends, my son, they will be glad to take counsel of your wisdom."

There was a stir and a craning of necks. M. Roussillon presently appeared near the little chancel, his great form towering majestically. He bowed and waved his hand with the air of one who accepts distinction as a matter of course; then he took his big silver watch and looked at it. He was the only man in Vincennes who owned a watch, and so the incident was impressive. Father Gibault looked pleased, and already a murmur of applause went through the audience. M. Roussillon stroked the bulging crystal of the time-piece with a circular motion of his thumb and bowed again, clearing his throat resonantly, his face growing purplish above his beard.

"Good friends," he said, "what France does all high-class Frenchmen applaud." He paused for a shout of approbation, and was not disappointed. "The other name for France is glory," he added, "and all true Frenchmen love both names. I am a true Frenchman!" and he struck his breast a resounding blow with the hand that still held the watch. A huge horn button on his buckskin jerkin came in contact with the crystal, and there was a smash, followed by a scattered tinkling of glass fragments.

All Vincennes stood breathless, contemplating the irreparable accident. M. Roussillon had lost the effect of a great period of speech, but he was quick. Lifting the watch to his ear, he listened a moment with superb dignity, then slowly elevating his head and spreading his free hand over his heart he said:

"The faithful time-piece still tells off the seconds, and the loyal heart of its owner still throbs with patriotism."

Oncle Jason, who stood in front of the speaker, swung his shapeless cap as high as he could and yelled like a savage. Then the crowd went wild for a time. Everybody shouted at the top of his voice.

"What France does we all do," continued M. Roussillon, when the noise subsided. "France has clasped hands with George Washington and his brave compatriots; so do we. . . ."

Great sayings come suddenly, unannounced and unexpected. They have the mysterious force of prophetic accident combined with happy economy of phrasing. The southern blood in M. Roussillon's veins was effervescing upon his brain; his tongue had caught the fine freedom and abandon of inspired oratory. He towered and glowed; words fell melodiously from his lips; his gestures were compelling, his visage magnetic. In conclusion he said:

"Frenchmen, America is the garden-spot of the world and will one day rule it, as did Rome of old. *Where freedom makes her home, there is the center of power!*"

. . . . . .

When M. Roussillon ceased speaking the audience again exhausted its vocal resources; and then Father Gibault called upon each man to come forward and solemnly pledge his loyalty to the American cause. Not one of them hesitated.

Meantime a woman was doing her part in the transformation of Post Vincennes from a French-English picket to a full-fledged American fort and town. Madame Godére, finding out what was about to happen, fell to work making a flag in imitation of that under which

George Washington was fighting. Alice (of Old Vincennes) chanced to be in the Godére home at the time and joined enthusiastically in the sewing. It was an exciting task. Their fingers trembled while they worked, and the thread, heavily coated with beeswax, squeaked as they drew it through the cloth.

"We shall not be in time," said Madame Godére; "I know we shall not. Everything hinders me. My thread breaks or gets tangled and my needle's so rusty I can hardly stick it through the cloth. O dear!"

Alice encouraged her with both words and work, and they had almost finished when René came with a staff which he had brought from the fort.

"*Mon dieu,* but we have had a great meeting!" he cried. He was perspiring with excitement and fast walking; leaning on the staff he mopped his face with a blue handkerchief.

"We heard much shouting and noise," said Madame Godére. "M. Roussillon's voice rose loud above the rest. He roared like a lion."

"Ah, he was speaking to us; he was very eloquent," replied René. "But now they are waiting at the fort for the new flag. I have come for it."

"It is ready," said Madame Godére.

With flying fingers Alice sewed it to the staff.

"*Voici!*" she cried, "*vive la republique Americaine!*" She lifted the staff and let the flag droop over her from head to foot.

"Give it to me," said René, holding forth a hand for it, "and I'll run to the fort with it."

"No," said Alice, her face suddenly lighting up with

resolve. "No, I am going to take it myself," and without a moment's delay off she went.

René was so caught by surprise that he stood gazing after her until she passed behind a house, where the way turned, the shining flag rippling around her and her moccasins twinkling as she ran.

At the blockhouse, awaiting the moment when the symbol of freedom should rise like a star over old Vincennes, the crowd had picturesquely broken into scattered groups. Alice entered through a rent in the stockade, as that happened to be a shorter route than through the gate, and appeared suddenly almost in their midst.

It was a happy surprise, a pretty and catching spectacular apparition of a sort to be thoroughly appreciated by the lively French fancy of the audience. The men caught the girl's spirit, or it caught them, and they made haste to be noisy, and danced around and yelled till they were hoarse.

By this time René had reached Alice's side; but she did not see him; she ran into the blockhouse and climbed up a rude ladder-way; then she appeared on the roof, still accompanied by René, and planted the staff in a crack of the slabs, where it stood bravely up, the colors floating free.

She looked down and saw M. Roussillon, Father Gibault and Father Beret grouped in the center of the area. They were waving their hands aloft at her, while a bedlam of voices sent up applause which went through her blood like strong wine. She smiled radiantly, and a sweet flush glowed in her cheeks. No one of all that wild crowd could ever forget the picture sketched so boldly

at that moment when, after planting the staff, Alice stepped back a pace and stood strong and beautiful against the soft blue sky. She glanced down first, then looked up, her arms folded across her bosom. It was a pose as unconsciously taken as that of a bird, and the grace of it went straight to the hearts of those below.

From *Alice of Old Vincennes*. Published by The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

MEMORIES OF PIONEER DAYS

I. G. D. NELSON

The pioneer was the child of progress. He looked up and not down. Behind him was the past, before him was the future. He felt that the wise men came from the East, and took courage. The needle of his compass always pointed westward, and he followed it.

Our pioneer dreamed dreams and saw visions. He dreamed of the old home, of gray-haired father and mother, watching from the low door-way, the departing children. His dreams were of the yesterday, his visions were of to-morrow. He foresaw hard work and hard times, back-ache and heart-ache, blue days and weary nights, but he saw, too, in the dim future, the town, the village, the city, the county, the state, an empire of itself; he saw thousands of homes, and hundreds of thousands of owners; happy and prosperous people; he saw schools and churches, factories and fertile fields, institutions of science and learning; he saw capital and labor, brain and body, mind and muscle, all employed in the advancement

of civilization, and the permanent improvement of mankind. And of all this he was to be a part and parcel. What visions were these! Do you wonder that the pioneer was a pioneer, brave, cheerful and faithful?

We look back to the old times as hard times, and so they were; full hearts and empty purses, hard work and plenty of it, shivering ague and wasting fever were the common lot of our early settlers, yet they had their share of good times too, and were free from many plagues that annoy their children.

Questions of domestic economy and home discipline that worry the best of us now-a-days gave the pioneer but little trouble. No dispute could be gotten up over the pattern of the parlor carpet, for they hadn't any, or if they had, it was of rags. The fashion plates did not reach the woods in those days, and Jane's bonnet and Charlie's coat were worn regardless of style till they were worn out, and then they were made over for the younger children. Who called first and who called last and who owed calls were not debatable questions with our mothers; they visited when they had the time and wanted to, and when they didn't, they stayed at home.

THE PIONEERS

EMILY THORNTON CHARLES

Now fifty years agone, when these fair States were new,
Where mighty cities stand, then trackless forests grew,
Within whose dark recesses, mysterious and lone,
The winds swept sighingly with many a plaintive moan,

While mingling with the laughing, lisping waterfall
Was heard in stilly night the treacherous wild-cat's call;
Or on the startled air was borne the night-hawk's cry.
And Reynard, crouching, crept so noiselessly and sly;
Here snowy ospreys hovered, stately herons flew,
Or jaybird flitted past in coat of white and blue;
While echoed in the green secluded mossy vale
In plaintive, piping notes, the whippoorwill's sad wail.

With flapping pinions of the startled water-fowl
To-whit! to-whoo! weird cry of wise-faced solemn owl.
Then scores of wild beasts through the wooded thicket prowled
And wolves in forest ambush sneaking, fiercely howled.
Here then did snowy swans upon the waters float,
And red men ventured forth in fragile birch-bark boat.
Onward to find the sea, the winding river swept,
Above whose shaded banks the drooping willow wept,
Or dipped so lovingly beneath pellucid wave,
Its nodding plumes caressed by rippling, limpid lave.
Currents unchecked flowed on or noisily or calm,
Unbridged as well, save where the beaver built his dam.

Here came in droves, to drink the waters crystal clear,
In single file the red and graceful fallow deer;
Their deep sequestered paths no white man's foot had trod,
Nor o'er the vernal vales, nor meadow's unturned sod.
The whiz of pheasant's wings was heard at dewy morn,
And whistling call of quail as shrill as bugle horn.

The birds sent carols forth from leafy covert gained,
While o'er the prairies vast the huge wild bison reigned.
Where now in plain and dell the herdsman's cattle roam,
Then high on rocky cliff the eagle built his home.
Log cabins soon were reared by hand of arduous toil,
And with rude implements the settler turned the soil.

The colonies were formed, and lusty pioneer
Sustained each weary heart with words of lofty cheer.
Strong armed, with willing hand he helps the land to clear.
The hunter's rifle rang, sounded the woodman's axe,
And patient mules brought stores laden with heavy packs.
At last in beauty waved, in sheen of morning haze,
The farmer's hoard of wealth, the green and golden maize.
The water-wheel at play near swift fall of the stream
Soon churned and whirled the waves to froth and sparkling gleam,
That fell in scattered sprays from gleaming wheel's great round,
And thus the logs were sawed and farmer's grist was ground.
The great wheel drove the saw, by line, the timbers through;
Grinding the golden grain, it turned the millstone, too.
And thus we backward glance at these old settlers, when
Came on that early scene the men who wield the pen.
All honor to those men, the bravest heroes known.
The moving force were they, the power behind the throne.

The valiant knights of type and gray goose quill were they,
Who through the forests lone for homes did blaze the way.
They came enlightening, to civilize and bless,
With strong compelling force, the hand-run printing-press.
Where erst had only been the thicket's tangled wood,
By labor's sure reward the church and schoolhouse stood.
These changes wrought by hand of rugged pioneers
When our great peopled States were termed "the west frontiers."

From *Lyrical Poems.* Published by J. B. Lippincott Company.

THE GUIDING WILL

ROBERT DALE OWEN

It is not every man who has a will.
Some purpose faintly, and tomorrow's sun
Sees their will change from what it was today.
Others, more constant, yet are called away
From that they will by pastime or convenience.
Some have a will that sleeps and wakes by fits;
A blazing, all-consuming fire one week,
Or ere the next, a dull and drifting smoke.
But show me him who, when he wills a thing,
Wills it forever—wills it hour by hour,
And day by day—wills it from youth to age,
From age to death—a deep resolve, that turns
As true to one unchanged and constant point,

As needle to the pole—last thought at night
And first at morn; a will that slumbers not,
But breaks, in dreams, through sleep a burning wish,
That, like the sacred flame in Vesta's temple,
Lives on through chance and change, by day, by night,
Imperishing, unquenched! Show me the man
Who bears about him such a will as that;
And you have shown me one whom nature formed
To bend his fellows unto his caprice;
In great things, or in small, for good or evil,
To make his will the guide and rule of theirs.

PIONEER LIFE

MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD

Abraham Lincoln lay stretched on his stomach, his head supported by his hands, facing the cooper's fireplace. A blaze of shavings and blocks lighted cobwebby beams overhead, clean staves and hoop-poles standing around the wall, the cooper's workbench and tools and the lank, aguish face of a man who sat on a keg beside the hearth holding a book from which the young student recited. The shop had part of a log left out in the side, filled, like all New Salem windows, with oiled paper instead of glass. Outer darkness made this a blurred oblong framed by logs.

People knew that the cooper let young Lincoln turn his shop into a study an hour or two every evening, and no one before this night had come picking at the latch.

"The string's pulled in, Minter," said Lincoln, turning his head, as suppressed laughter and a shuffle of feet on the log step disturbed his recitation. "Never mind the boys; they'll go away pretty soon."

"Maybe the Grove fellows have come to town," said the aguish young man on the keg, listening anxiously. "They'd as lief break in the cooper's paper as not."

"I reckon we'd better hurry, anyway," urged the student, and he continued repeating as rapidly as possible the remainder of the lesson.

Presently with a click the door turned back on its wooden hinges and bumped the wall.

"I know you, Slicky," declared the interrupted scholar without looking. "Come in. Folks wouldn't give you the name of Slicky Green if you hadn't a way of getting what you want." He scooped a double handful of blocks and shavings on the blaze, and, warned by some unusual restraint at the door, hastily drew up his length before the fire. It showed him a slim giant in blue homespun trousers, which did not quite cover his ankles, and an open roundabout hanging loosely from his shoulders, and betraying the fact that his vest was buttoned crooked. Seeing a stranger on the threshold with the boy he called Slicky, Lincoln ran his hand through his dark hair, leaving it tossed in every direction.

"How did you know I was home from college, Abe? Dick and I rode in from the farm on purpose to see you. This is Dick Yates, one of our boys from the Jacksonville school. Dick, this is Abe Lincoln."

"How do you do, Dick?" said Abe, offering his hand.

"How do you do, Abe?" said Dick, seizing it.

"And here's our schoolmaster, Minter Grayham," con-

tinued Slicky, presenting the pale occupant of the keg. Minter rose with the dignity of a man who often pronounced words of five syllables. The mounting firelight found reflecting threads in Dick Yates' bright auburn hair. The schoolmaster thought him a beautiful young fellow, with modest manners. His features, perfectly modeled and rosy as a girl's, were manly, from full forehead to outstanding chin. Though of a robust, well-knit figure for a lad of eighteen, his head barely reached Lincoln's shoulder as the two stood looking at each other.

"I've been telling Dick so much about you, Abe, that he wanted to see you," said Slicky.

Abe blushed and Dick blushed with eager friendliness and recognition of power.

"Are you studying Blackstone?" inquired Dick, indicating the huge book which Minter Grayham held closed.

"Yes. It's mighty interesting reading to me."

"I'm going to study law, too. But it scares me to death to begin a debate; and Slicky says you make a fine speech."

"If I ever met you as an opponent, I'd want some advantage. S'pose we make a compact to work together on our first case?"

"Done!" said Yates: "It's as good as won."

"William Green!" spoke a girl's voice from the humid spring darkness outside, "have you forgot how bad the wolves are in the timber we have to ride through?"

"Come in, girls!" exclaimed the proprietor of the rough study. His tutor echoed the invitation. "It's Abe's recess. Come in, Nancy, and Ann Rutledge, and the rest of you."

Half a dozen figures emerged from the night of the

village street, bearing Nancy Green company, laughing and half reluctant, and let themselves be coaxed into sharing a long bench which the boys drew up before the fire. It was like an invasion of swallows. Abe raked up all the shavings and blocks and brought them to the hearth. A festive spirit invaded the place. Nearly all the girls were bareheaded, in linsey dresses. They had stepped out of their homes along the winding road for the mere pleasure of being abroad and free from tasks at the end of the day, with the exception of Nancy Green and Martha Bell Clary, who had come from Clary's Grove to stay all night with Mahala Cameron. A similar group of young people in a French cabin would have cleared the floor directly for dancing, all the merrier for having met unexpectedly. But these children of serious Massachusetts, Tennessee, Carolina and Kentucky pioneers held experience meeting instead. The state was still so young, and their knowledge of the wide world so limited, that they and their elders took primitive delight in telling over their own adventures. The oftener a story was repeated the more dignity it acquired.

"Talking about wolves," said young Green, when nobody had said a word about wolves since the girls' entrance, looking at his sister with sly enjoyment, "I was going afoot to the mill early one morning last summer, and met two in the path—a black one and a gray one. I stood still and looked at them, and they stood still and looked at me. I knew if I turned to run they would pull me down in a minute. Finally I whipped out my jackknife and cut a rosinweed and lashed them, yelling with all my might. They were so scared they ran like sheep."

"Or like that wagon that you stopped before we came

to Illinois," retorted his sister Nancy. "When daddy was going to move from Car'lina he bought a new wagon. We children had never seen such a thing before, and we climbed the spokes and William took hold of the chain on the tongue. The wagon started down hill and everybody let go but William. The tongue ran into a tree and broke and left the chain in his hand. 'I was going to hold on if it killed me, mother,' says he. 'For if that wagon had got away, how were we going to move out to Illinois?' "

"Speaking about sheep," continued young Green, as if he had not heard the wagon story, "daddy told Nancy when she was herding the sheep that she must carry a bag with her and save the wool that stuck to the bushes. Our old ewe was tame, and it was easier to pick wool off her back than to hunt through the bushes. So Nancy picked the old ewe and came home with a full poke, two nights hand running. The first night daddy praised her; but the second night he found it out!"

"I wasn't ten years old then," remembered Nancy, "and my conscience hurt me worse the first night than daddy's punishment did the second."

"That reminds me, Nancy," said Lincoln, "of what your mother told me Slicky did when he was about ten years old. He brought in some frozen eggs and raked out the coals and put the eggs to thaw on her best pewter platter. She said when she found the melted pewter running all over the hearth she felt discouraged about him!"

Ann Rutledge laughed and flung one of her thick auburn braids behind her shoulder. "Haven't you any tale to tell of Abe, Minter Grayham?"

Minter Grayham, used to having his name prolonged by the soft southern drawl with gentle familiarity, smiled and shook his head. No one around the cooper's fireplace had a sense of the degradation of poverty or the triviality of any human experience. Life in New Salem was full of zest which they brought from Massachusetts, from Kentucky and Tennessee and Carolina mountains and from good English ancestry; though it was merely the ordinary pioneer life of a young state.

NANCY FORSYTH, PATHFINDER

MODDIE JEFFRIES WILLIAMS

In the history of our country, the possibility of a new territory acquiring statehood depended largely upon the character of its people, so the growth of the individual state reflected the fortitude and the heroism of its pioneer heroes and patriots. There are no more tonic pages in history than the records of these self-reliant, virile men and women who faced the deprivations and loneliness of a life in the backwoods. Many of these early colonists will never be known. Too little mention has been made of a Nancy Forsyth who came to Indiana as strong and magnificent as a soldier of Cæsar's, carrying a baby on horseback. She was a pathfinder. Her indomitable courage and resourcefulness mirrors faithfully the spirit of sturdy independence characteristic of the builders of the state.

It was in Kentucky, in the clearing made by Daniel Boone, that this little girl first saw the light. Born in 1799, the daughter of James and Elizabeth Pritchard, her childhood was filled with the stories of the brave settlers who had resisted the Indians and made an opening where there had been only an unbroken forest. When she married Robert Forsyth it was inevitable that they should become inspired with the curiosity of the explorers. Under the powerful stimulus of the twofold ideal of owning and of cultivating new land, they formed a resolve—a very bold one—to go to Indiana and make a home in her forests.

It was an easy task to find a man willing to move them to Johnson County, a distance of one hundred miles, for the paltry sum of six dollars. With a four-wheeled cart drawn by six oxen, loaded with their meager household possessions, they began their long journey. They passed through no laughing forests but through dreary vast levels and great stretches of silent woods. The ground lay in hillocks, like the billows of a retiring ocean. In April they arrived at White River, only to find the river impassable on account of high water. On the east bank they remained for a month, waiting for the water to subside. There were at this time no boats and no ferries. An important discovery was made—a dugout canoe. In a moment everybody was astir. The ox-cart was loaded and with the oxen hitched to it, they started to ferry across. A cow and her calf presented an obstacle, but not an insurmountable one. On a straw bed-ticking fastened to some Indian poles hitched to the back of the cart they placed the young calf and pushed the laden raft astream, the cow swimming the river in pursuit. Safely

reaching the opposite short, Nancy Forsyth mounted a horse, carrying a son of two years in her lap, he, in turn, holding a kitten, and on they rode fifteen miles through the heavy timbered wilderness to the log cabin that was to be her home.

It was a typical settler's log cabin that she found awaiting her. It was made of round logs untouched by the ax except for the notches at the ends, where they were fitted to one another. The roof was of loose clapboards, so loose that the wind could shake every board in the ceiling. The floor was of rough boards; the walls, stuffed with moss, were plastered with clay, while much of the home-made furniture was roughly hewn from the surrounding trees. A bedstead was constructed by stretching poles from forked sticks in the ground and laying clapboards across them. Here began her life of tireless industry. The wool was shorn from the sheep to make the clothing for her eight children, and three orphans to whom she became a mother. In a long life, close to a century, every stocking worn by this large family was knit by her own hand. She never owned a pair of overshoes and a calico dress was regarded as a luxury. She sought constantly to utilize time. Her stately figure was never at rest, without plying the needle. Many of the homes in Johnson County to-day exhibit some article of her handiwork. She was charitable and wondrous, too, was her sympathy for human woe and pain. With a remedy for every disease, she was often requested to come long distances. Once, when a neighbor was ill and sent for Nancy Forsyth, fearlessly she sent the husband back to his sick wife, saying that she would start later. In the darkness she started alone. There were gloomy ravines to pass

through; the thickets withstood her like iron; the trees laid stumbling blocks before her and made her wind in and out; she could not choose her ground; she was lost; there were many watchers of her trail, whose eyes scrutinized this invader of their night. Hour after hour she tramped steadily until the woods fell apart with the spreading of daylight.

A few years passed. They wished to visit back in Kentucky, but they did not go as we do. They mounted on horses and they rode better than we can ride. The father carried the baggage on his horse, while the mother carried a baby in her lap and another son behind. The father noticed his son nodding and fearing he would fall asleep and off the horse, cut some leatherwood bark and strapped him to his mother. When the visit was concluded she rode back to their cabin in Indiana alone, with the baby in her lap and her young son holding behind.

In simple words she expressed her philosophy of life: "Would any one be strong, let him work; or wise, let him observe and think; or happy, let him help; or influential, let him sacrifice and serve."

At the advanced age of ninety-four she died in Indianapolis, at the home of her daughter, Rebecca Pendleton, rejoicing as a strong man to run a race.

Thus, by men and women whose courage would put to shame the weakness of the faint-hearted and raise the standards of the dauntless, was the first ground in Indiana broken for the great harvest of the future.

THE MISSISSIPPI

SARAH T. BOLTON

Beautiful, majestic river!
  Whither are thy bright waves going
To the measure and the music
  Of a wild uncertain chime?

Tell us of the race that found thee,
  When these forests were unbroken—
Those who built their mounded cities
  On the hills that bind thy shore.
They have left mysterious footprints,
  But alas! no trace nor token
Of their feelings, thoughts, nor language,
  Nor the human forms they wore.

Thou couldst tell us when the red men
  Launched their barks upon thy waters;
But thou knowest not their mission—
  Who were here nor whence they came;
They have passed away like shadows,
  Nature's tawny sons and daughters,
But left thee for a legacy
  Thy curious Indian name.

THE STAGE COACH

JULIA S. CONKLIN

Did you ever travel in a stage coach? The coaches used on the National Road were magnificent affairs for those times, although you would doubtless think it a very slow way indeed to travel in these days of limited express trains.

They were handsomely painted on the outside, and lined with soft plush on the inside. They contained three seats and were capable of carrying nine passengers inside, with one beside the driver. The seat beside the driver was very desirable in fine weather. It was worth a journey to see these gaily painted coaches ascend a steep hill, or glide over a level stretch of country, drawn by four strong horses decked with bright harness, with a number of small bells attached to a high iron frame fastened above the collar; or to see it dash down a hillside, the driver flourishing a long whip in a manner which became the importance of his position. It was indeed a sight worth remembering to see it enter a town or post station. The arrival of the stage coach was an important event in the daily life of the villages along the line of the National Road, and all the idlers for miles around assembled to witness it. From afar the sound of the bugle announced its approach; soon the brilliant equipage could be seen flashing in the sunlight; in a twinkling the horses dashed up to the station, where a groom stood waiting with fresh ones. Scarcely had they stopped when the driver cast his reins to the groom, who quickly unhitched

the horses, put the fresh ones in their places, and tossed the reins back to the driver, who had not left his high seat; another long blast of the trumpet, mingled with the jingling of bells, another flourish of the long whip, and they were off at full speed, to the great admiration of the lookers-on. It was a sight to behold!

From *Young People's History of Indiana.* Published by The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

JOHNNY APPLESEED

ELEANOR ATKINSON

Apple blossoms that gladdened the hearts, and fruits that brought comfort and pleasure to the rude firesides of the earliest settlers in the Middle West, were the living memorials of an apostle of beauty, peace and social service who is now almost forgotten.

Explorer, missionary, fur-trader and conqueror preceded Jonathan Chapman, the nurseryman of Puritan breed, whose identity was lost in the devoted "Johnny Appleseed." His day was that of the pioneers who crossed the Allegheny Mountains; of the river boatmen who navigated the uncharted waterways of the old Northwest Territory and of the Indian fighters of the last border wars.

All of these played their honorable parts in the winning of an empire of forest and prairie. But no one of them labored with greater courage, over such a large region of country, or toiled with the unselfishness and untiring zeal of this heroic orchardist. Half mystic, half poet, a lover of nature and of his fellow-men, his long

life of solitary and perilous wandering, always in the van of migration, was consecrated to the blossoming of the wilderness.

Three-quarters of a century ago he was still a loved and revered guest in the cabins of our grandfathers. His orchards lived after him. Some of his trees may be standing to-day; but the man who planted them has receded to a dim legendary figure. Let us recover what may be known of him, restore him to his time and place, recall the almost incredible conditions under which he did his inspired task. Let us give him again his meed of love and gratitude for a beautiful life of self-sacrifice that asked no reward, and that came in old age to some end, obscure and lonely.

Foreword to *Johnny Appleseed*. By permission. Copyright, 1915, Harper & Brothers.

THE HOOSIER'S NEST

JOHN FINLEY

I'm told in riding somewhere West,
A stranger found a Hoosier's Nest,
In other words, a Buckeye cabin,
Just big enough to hold Queen Mab in.
Its situation, low, but airy,
Was on the borders of a prairie;
And fearing he might be benighted,
He hailed the house and then alighted.
The Hoosier met him at the door,
Their salutations soon were o'er.
He took the stranger's horse aside,
And to a sturdy sapling tied;

Then, having stripped the saddle off,
He fed him in a sugar trough.

The stranger stooped to enter in,
The entrance closing with a pin;
And manifested strong desire
To sit down by the log-heap fire.
Invited shortly to partake
Of venison, milk, and johnny-cake,
The stranger made a hearty meal,
And glances round the room would steal.
One side was lined with divers garments,
The other spread with skins of varmints;
Dried pumpkins overhead were strung,
Where venison hams in plenty hung.
Two rifles placed above the door,
Three dogs lay stretched upon the floor.
In short, the domicile was rife
With specimens of Hoosier life.

. . . . . .

Erelong the cabin disappears,
A spacious mansion next he rears;
His fields seem widening by stealth,
An index of increasing wealth.

TRUE HAPPINESS

LUTHER DANA WATERMAN

True happiness on earth is only found
In the fulfillment of life's duties well.
All we can know of men is what they do,
Their aims are all their own.

INDIANA

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

Our Land—Our Home!—the common home indeed
  Of soil-born children and adopted ones—
  The stately daughters and the stalwart sons
Of Industry:—All greeting and godspeed!
O home to proudly live for, and, if need
  Be, proudly die for, with the roar of guns
  Blent with our latest prayer.—So died men once. . . .

Lo, Peace! . . . As we look on the land THEY freed—
Its harvests all in ocean-overflow
  Poured round autumnal coasts in billowy gold—
    Its corn and wine and balmèd fruits and flow'rs,—
We know the exaltation that they know
  Who now, steadfast inheritors, behold
    The Land Elysian, marveling, "This is ours!"

INDIANA

SARAH T. BOLTON

Though many laud Italia's clime,
And call Helvetia's land sublime,
Tell Gallia's praise in prose and rhyme,
  And worship old Hispania;

The winds of Heaven never fanned,
The circling sunlight never spanned
The borders of a better land
Than our own Indiana.

Encrowned with forests grand and old,
Enthroned on mineral wealth untold,
Coining her soil to yellow gold,
Through labor's great arcana,
She fosters commerce, science, art,
With willing hands and generous heart
And sends to many a foreign mart
Products of Indiana.

Where late the birchen wigwam stood,
Or Indian braves their game pursued,
And Indian maids were won and wooed,
By light of soft Diana,
Fair cities as by magic rise,
With church towers pointing to the skies,
And schools that charm the world's wide eyes
To fair young Indiana.

And where, some fifty years ago,
The settler's wagon lumbered slow
Through mud and mire and frozen snow,
O'er hillside and savanna,
The steam car, with its fiery eyes,
Like some mad demon pants and flies,
Startling the echoes with its cries,
Throughout all Indiana.

Not to old realms, with palace piles
And crowned kings, nor sea-girt isles,
Wherein perpetual summer smiles
On bread-fruit and banana,
Could we in word or thought compare
The free domain, the balmy air,
The silver streams and valleys fair,
Of genial Indiana.

With kindly word and friendly hand
She welcomes sons of every land,
From Hammerfest to Samarcand,
From India to Britannia;
And many a toiler, sore oppressed
In olden lands, has found his quest—
A happy homestead—on the breast
Of fruitful Indiana.

She gives the hungry stranger bread;
Her helpless poor are clothed and fed
As freely as the Father spread
The feast of mystic manna.
The sick in body, wrecked in mind,
The orphaned child, the dumb and blind,
A free and safe asylum find
In generous Indiana.

Her gentle mothers, pure and good,
In stately homes or cabins rude,
Are types of noble womanhood;
Her girls are sweet and canny;

Her sons among the bravest brave,
Call no man master, no man slave,
Holding the heritage God gave
In fee to Indiana.

But even while our hearts rejoice
In the dear homeland of our choice,
We should, with one united voice,
Give thanks and sing Hosanna
To Him whose love and bounteous grace
Gave to the people of our race
A freehold, an abiding place,
In fertile Indiana.

INDIANA

EMMA NUNEMACHER CARLETON

O Indiana, to mine eyes thou art a star;
Long years ago my kinsmen followed thee afar;
Through wilds and woods they toiled to seek in thee a home:
For thee they fought, and helped to rear thy beauteous dome.

True daughter would I be, and honor thee, my State:
I kneel before thee; thou art good and thou art great;
Thy deeds are noble—and thy aims are all divine—
O Indiana, to my soul thou art a shrine.

AN INDIANA BY-ROAD

CAROLINE V. KROUT

It was a mere track through lovely country, a mere by-road, not sufficiently traveled to make the dust disagreeable. It led up and down over a series of wooded hills, green with the perfect leafage of early June. The wheat had not been cut, its yellowing heads rippled like a sea of sunshine as a caressing breeze passed it, then sighed away—away!

The contrasts of tint of vegetation all about on the swelling uplands, the bluish green of oats; the dark green of young corn, waist high; the gray-green of clover, just beginning to show a haze of purple bloom; the yellow-green of timothy, now ready for cutting; the bluish mauve of blue-grass bloom, topping the dull green stalks spreading far and near by the wayside, and in vast stretches beyond the grain fields, was a study of the wonderful contrastings and blendings of green in which Nature delights, and in which her copyists fail.

Now and then a stretch of beech woods shaded the way, and an exquisite earthy coolness tinctured with a breath of pennyroyal blown from its moist depths refreshed the traveler. It splashed through the shallows of brooks, whose tones, like the voices of playing children, warned one of their nearness long before they were reached. Once a deep creek had to be forded at a break in the hills, which on either hand was walled in by high "bluffs" clothed with a tangle of sumach, leatherwood, dogwood,

spicewood, Indian arrowwood, and the aromatic half-tree, half-shrub—sassafras; springs sent thready rills down their sides; far in the deepest boscage was heard the solemn tolling of the hermit thrush. Here was the haunt of birds and little beasts.

Across the stream up the hill the road climbed and at its summit lay outstretched, for miles, a scene of opulence of Nature's own devising, nowhere more beautiful than in this fair state of Indiana.

Now, for a mile or more, the road was comparatively flat, then began a series of windings through a narrow vale, which doubled and twisted like a labyrinth for almost three miles, the little hills on either hand seemingly trying to intercept the road, much as a boy sticks his foot out slyly to trip his playmate. Greensward covered these little hills, and now and then a cottage peered out at the unwonted traveler. At last, with so gentle an ascent that one hardly perceived it, the road came to a space large enough for a hamlet to sit beside it, so far away from the noise and turmoil of the larger towns that it seemed the place where one need take no thought of the morrow, but dream in peace through all his days.

It ran its modest course through the hamlet, and five miles beyond reached the great highway, and there it ceased, its beauty ended, its serene silence swallowed in the noises of the busy road.

From *Fox Ridge*. By special permission of the author.

MY INDIANA HILLS

P. M. DILL

There comes an hour whose magic power
  My soul with pleasure fills,
Whene'er I learn to fondly turn
  To Indiana's hills.

Those wooded hills and rippling rills
  I loved in life's young day—
And sunset skies bedecked with dyes
  No artist can portray.

There oft I heard the chirping bird
  And buzz of countless bees,
And caught perfumes from myriad blooms
  Among great forest trees.

Where fertile fields, their ample yields
  Each passing year repeat,
I've breathed an air more richly rare
  Than blows in crowded street.

When passed away the sun's last ray
  I've felt a strange delight,
While quaintly shrill, the whippoorwill
  Made music through the night.

The tinkling bells within the dells
  Where grazed the well-fed kine,
Still bring to me with sure decree
  A joy most truly mine.

No other theme a sweeter gleam
  To life can ever bring;
To boyhood's days, to boyhood's ways,
  My fondest thoughts still cling.

Then let my mind, when weary, find
  Release from many ills
On Nature's own majestic throne—
  My Indiana hills.

GRANDFATHER'S COURTSHIP

JESSICA C. BROWN

When Grandpa went a-courting, in the good old-fashioned days,
'Twas very different then from now; at least so Grandpa says.
He loves to tell me how he asked to be his little wife
Sweet Polly Brown, whom I have known as "Grandma" all my life.

'Twas on a glorious summer day, when birds sang in the trees;
The flowers by the roadside bowed their heads with every breeze.
He saw the sunflowers nodding by the broken garden wall
As he strode up the pathway, "just to make a formal call."

There, in the doorway, sat a maid above whose dainty head
Was climbing honeysuckle, and a vine of roses red.
And by her side a spinning-wheel, for then, he says, 'twas thought
That work was an "accomplishment" all maidens must be taught.

She welcomed him with shining eyes, and even in her haste
She dropped the bunch of roses that was fastened at her waist.
They talked about the gardens and the turkeys and the air,
And wondered if when harvest came the weather would be fair;
And as she talked, she drew the thread between her fingers white,
While all around, the sunshine filled the world with golden light.
And once there came a tangle, and she "thought there was a knot,
Although she couldn't tell exactly what it was she'd caught."

He never tells me at this point just what he did or said,
Except that Grandma answered "yes," with shy down-drooping head.
"Ah," Grandpa sighs, "the times have changed since our young days, I know,
When Grandma was sweet Polly, and I did a-wooing go."

SPELLING DOWN THE MASTER

EDWARD EGGLESTON

Squire Hawkins came up toward the front, having been chosen to manage the spelling match. "Ladies and gentlemen," he began, "I feel as if I could be grandiloquent on this occasion, but I must forego any such exertions. It is spelling you want. Spelling is the cornerstone, the grand, underlying subterfuge, of a good eddication. I put the spellin'-book prepared by the great Daniel Webster alongside of the Bible. I think I may put it ahead of the Bible. For if it wurn't for spellin'-books and sich occasions as these, where would the Bible be? I should like to know. The man who got up, who compounded this work of inextricable valoo, was a benefactor to the whole human race or any other.

"I app'int Larkin Lanham and Jeems Buchanan fer captings," said the Squire. And the two young men thus named took a stick and tossed it from hand to hand to decide which should have the "first choice." One tossed the stick to the other, who held it fast just where he happened to catch it. Then the first placed his hand above the second, and so the hands were changed to the top. The one who held the stick last without room for the other to take hold had gained the lot. This was tried three times. As Larkin held the stick twice out of three times, he had the choice. He hesitated a few minutes. Everybody looked toward tall Jim Phillips. But Larkin was fond of a venture on unknown seas, and so he said, "I take the master," while a buzz of surprise ran round

the room, and the captain of the other side, as if afraid his opponent would withdraw the choice, retorted quickly, and with a little smack of exultation and defiance in his voice, "And *I* take Jeems Phillips."

Soon all present, except a few of the old folks, found themselves ranged in opposing hosts, the poor spellers lagging in, with what grace they could, at the foot of the two divisions. The Squire opened the spelling-book and began to give out the words to the two captains who stood up and spelled against each other. It was not long till Larkin spelled "really" with one "l" and had to sit down in confusion, while a murmur of satisfaction ran through the ranks of the opposing forces. His own side bit their lips.

The slender figure of the young teacher took the place of the fallen leader, and the excitement made the house very quiet. Ralph Hartsook dreaded the loss of prestige he would suffer if he should be easily spelled down, so he listened carefully to the words which the Squire did not pronounce very distinctly, spelling them with extreme deliberation. This gave him an air of hesitation which disappointed those on his own side. They wanted him to spell with a dashing assurance, but he did not begin a word until he had mentally felt his way through it. After ten minutes of spelling hard words, Jeems Buchanan, the captain on the other side, spelled "atrocious" with an "s" instead of a "c" and subsided, his first choice, Jeems Phillips, coming up against the teacher. This brought the excitement to fever heat. For though Ralph was chosen first, it was entirely on trust, and most of the company were disappointed. The champion who now stood up against the schoolmaster was a famous speller.

Jim Phillips was a tall, lank, stoop-shouldered fellow who had never distinguished himself in any other pursuit than spelling. Except in this one art of spelling, he was of no account. He could not catch well or bat well in ball. He could not throw well enough to make his mark in that famous western game of bull-pen. He did not succeed well in any study but that of Webster's Elementary. This genius for spelling is in some people a sixth sense, a matter of intuition. Some spellers are born and not made, and their facility reminds one of the mathematical prodigies that crop out every now and then to bewilder the world.

Bud Means, foreseeing that Ralph would be pitted against Jim Phillips, had warned his friend that Jim could "spell like thunder and lightning" and that it "took a powerful smart speller" to beat him, for he knew "a heap of spelling-book." To have "spelled down the master" is next thing to having whipped the biggest bully in Hoop-pole County, and Jim had "spelled down" the last three masters.

For half an hour the squire gave out hard words. As Ralph discovered his opponent's mettle he became more and more cautious. He was now satisfied that Jim would eventually beat him. The fellow evidently knew more about the spelling-book than old Noah Webster himself. As he stood there, with his dull face and long sharp nose, his hands behind his back, and his voice spelling infallibly, it seemed to Hartsook that his superiority must lie in his nose.

Ralph's cautiousness answered a double purpose, it enabled him to tread surely, and it was mistaken by Jim for weakness. Phillips was now confident that he should

carry off the scalp of the fourth schoolmaster before the evening was over. He spelled eagerly, confidently, brilliantly. Stoop-shouldered as he was, he began to straighten up. In the minds of all the company the odds were in his favor. He saw this and became ambitious to distinguish himself by spelling without giving the matter any thought. Ralph never took hold till he was sure of his game. When he took hold, it was with a quiet assurance of success. As Ralph spelled on in this dogged way for half an hour, the hardest words the squire could find, the excitement steadily rose in all parts of the house, and Ralph's friends even ventured to whisper that "maybe Jim had cotched his match, after all."

But Phillips never doubted his success.

"Theodolite," said the squire.

"T-h-e, the, o-d, theod, o, theodo, l-y-t-e, theodolite," spelled the champion.

"Next," said the squire excitedly. Ralph spelled the word slowly and correctly, and the conquered champion sat down in confusion.

"Gewhilliky crickets! Thunder and lightning! Licked him all to smash," said Bud, rubbing his hands on his knees.

"He's powerful smart, is the master," said old Jack to Mr. Pete Jones. "He'll beat the whole kit and tuck of 'em afore he's through. I knowed he was smart, that's the reason I took him," proceeded Mr. Means.

"Yaas, but he don't lick enough, not nigh," answered Pete Jones; "no lickin' no larnin', says I."

Soon the master had mowed down all but a few, his opponents had given up the battle, and all had lost their keen interest in a contest to which there could be but one

conclusion, for there were only the poor spellers left. But Ralph Hartsook ran against a stump where he was least expecting it. It was the squire's custom, when one of the smaller scholars rose to spell against the master, to give out eight or ten easy words, that they might have some breathing-spell before being slaughtered, and then to give a poser or two which soon settled them. He let them run a little, as a cat does a doomed mouse. There was now but one person left on the opposite side, and, as she rose in her blue calico dress, Ralph recognized Hannah, the bound girl at old Jack Means'. She had not attended school in the district, and had never spelled in spelling-school before and was chosen last as an uncertain quantity. The squire began with easy words of two syllables, from that page of Webster, so well known to all who ever thumbed it, as "baker," from the word that stands at the top of the page.

She spelled these words in an absent and uninterested manner. As everybody knew that she would have to go down as soon as this preliminary skirmish was over, everybody began to get ready to go home, and already there was the buzz of preparation. Presently the squire turned over the leaves of the book to the great words at the place known to spellers as "incomprehensibility" and began to give out those words of eight syllables with the accent on the sixth. Listless scholars now turned round, and ceased to whisper, in order to be in at the master's final triumph. But to their surprise, Hannah spelled these great words with as perfect ease as the master. Still not doubting the result, the squire selected all the hard words he could find. The school became utterly quiet, the excitement was too great for the ordinary buzz.

Would "Means's Hanner" beat the master? beat the master that had laid out Phillips?

Everybody's sympathy was now turned to Hannah. In fact Ralph deserted himself. As he saw the fine timid face of the girl, so long oppressed, flush and shine with interest; as he looked at the rather low but broad and intelligent brow and the fresh, white complexion and saw the rich, womanly nature coming to the surface under the influence of applause and sympathy—he did not want to beat. If he had not felt that a victory given would insult her, he would have missed intentionally.

The squire was puzzled. He had given out all the hard words in the book. Suddenly, out of the depths of his pocket, he fished up a list of words just coming into use those days, words not in the spelling-book.

"Daguerreotype," sniffed the squire. It was Ralph's turn.

"Dau, dau—"

"Next!" And Hanna spelled it right.

From *The Hoosier Schoolmaster.*

FOR A PIONEER'S MEMORIAL

MEREDITH NICHOLSON

Across the world the ceaseless march of man
  Has been through smoldering fires, left by the bold,
Who first beyond the guarded outposts ran
  And saw with wondering eyes new lands unrolled—
Who built the hut in which a home began,
  And round a campfire's ashes broke the mold.

TWO LITTLE IDEAS

CHARLES DENNIS

Two little Ideas were out at play
When a sad-faced poet passed that way,
Seeking in vain for a rhyme astray,
  Lost between night and morning.
How they frolicked and laughed and sung,
These little Ideas blithe and young,
  All solemn fancies scorning!

"Let's play in this fellow's lonesome head,"
The little Ideas both then said,
And quicker than thought within they sped
  For a romp in the empty garret.
Oh, the clatter they made in the lumber room!
Oh, the dust they raised in that place of gloom,
  One may guess but not declare it!

Louder and louder the din they made,
Two little Ideas unafraid,
Till the poet came to arrest the raid
  Of these elves in his garret roaming.
Their gossamer wings he could almost touch,
But when he thought them within his clutch,
  Both were gone, alas, in the gloaming!

AT HOME OUT-OF-DOORS

GEORGE CARY EGGLESTON

The party left Greensburg about ten o'clock in the morning, and as the country was level and the road smooth, they reached their destination a little after five o'clock on a Saturday afternoon.

In a grove not very far from the corner of their land and only a little way from a convenient ford across Clifty Creek, they found a large spring of very clear and very cold water, running out of a rock ledge, from which the land rose gently for forty yards or so, where it became a high and nearly level table-land, thickly covered with great forest trees.

It was Jack's plan to plant the party from the beginning at or near the spot on which the permanent family home was presently to be built. He halted the wagon, therefore, and set about studying "the lay of the land, in order that the site of their future home might be chosen with due reference to all the conditions. After half an hour of careful inspection he ordered the wagon to the high ground a few hundred feet from the great spring and gave his directions for such unloading as must be done that evening. He directed some of the party to chop a fallen and seasoned tree into wood for their camp-fire. He himself felled a great slippery elm which must be removed to make room for the house building and directed Pike to build a large fire against the trunk of it. "It will serve as a fire-place," he said, "shielding the fire against wind, and as it is green it will burn away very

slowly. It will last till we begin building and want it out of the way."

"Shan't we begin building right away?" asked Pike in something like consternation.

"Certainly not. We must provide ourselves first with some sort of hut for winter quarters, and we must get all our building material together before we begin. Besides I find we have some open glades, and we must plow and plant them this fall. I'll tell you all about that another time."

Pike and the schoolmaster fed and curried the horses, and then Pike set to work getting supper while the rest of the company made other necessary preparations for the night. The boy dressed some squirrels that he had shot along the road during the day, and when they were washed ready for cooking, he laid them upon a tree trunk to wait there until the corn bread should be nearly cooked. He mixed the meal with water and a little salt, and with his hands, molded the stiff dough into pones. These he placed in a hot skillet which he covered with its hot iron lid, and placed upon a bed of coals drawn out of the fire for that purpose. To keep the heat even above and below he shoveled live coals on the lid of the skillet, which had a rim around it made for the purpose of thus holding the coals in place.

When Mr. O'Reilly, the schoolmaster, saw Pike dressing the squirrels, he hurried off down the hill and Pike last saw him crossing the road and following the brook that flowed from the spring, as if in search of something. After a little while he returned, carrying a large ball of blue-colored mud in his hands. Laying this upon a large clean chip, he took up the squirrels and wrapped each one of them in a coat of the blue clay. As each was made

ready, he dug a hole for it in the coals, threw it in and drew fire over it. In answer to Pike's question he explained:

"What you call mud is blue clay, as clean and pure as the water of the spring itself. It's the best way in the world to cook a squirrel—just to cover it with a coat of blue clay and bury it in the hot coals. You'd have broiled the squirrels, I dare say. Well in that way you'd have lost much of their juices and most of their savor, to say nothing of the risk of scorching them or of having some parts of them burnt and other parts underdone. Now in my way of cooking them I lose none of the juices, and you'll find when they are done that they'll be quite evenly cooked in all their parts. I must go back now and bring my share of the wood. Don't interfere with the squirrels. I'll take them up when they are ready."

Pike had not yet finished mixing his dough when the last of the squirrels was placed in the fire, and the wood carrying was briskly kept up during the time of the bread-making and baking; and in the meanwhile Pike completed the work of getting supper by making a large pot of coffee. That done, he called out:

"Supper's ready—at least my part of it is. How about yours, Mr. O'Reilly?"

"We'll see," answered the schoolmaster, poking about in the coals with a green twig. "It is all right and lovely," he exclaimed. "Let us wash our hands and heads, and then eat. It won't hurt the squirrels to remain in the fire while we're performing our ablutions."

When all was ready, the schoolmaster drew the squirrels out of the fire. Each of them looked, in its clay wrapping, like an ill-shapen brick-bat, for the clay had become as hard with baking as a piece of pottery, and

it was quite as brittle too, as O'Reilly showed the boys when he laid one on a large chip and tapped it with the handle of his knife. The red-hot clay broke instantly into bits and fell away, leaving the steaming squirrel to tempt the hungry boys with its appearance and its enticing odor.

"That's a new trick to me," said Jack, as he ate the juicy game, "but it's a good one. I think I never tasted a squirrel half so delicious. I don't see why other meats could not be cooked in the same way."

"They can, and not meats only but other things as well, especially green corn. If you strip off the outer husks of a roasting ear, leaving the inner ones, and coat it with clay, you'll find it will come out of the fire in its very highest perfection. But it's a process for meats mainly. The trouble with meats is that so large a proportion of their juices is lost in cooking. If you roast them in clay, that can not happen."

"But, Mr. O'Reilly," broke in Pike, "how did you know there was a bed of blue clay down there by the spring branch? You hadn't been there before."

"I did not know it," answered the schoolmaster, "but I had a belief to that effect, founded upon observation and sound reason. You see clay is a mineral substance —a mass of broken down or disintegrated minerals. It is so finely comminuted, as to the particles composing it, that running water easily carries them in suspension, as the geologists say. But it is so heavy that wherever the stream bearing these suspended particles grows sluggish in its flow, the mineral particles sink, and slowly a bed of clay is formed. Now in this part of the country pretty nearly every living spring carries more or less of clay in

suspension, and so at the first still pool of the spring branch there is very apt to be a bed of clay. Acting upon my knowledge of that fact, I judged that I should find a clay bed by following the stream."

From *Jack Shelby, A Story of the Indiana Backwoods.* Copyright, 1906, Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company.

THE SPIDER-ELF

JOHN GIBSON DUNN

The Spider-Elf sits in the whispering leaves,
  And he worketh, I ween, like a little philosopher;
Windward he traileth each thread as he weaves
  The silver web of his delicate gossamer.
With quick flying fingers he hurleth it out.
  And carefully watcheth the varying breeze;
He whirleth and twisteth, and flitteth about,
  Till he maketh it fast in the neighboring trees.

Quaint pranks in the moonlight he playeth, I ween,
As he danceth his rope o'er the shadowy stream,
And calleth his love from the opposite tree,
To join in the maze of his wild revelry,
Swinging and chirping and skipping along
To the wizard-like time of the whip-poor-will's song.
Skyward and earthward, the odorous air
Fitfully sweepeth the gossiping pair.

Like a necklace of silver and diamond beads,
  The dew-jewels shine on the gossamer rope,
Or drippeth anon o'er the flowering weeds,

Where the night-moth and all of his chirruping
troop
Hold rout in the blossoms and bursting seeds.
No dew-fay so glad when he windeth his horn
From his cell in the first open blossoms of morn;
Nor the katydid's chattering song when she tells
Her story of love in the bonnie blue bells,
Nor spirit so happy in water or wood
As the Spider-Elf perched o'er the murmuring flood,
For the quaintest of sprites is this elfin philosopher
Building his fairy-like bridge out of gossamer.

THE PRESENT

LUTHER DANA WATERMAN

Fret as we will about our little cares
And gather sweets for flowerless days of life,
The steady earth goes smoothly on its way
And bears us, though unwillingly, to rest.
When all is done we do but balance up
This life's account and find there's nothing due
The world or us: Death gives receipts in full.
Who has the present never can be robbed.
Among the virtues that do honor man
Is steadfastness that, having fixed its soul
On worthy purposes, looks not aside
Until it works all things to full success.

He who would make his life a precious thing
Must nurse a kindly purpose in his soul,
And with a sunny patience follow it.

EVERY MAN'S CREED

ADELAIDE STEELE BAYLOR

I believe that Nature never more truly loved Mankind than when she surrounded him with beautiful trees and filled those trees with singing birds, for I know that the silent influence of majestic forests has carried the soul to unmeasured heights and a sweet melody from the throat of a thrush has softened a turbulent spirit and quickened humane impulses.

I believe in the nurture and protection of every plant and every bird that can contribute to the comforts and delights of Human-kind.

I believe that the preservation of our national life and our peaceful relation with other countries will be assured when every human being in this great American nation beholds with a feeling of awe and reverence the giant oak of the forest and allows his soul to be swayed by the song of a bird as he stands with bared head in God's great out-of-doors.

I believe that the largest service any boy or girl, any man or woman can render Nature for her bounty to us is in the protection and extension of these wonderful gifts.

I am, therefore, resolved that I shall seek diligently to know more of the nature and habitats of birds and trees that I may learn to guard and protect them and thus become an instrument in making this world more beautiful and its natural products more useful to the people.

THE CAMDEN CIRCLE

GRACE ALEXANDER

"In jes' a minute, Miss Jane!"

Sally Lightfoot, or as she was more generally known, Miss Eastbrook's Sally, slowly rubbed invisible flecks of dust from the round top of her mistress's mahogany whist table. She had been set at this task full five minutes before, but the oblong gilt-framed mirror hanging above the table afforded Sally an entrancing view of her own chocolate-colored face and wooly topknot, coquettishly adorned with a bow of cherry ribbon, and under such circumstances, dusting is naturally at a disadvantage.

From the kitchen delectable odors were wafted as of something browning in the oven.

"Umph!" sniffed Sally. "Dat cake done smell mighty good! Wish 'twas aftahnoon!" she continued, rolling her big black eyes anticipatively.

The Camden Circle, the social assembly of Camden quality, was to meet with Miss Eastbrook that afternoon and the spacious front and back parlors, with their high, stuccoed ceilings and formal array of problems in solid mahogany, were being brought to a state of resplendent polish, down to the last clawed foot and brass ball.

Miss Eastbrook and her sister lived alone in a two-story gray brick house on the corner opposite the Square, where in summer the elms cast their deepest shade. In Camden's vernacular, the Square was noisy, but strangers were wont to accept this description of it as a local idiom.

It was a prim old house with two high front doors precisely alike, whose heavy knockers had responded to the best people of Camden. Eastbrook was one of Camden's most respected names. As Jane Eastbrook herself sometimes observed, it was a name that commended its owner, whether it appeared on the chased silver door-plate, the heavy dinner goblets or the family tombstone.

Without waiting for Sally, Miss Eastbrook whisked off the summer shrouds from the low, fiddle-backed chairs and the two sociables, exposing faded rose-wreathed damask that her prudent care had preserved without a single break for more than a quarter century. Miss Eastbrook loved the graceful pattern of the damask, and she paused a moment to enjoy it.

As she stood looking down at it she appeared not unpleasing though somewhat over-precise. Her tall and slightly angular form was clad in a black bombazine dress, to which her cashmere shoes, her cork-screw curls and her tuck comb seemed natural and suitable accessories. She was one of those estimable women that never fall short in duty, but who seldom overflow in generosity. She was honest to the division of a hair, she was unremittingly industrious and she meant to be kind. But she had small notion of being kind in the way that people were in want of kindness; it happened to be out of her own rather narrow way of being kind to herself. She had all her life subsisted on oatmeal porridge, and she could not conceive of a nature that demanded strong meat and wine and the colored lights and music of a banquet.

"Leave the table, Sally! Goodness me! And dust the chairs!"

"Yes, Miss Jane," responded Sally comfortably. "But law! how dirt do select!"

Meanwhile Miss Eastbrook rearranged the polite literature on the table: Warren's *Ten Thousand a Year,* from the new Alden circulating library, the *Handy Letter-Writer* and Young's *Night Thoughts,* to which she added from the low book shelves a blue and gold copy of the *Young Lady's Guide.* Miss Eastbrook had no thought of governing the proceedings of the Circle by the guide. Correct methods of encouraging retiring suitors or of repelling unwelcome ones was information that its members could scarcely be supposed at their birthday ages to require. But having a great regard for decorum, Miss Eastbrook prized the guide as the most elegant volume she possessed, and she always felt that the sight of it on the table added tone to her hospitality. . . .

The Camden Circle was a distinctly blue-blooded band, membership in which the daughters of certain families inherited from their mothers. In Camden one was either in or out of society; there was no purgatory.

The members of the Circle were not always in immediate need of more parlor tidies, nor did their wardrobes positively require the lace and knotted fringe that occupied their fingers at its meetings. But there were always plenty of people whose affairs could not possibly be regulated by themselves.

This regulating was, for the most part, not ill-natured; at least it was not meant to be, though if the persons whose family skeletons were dragged forth, whose love-making, wedding finery, scandalous neglect of their children, unheard-of-extravagance in gown and bonnet, qual-

ity of fringe, waste of candles at night and weakness for lying abed mornings, religious principles and hopeless inconsistencies in the light of those principles were overhauled, analyzed, dissected and condemned, had chanced to hear, it might have been difficult for them to believe that the hearts of the members were filled with pure neighborly love, and that it was out of this abundance that they spoke. If one wished to find out everything about anybody in Camden it was only necessary to attend a meeting of the Camden Circle.

As a center for the distribution of news, nothing could compare with the Circle. Of course it was understood that its disclosures were not to be repeated, and the members were invariably astonished when they discovered that the whole town was familiar with every detail so discreetly uttered. . . .

There was one topic that was never discussed. This was money. Every one agreed that money was vulgar, and there was, besides, a delicate recognition of the fact that no one had any of it.

Soon after three o'clock the knocker sounded smartly, and Sally, her cherry bow exchanged for a frilled cap, grandly ushered into the hall Mrs. Marcia Johnson.

"You kin rest yo' wraps in de spa'h chambah, Mis' Johnson!" Sally was on tiptoe with the excitement of having company. She cast a covetous glance after Mrs. Johnson's fawn-colored silk and ostrich feather to match. Mrs. Johnson swept up-stairs, swept down again and then swept into the parlor.

It could not be said of the Camden ladies that they lacked presence. Tall and fine-figured, they carried their

clothes to perfection. They understood, for instance, the art of wearing shawls and never appeared to greater advantage than in their flowered back lace ones draped over their Sunday silks. Some of them had risen on state occasions, like weddings, to the very great grandeur of black velvet and blond lace. In manner they echoed the graciousness of their undulating hills and bending trees. Almost Kentuckians, they softened their R's and gave the twang of "Y" to "can't" and "carpet." They doted on visiting across the river, certain of them, indeed, boasting a beat through the blue-grass which they covered regularly each spring.

Again the knocker fell. This time it was Miss Maria Bowman who swept in. Miss Bowman lived next door to the Eastbrooks, but she had not seen fit to come on this ceremonious occasion without those articles of dress and dignity—bonnet and gloves. She had been ready for some time, but had prudently watched at the front window, to assure herself that at least one guest had arrived before she left the house. She would not have been the first herself for worlds.

Soon all of the dozen or so members of the Camden Circle had arrived and were sitting about the front parlor, each erect in her chair—to have reclined would not have been genteel—each laced to the semblance of an hourglass covered with a shining expanse of bright flowered silk or brocade, and each with her neat reticule of work. The time was spacious, and costume corresponded.

. . . . . .

The gray November twilight had descended, and Sally had lighted the tapers in the heavy crystal-drop candle-

sticks on the mantel-shelf ere the ladies rose to go. It was a leisurely age, with time to write "parlor" and "honor" with "u" and to depart sooner would have been regarded as indecorous haste.

LADY DAFFODIL

MARY ELLEN GRAYDON SHARPE

My dainty Lady Daffodil
  Has donned her amber gown,
And on her fair and sunny head
  Sparkles her golden crown.

The conscious bluebells softly sway,
  And catch the yellow light,
And violets, among their leaves,
  Breathe low their young delight.

The sweet old-fashioned almond flower
  Brightens its pallid red
And flings its petals daintily,
  Over the garden bed.

Her tall green leaves, like sentinels,
  Surround my lady's throne,
And, graciously, in happy state,
  She reigns a queen alone.

And thus, my Lady Daffodil,
In gorgeous amber gown,
Holdeth her court this sun-warmed day,
Wearing her golden crown.

COMING TO THE CITY

ROBERT DUDLEY

Scarcely a day passed now without something being done to push the horizon farther and farther away from the spot which I still regarded as the center of the world. The habit which I had of omniverous reading, the diligent study of current news as set forth weekly in the columns of the *Era*, the occasional contact with movers passing through the settlement, or with newcomers who had lately made their homes in our neighborhood—all these were educative influences that were daily enlarging my vision and strengthening my mental faculties. The universe was expanding, and the tree of knowledge was fast overshadowing and smothering the tender flower of innocence.

One evening my father said to me quite abruptly: "Robert, I am going to Nopplis to-morrow, to take some wheat and do a little trading. How would thee like to go along with me and see the big city?"

"Oh, father! May I?" This was spoken with an explosive earnestness, which, however, was inadequate to express a tithe of the pleasure I felt.

"Yes, if thee thinks thee can stand the journey," he

answered. "But thee must be up with the birds, for we shall have to start bright and early."

Stand the journey? Well, I could stand a good deal more than that. The very thought of it made my heart thump and my fingers tingle; and it seemed an age until morning came, and the twittering of the swallows heralded the first appearance of dawn.

It was a day long to be remembered—that day when with the rising of the sun we set out for the world-famous capital of the only state worth living in. Father was seated in the front part of the wagon, guiding the horses and wearing upon his face that expression of dignity and distinction which was so peculiarly becoming to him. I sat a little way behind on one of the ten bags of wheat we were taking to market, silent and self-satisfied. My eyes were wide open, my ears were pricked forward, every sense was alert, as of a discoverer just entering into regions hitherto unknown and unexplored.

We traveled slowly; for twelve hundred pounds of wheat, to say nothing of two passengers and various other articles of freight, made no small load for a pair of old horses on roads where mud-holes were a hundred times more numerous than mile posts. But the slower our progress, the better chance there was for observation; and a snail's pace was therefore fast enough for me.

At about noon we arrived on the bank of the historic White River, so famed in the poetry and song of the Hoosier Country. Here, beneath the spreading branches of a white sycamore tree, we ate our luncheon, not forgetting to provide also for the patient beasts that had brought us thither. Then we drove boldly into the

stream, which at this particular point was very wide and very shallow. The water which scarcely reached the horses' knees even in the deepest places, rippled gently over smooth pebbles of various sizes, the largest not larger than a goose egg; and looking down into the crystal-clear stream, I could see great numbers of fishes disporting themselves—a sight which to me was most novel and interesting.

Once across the river, we noticed that the houses along the road were much closer together, and soon many unmistakable signs told us we were approaching the city. Indeed, it seemed but a very little while until we were in the thick of it, there being houses on both sides of us, some of them quite pretentious buildings of two stories and set far back among the shade trees and well-cultivated truck patches.

Late in the afternoon, we drove into a very wide road, where there were stores and other buildings—small and large, but mostly small—standing quite close together on both sides, just as in some cities that were pictured in my Parley Book.

"This is Washington Street," said father. "It is a part of the great National Road that is to run from Baltimore in Maryland, to St. Louis, Missouri. When this road is finished it will be the longest and finest highway in all the world."

I looked at it with awe and admiration, for here, I thought to myself, was something so long that one end of it dipped into Chesapeake Bay and the other into the Mississippi River. The street, which formed so honorable a part of the great highway and bore the revered name of the father of his country, was of indefinite

length, the houses continuing along it for perhaps half a mile. The roadway itself had been graded by digging a shallow ditch on each side and scraping the loose earth up toward the middle. Our wagon wound its way irregularly from one side to the other, while the numerous mud-holes and chuck-holes and ruts gave variety to the scene and made over-speeding impossible. Pigs and geese wandered at will along the street, and the number of vehicles and horses that we met filled my mind with astonishment.

Father knew exactly where to dispose of his cargo—at a long low house, as I remember, on the banks of a straight and narrow stream which I learned was the famous Central Canal that had bankrupted the state. And there, to my great wonder and satisfaction, I saw three or four canal-boats of enormous size lying close to the banks and apparently empty and deserted.

Having obtained a good price for his wheat and put the money safely in his pocket, father's next care was to find a lodging place for the night. We drove out upon Washington Street again, and soon, where the stores were most numerous and the houses stood closest together, we came opposite a large, ramshackle, rusty-looking frame building at the front of which was suspended a huge signboard bearing the words:

RAY'S TAVERN

The signboard was old and in need of paint, and a general air of decay and happy neglect rested upon the entire place.

Near the middle of the tavern building there was a

broad passageway for wagons, and through this we drove into a kind of court-yard in the rear. This yard was surrounded by a variety of stables and sheds, and was cluttered up with old wagons and store boxes and in the center was a big wooden pump and a watering trough for the horses. . . . The day was near its close and I was very tired, but I remember sitting down to eat at a long table where there were a number of bearded men talking and laughing and rattling the dishes. After this father led me out into the open air. It was already quite dark, and he directed my attention to the lights by which the great street of Washington was illuminated. On the tops of wooden posts, at intervals of a "square" or two, there were a number of lard-oil lamps—perhaps a score or more—flickering feebly in the darkness. Not one of them glowed with more brilliancy than a good candle, but the sight of so many lights in a long row on each side of the street was well worth seeing. Few other cities in those middle ages, were better illuminated; for the era of kerosene had not yet begun, and gas and electricity had scarcely been dreamed of.

These public lamps, however, were not all that contributed to the illumination of the great highway. In the windows of nearly every store a candle was glimmering, and in some of the larger establishments four or five such lights might be seen, attesting the great prosperity of the proprietors. Thus it was possible for people to walk with safety up and down the street even on the darkest nights. But pedestrians from the outlying districts, where there were no such lights, were obliged to carry little lanterns, like our own at home, consisting of a short tallow candle set in the center of a hollow cylinder of perforated

tin. Oh! it was a wonderful experience to be in a city where people moved about at night as well as in the daytime. . . .

In the morning, leaving the horses and wagon in the tavern sheds, we strolled down Washington Street to see the sights and make some purchases. In front of most of the buildings there were narrow sidewalks, some of planks, some of flat stones, and some of loose gravel; but father was at first not right clear whether we ought to use these public conveniences.

"The city people have built them for their own purposes," he said, "and perhaps we had better not trespass upon them." And accordingly we went trudging through the middle of the road.

Presently, coming to a hardware store, we went inside, and father laid out the greater part of his money for a wonderful new cookstove, with utensils to match and five joints of pipe. He had a long conversation with the storekeeper during which the subject of sidewalks was mentioned; and I noticed that, afterward, we took our chances with the city people, and no longer strolled in the roadway.

A little further down the street my eye was attracted by a sign bearing the talismanic words:

BOOK STORE

Father tried in vain to direct my attention to a pair of goats that were browsing on the opposite side of the street; but what were these ragged animals in comparison with a whole store full of books?

"Let's go in and look at them," I said pleadingly.

And at that very moment a pleasant-looking man came to the door, and seeing father, greeted him with:

"Good morning, Stephen Dudley!"

"How's thee, Samuel Merrill?" returned father; and they shook hands very cordially. "I couldn't get my boy past thy door. There's nothing he loves so much as a book."

"Well, come in a little while and let him look at what I have," said the storekeeper. "I have just received a lot of new books that are very attractive."

We accepted his invitation, and thereupon followed one of the happiest hours of my boyhood. Father sat down beside the storekeeper's desk and the two had a long talk about the crops and the markets and politics, while I browsed to my heart's content among the book-shelves. The time passed all too quickly, and finally, when father insisted upon going, Mr. Merrill showed him a chunky little volume that he himself had been reading and said:

"Here is a book that will interest the boy. It's all about Indians and Daniel Boone and pioneer times in this country."

I took it in my hand. It was entitled, "Sketches of Western Adventure, Containing an Account of the Most Interesting Incidents Connected with the Settlement of the West, by John A. McClung." It contained only two pictures, but both of these were of a character to thrill the heart of any live boy; and the table of contents revealed a bill of fare that was tempting to the sober literary appetite of even so unimpressionable a man as Stephen Dudley.

"Oh, father, I wish thee would buy it!" And the storekeeper helped my cause by an insinuating smile and

a motion toward the corner where his wrapping paper and twine reposed.

What man with his pocket full of money could resist such pleading, such temptation? When we left the store the book was under my arm.

"I think that the train is advertised to arrive from Madison at about this time," said father. "We will go down to the depot and see it come in."

The depot, if I remember rightly, stood not far from the site of the present magnificent Union Station, but it was then quite on the outer edge of town. It was a little one-roomed building, with a high platform all around it and a freight shed at one end. On one side were the railroad tracks; and at no great distance flowed the waters of the classic stream known in western history as Pogue's Run. The train being late, as was the invariable custom, I amused myself strolling alone about the depot, while father continued his conversation with a talkative citizen. . . . Soon I heard the whistle of the approaching train, far away toward Franklin or Shelbyville. I hurried around to the place where father was waiting and stood by his side in anxious expectation. It was long before we could see the train, although we heard its puffing and roaring quite distinctly; and when at last it hove in sight we had plenty of time to gaze at the locomotive with its huge smoke pipe and wonder whether it was coming toward us or standing still. At last it actually arrived, creeping at a snail's pace, rattling over the thin little bars of iron called rails, and making as much noise as a hundred wagons. The train consisted of only the engine and tender, a baggage car, and a single small coach—but it was a sight never to be forgotten. At each end of the coach and

also of the baggage car, a brakeman was straining at the brake wheel with all his might in order to bring the train to a stop somewhere within a reasonable nearness to the depot. There was a dreadful screeching of wheels, a jerking and a bumping, a going forward and a backing —and at last the deed was accomplished and the dozen passengers strolled leisurely out upon the platform.

To me the whole operation was most wonderful; for this was my first view of a railroad train or of a steam locomotive. Yet I need not weary you with a description of that primitive little engine or of the cushionless, comfortless, jolting little cars which it dragged behind it.

"It is almost noon," said father, as the excitement on the depot platform began to subside. "We must make haste and get started for home."

Thereupon, with as much despatch as possible, we proceeded to get our team out from the tavern sheds, put the cookstove and other purchases into the wagon, and regretfully bid good-by to the stirring scenes on Washington Street. "We will go a little out of our way," said father, "for I want to show thee one of the wonders of the city." So, starting by way of a somewhat narrower road, called Meridian Street, we came almost immediately to a small circular plot of ground with a wide avenue running round it and as many as six or eight other highways branching off from it, just as the spokes of a wheel branch off from the hub. . . . "Does thee see all these streets coming to a point right here?" he said. "Well, this little round place is the Governor's Circle, and the big square house thee sees in the middle of it is where the governor of the state lives. People say it is at the exact center of the state, but I have my doubts about it."

As we resumed our humble journey, I thought of the precious book that father had bought for me and began to undo its wrappings. Father noticed what I was doing and, slipping off the driver's seat, he came and reclined on the straw beside me. . . . "Suppose thee reads one of those western adventures out loud," he suggested. Nothing could have pleased me better. I opened the book and began with the first chapter, the thrilling story of the adventures of James Smith. For at least half an hour we were both so deeply absorbed in the story—I reading, he listening—that we were only dimly conscious that our well-trained team was keeping in the right road and carrying us slowly homeward. . . .

Oh, those first Indian stories! The surprising adventures of Robinson Crusoe seemed commonplace and dull in comparison with them. How vividly the memory remains of Colonel Crawford's martyrdom, of Simon Kenton's thrilling experiences, of Adam Poe's life-and-death struggles in the savage wilderness!

What a truly delightful afternoon that was! Everything else was forgotten save the joyousness of existence and the overpowering interest of the book. It was not until the sun went down and the approach of darkness made reading impossible, that we reluctantly closed the volume and deferred its enjoyment to another time. It was very late and I was almost exhausted when we reached the New Settlement and home, but oh, what a red-letter day I had had!

AT THE MONUMENT

MEREDITH NICHOLSON

My little child about the Monument
Climbs, with slow step and awed and wondering eyes,
And in soft treble questions me and tries
To gather something of the shaft's intent.
And as on me her trusting gaze is bent
And she repeats her many "whens" and "whys,"
She hears, as of some fable of the skies,
Why the gray column toward the heavens is sent.
And I am moved, thinking how tales of wars
Mean not so much to her as foolish rhyme
In her sweet ignorance of wounds and scars!
This is a plot to play in for a time,—
The shaft a mighty pillar of the stars
With easy steps for baby feet to climb!

LIBERTY

JOHN HAY

What man is there so bold that he should say:
"Thus, and thus only, would I have the sea?"
For, whether lying calm and beautiful,
Clasping the earth in love, and throwing back
The smile of heaven from waves of amethyst;
Or whether, freshened by the busy winds,
It bears the trade and navies of the world
To ends of use or stern activity;
Or whether, lashed by tempest, it gives way

To elemental fury, howls and roars
At all its rocky barriers, in wild lust
Of ruin drinks the blood of living things,
And strews its wrecks o'er leagues of desolate shore—
Always it is the sea, and men bow down
Before its vast and varied majesty.

So all in vain will timorous ones essay
To set the metes and bounds of liberty.
For freedom is its own eternal law;
It makes its own conditions, and in storm
Or calm alike fulfils the unerring will.
Let us not, then, despise it when it lies
Still as a sleeping lion, while a swarm
Of gnat-like evils hover 'round its head;
Nor doubt it when in mad, disjointed times
It shakes the torch of terror, and its cry
Shrills o'er the quaking earth, and in the flame
Of riot and war we see its awful form
Rise by the scaffold where the crimson ax
Rings down its grooves the knell of shuddering kings.
Forever in thine eyes, O Liberty,
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved,
And though Thou slay us, we will trust in Thee.

COMPENSATION

MAY W. DONNAN

In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread,
And the stairway is long thy feet must tread,
But the food is sweet that is hardly won,
And the view most fair, when the climbing's done.

A VISIBLE SIGN

MARY JAMESON JUDAH

It came at last to this—that there was not one record, not one scrap of paper, no person or document by which Captain Lee's devotion and service to the Confederacy might be proved—nothing but his old uniform.

A person who did not know him well would not have guessed how deeply he felt upon this subject. He was a most reserved man, and it was a part of his reserve that he could not speak of the time of the Confederacy. He said to himself that he feared to make the subject commonplace or even tedious by talking of it to his children; he had seen that happen in families of his acquaintance. But the real reason was not that he did not want to speak —he could not.

The uniform, at first almost unconsidered, then a saddening relic, came to be very precious. Sometimes in the reverent silences of the church, or in the watches of a wakeful night, he found himself thinking, "I shall leave no inheritance to my grandsons so priceless as that old uniform will be. Looking at it, our cause will seem real to them, and because of me they will study the story of our struggle."

The Captain's wife and daughters regarded him as a being set apart, a person too high and fine for the affairs of this world. There was, even in the family, an appearance of making up to him for something lacking, although he himself would have resented such an idea. The ladies understood him partly, and their affection carried them

the rest of the way in their loving and gentle family life. They were never so busy that he was not the one to be considered first. All the little social news was told in his presence. It was not addressed to him directly, but was intended to divert him.

He liked to hear of the historical societies and of the organizations of women formed to perpetuate the memory of the heroic past. His daughters brought him many stories from the meetings of such associations.

"Mrs. Conway's great-great-grandfather was one of the signers!" said Patty.

"Yes; but she can't prove that he was *her* great-great-grandfather!" exclaimed Fairfax. "Now Mrs. Pinckney has the actual letter that her ancestor wrote from Valley Forge."

"But didn't that letter fade away into insignificance when Mrs. Fauquier brought out *her* relic?"

"And what was that?" inquired the Captain, with much interest.

"Only think, father, she had the hat, the actual hat—cockade and all—that her ancestor wore through the North Carolina Campaign!"

"Yes," said Patty, "we walked up to look at it without a word. It seemed so wonderful to see it after all these years. It almost made me tremble, it was so near and real."

The Captain did not speak; it made his heart beat to think of his own sacred gray and of a past that it would some day revivify.

In the earlier years the Captain had often looked at his uniform. Of late he had not cared to take it out; it was like going to the cemetery; he came away unsatisfied.

It pleased him to think of it as safe in the little trunk in the attic, but he did not wish to see it. That night he remembered that it had been a long time since he had looked at it. He troubled himself about the chance of moths and resolved to examine it the first thing in the morning.

But in the morning the desire was gone. Indeed, it was only when the trunk was to be emptied that he might put in it the things for a little journey that he spoke of the uniform. Then he went to the foot of the stairs and called to Patty, who was getting together what he was to take with him.

"Daughter, bring down my old uniform when you empty the little trunk." He heard her sweet, clear voice, "Yes, father!" He heard her light step as she walked about the bare floor of the attic. Then she came hurriedly to the upper balustrade.

"Father, it isn't here! There's nothing in the trunk but a roll of silk pieces and an old white vest. And I've looked everywhere else!"

Mrs. Lee appeared at the door of her room. She thought her husband had replaced the uniform in the trunk after it was out the last time. He supposed that she had done so. Patty was called from her little studio.

"Patty, come here! Do you know anything about father's old uniform?" Patty came, rosy and graceful. She stuck her brushes in her hair and pondered. "I have not seen it since father took the trunk to Tennessee six months ago. Then I hung it in the attic just over the place where the little trunk always stands. I knew father always liked to fold it himself."

"Has anything been given away lately?" asked Mrs. Lee. Fairfax heard her mother's question. Her face turned blood red; she put her hand to her head.

"Oh, wait a minute till I think!" she said. "I met a tramp at the door one day last fall—I was just going to a card party; I called to that light-colored Tilly we had then to give him any old thing that might be lying around the attic."

Her father turned away with the stooping gesture of a man who has had a heavy blow. The side of his face that they could see was gray and sunken.

His daughter rushed to him; she clung to him wildly; she spoke as a little child might speak: "Oh, papa, don't! Indeed I didn't know! Oh, please forgive me, papa!"

The Captain could not speak at first; his old throat made queer choking noises, but he patted the girl's shoulder reassuringly.

"Do not blame yourself, my daughter. It is a misfortune; we must learn to bear misfortunes."

The Captain's business had not been pressing for years, and shortly after the loss of the uniform he gave up active connection with the firm of cotton-factors of which he had been a member. His health had never been very strong, and he spent many hours at home with the ladies. On fine afternoons he walked out to attend the meeting of some board of directors or to spend a little while in the office of his old firm. Once or twice when he came in he spoke of the dust, and how it showed on his dark clothing.

"I wonder, Mrs. Lee," he said, "if it would be out of the way for me to get a suit of light-colored clothes, such

as the young gentlemen wear—one of those tans, or, maybe, a nice gray?" He spoke of it again: "Of course, a man of my age wouldn't want one of those bob-tailed coats—if I *should* get a light suit."

The suit came home; the color was a clear gray; there was a long frock coat. The Captain buttoned it around his neat figure with grave satisfaction.

"Father may not know much about the styles," said Fairfax, "but he's awfully distinguished."

He wore his gray suit so constantly that the ladies laughingly spoke of it as his "uniform." This was only to one another; when they were in his presence there was no recognition of the fact that there was anything to be remarked about his clothing. It was felt that any comment would hurt him. Later the coat was sent out for some repair. When it came home, Patty said, in some surprise, "Why, father, the tailor has put brass buttons on it!"

"So he has!" exclaimed the Captain; but the buttons were not removed. The Captain had always worn a slouch hat. Now he wore one constantly. He let his beautiful smooth hair grow long and parted it far down over one ear. "What picture is it that father looks like?" asked Fairfax. "He looks like one of those old daguerreotypes taken during the war, that grandmother used to show us on Sunday afternoons when we were little," answered her sister. As he sat in a shady corner of the veranda in the long mornings, the Captain sometimes looked tenderly at the sleeve of his gray coat, as though he loved to see the color near him. And in the evenings

he might be seen pacing back and forth for hours, on the gallery in front of his house, silent, stern, wrapped in contemplation of a lost time, clad in the insignia of an unforgotten past.

From *Down Our Way*. By permission of the author.

WASHINGTON

ROSCOE GILMORE STOTT

Let those who will their pages fill
  With fine-phrased lore and story;
Let wise tongues prate the nation's fate
  Without this Founder's glory.
With finished honors laud who can;
  I sing my song for an honest Man.

Let those who write in figure trite
  Pay tribute warm and tender;
Let sages tell what woes befell
  Our nation's first defender.
Then show how well his race he ran;
  I sing my song for a fighting Man.

Let poets' lays, with depth of praise,
  Delight to boast his daring;
Let men of speech, from platform, preach
  The load his heart was bearing.
Let scholars trace his life's full span;
  I sing my song for a human Man.

To-day a need where wrong and greed
  Have sapped the nation's living,
Is men grown strong who dare to long
  To be best known for giving.
To-day look back where growth began,
  And sing with me for a God-made Man.

A SINGING HEART

ROSCOE GILMORE STOTT

Be mine a singing heart that thrills and cheers;
  That wakes a counter melody; that lifts
  To skyward from the murky passion-drifts;
That lights the eye self-blinded by its tears.
Be mine a singing heart, whose anthem floats
With God's pure sunshine woven through its notes.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

EVANS WOOLLEN

"The Many-Sided Franklin," he is called, and fitly, for who, think you, of the world's great has been more-sided? So many, indeed, are the faces of the kaleidoscope that I must turn it too hurriedly for you to get more than merest glances at the brilliant aspects of that wonderful life which began two hundred years ago.

Printer and publisher, writer and journalist, scientist and inventor, philosopher and musician, philanthropist and reformer, man of the world and courtier, politician

and diplomatist—all these he was and more. These he was, too, not as the jack-of-all-trades, but consummately. "I love and revere him," said Horace Greeley, "as a journeyman printer, who was frugal and didn't drink; a parvenu who rose from want to competence, from obscurity to fame, without losing his head; a statesman who did not crucify mankind with long-winded documents or speeches; a diplomatist who did not intrigue; a philosopher who never loved and an office-holder who didn't steal."

In Philadelphia he pursued his trade of printer, and of his excellence in it (he was admittedly the best printer in the colonies) he never ceased to be proud. He started a semi-weekly newspaper, the first issued in this country. He made his fortune in editing and publishing the *Pennsylvania Gazette,* which was so vital that it soon had the largest circulation of any paper in America and lived for a hundred years.

His greatest publishing success was *Poor Richard's Almanac,* in which we are told that early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise; that honesty is the best policy; that he that hath a trade hath an estate; that a small leak will sink a great ship; that he who goes a-borrowing goes a-sorrowing.

The *Almanac* and his only book, the *Autobiography,* constitute his title to a place of distinction in our literary history. And it *is* a place of distinction, for self-taught —he had of schooling two scant years—he acquired, in midnight study of an odd volume of the *Spectator* and an essay of Defoe, a style which has been fairly compared with that of Addison, and made of himself the first great American man of letters. With him American literature is said to begin and yet he never published a book, the

Autobiography being first printed many years after his death.

The contents of the *Almanac* "have been translated," it is said, "into every tongue having any pretentions to a literature; and have had more readers, probably, than any other publication in the English, or indeed, in in any other language, with the single exception of the Bible," and it was looked forward to "with more impatience than now awaits the president's annual message to congress." Indeed, neither any president nor any other man, either from rostrum or pulpit, or in academic halls or from editor's chair, before or since, has taught his countrymen as influentially as Benjamin Franklin, under the guise of Poor Richard. He taught that "man's moral welfare and social prosperity depend upon his own conduct." For twenty-six years he taught his annual lesson in the *Almanac* which had its place in every home where letters were known. Then he gathered all the homely wit and sage advice into that rare classic which we shall never outgrow, *Father Abraham's Speech.* His texts were temperance, industry, economy, honesty, ambition; and, while he may, as charged, have undervalued emotional morality, his little sermons moved to better living thousands and thousands who were not of any church.

It is charged that he taught a candle-saving philosophy. No, he never taught a miserly saving. He taught accumulation for the sake of happier, fuller life. It has been said, and perhaps truly, that Franklin's profoundest discovery, the one that entitles him to the love and honor of humanity for all time, was the discovery of how to make life happy. In a word, Benjamin Franklin taught the art of which he was master, the art of living.

He was a builder, whether of character or of nations. It is said, in the standard book of inventors, that a complete list of his inventions and devices and improvements would fill a dozen pages—yet he never applied for a patent. They were the free gifts of his genius to his fellow men; just as were his writings (for he never took a copyright or a penny from a publisher); just as were the library and the hospital and the college which he started; just as were the municipal reforms he instituted, street paving, street cleaning, fire protection and all the rest which made Philadelphia of his day the best-equipped and best-governed town in the colonies. To gather an idea of the extent of his researches, consider a catalogue which has been made of the things which he elucidated: "The cause of earthquakes, the circulation of the blood and the cultivation of grasses, theories of light and the treatment of fevers, the manufacture of salt by evaporation and the arrangement of musical glasses, a remedy for smoky chimneys and the tendency of rivers to the sea, husbandry and waterspouts, the effect of oil on water, meteorology, the aurora borealis, thermometers, toads, balloons and ventilation." But his chief interest, of course, was electricity, in which he made several discoveries of tremendous importance, the most notable being the identity of lightning and electricity.

He is worthy of our affectionate devotion to his memory because he was one of the founders of our nation, one of our great triumvirate, for without him Washington would not have been the father of the country which Lincoln saved.

From *An Essay on Franklin.* Adapted for this volume by the author.

TIPPECANOE

SAMUEL MCCOY

April, 1811! Up the valleys of the South spring stole tremblingly from the farther South. Her warm moist breathing came closer and closer along the river lowlands of Kentucky and higher and higher in clouds of greenness and fragrance up the sides of the steep pebbly hills on the Indiana shore. The fields, which had lain crudely bare in their red clay and yellow sand, began to merge with an inimitable harmony in a vast color scheme that, day by day, even hour by hour, moved visibly toward completion.

First to come like the white guidons of an army of peace, were the blossoms of the wild plum, masses as delicate as small white clouds tangled along the hillsides —spreading around them faint elusive fragrance, mysteriously perceptible, even when the perfumes' source was unseen. All along the hillsides and sandy floors of the brooks at their feet the wild plum flung out its diaphanous draperies against the monochromes of the soils and the dark greenness of the pine woods.

Then, in the open spaces and around the gray log cabins on the heights the peach trees flushed pink in the warm kisses of the sun—great masses of pink, trailing from field to field. The new grass first visible on the moister earth of the lowest land was starred in patches by multitudes of bluets, the blue-eyed grass, each tiny flower as simple and as wonderful as a little child.

Sometimes the day was clouded with the smoke and

haze of burning brush and timber; sometimes one might notice in the steady advance of spring some still more striking sign of her occupation; against a gray cabin in a sunlit valley a shaft vividly, crisply green, of the new foliage of the plum.

A short day's march north of the broad current of the Ohio, at the point where two rapid creeks, Big Indian and Little Indian, unite stood a cluster of thirty or forty cabins.

The logs that made the walls of the oldest of them had been growing in the virgin forest three years before. In the center of the village was a grassy square. In it a new stone house, forty feet square, its walls two and one-half feet thick, its roof still incomplete, stood in the shadow of the forest trees which had been left standing around it. Two or three men hewed busily at the timbers for the roof, or took measurements for the deep window casings. A carrot-headed Celt, his face tanned to a darker crimson than his hair, whistled as he hewed away at the great timbers. Between the gray cabins and the fields where plows were striking through prairie grasses for the first time since the creation of the world men and women came and went, and barefoot children played. From the little settlement the primeval forest stretched away to the sand dunes of the Great Lakes, to the hills of the Ohio, to the prairies of the Illinois Country, a vast tract a hundred thousand miles in extent, silent, inhabited only by savage beast and more savage red-skinned hunters; pathless, dreadful, fascinating.

The settlement was Corydon; the stone house, the building which was to be the first capitol of the territory and the state, hewn from the virgin woods. Brave little

town in the vast and menacing wilderness! A tiny island in the grassy sea of the prairies, a tiny gleam in the interminable shadow of the primeval forest! Louisville, with fifteen hundred inhabitants, twenty miles to the east; Vincennes, the old post, with less than a thousand, eighty miles to the northwest—other than these, no settlement of any size in all that savage empire, large as England herself.

Hither came all the picturesque figures of the new West; earliest of all, the lean buckskin-clad backwoodsman, sinewy, eagle-eyed, taciturn as an Indian, cherishing his long-barreled, flint-lock rifle, and regarding the next comer, the settler, with a jealous eye, as one who destroyed the wilderness where he had hunted and fished and been undisturbed; the settler, the brawny-armed wielder of the ax, the plowman, the homeseeker, with his wife and brood of urchins; then the pioneer preacher, Methodist or Presbyterian, coming on foot or horseback to visit the tiny community; then the storekeeper and the artisan, the wheelwright and the smith, with their shops; the doctor, with his weary horse and his muddy saddle-bags filled with drugs of his own compounding; the lawyer and the surveyor.

William Henry Harrison, the young governor of the territory, had laid out his farm of eight hundred acres on the edge of the village and there planted his orchard of green pippins and Romanites.

. . . . . .

William Henry Harrison! Vincennes was one hundred and eighteen years old; the man thirty-eight. There had never been anything commonplace in the existence of either place or man. Each had already had a history

whose telling must move the heart more than with a trumpet, but the place was yet to reach the zenith of romance, the man was yet at the threshold of the events that were to make his name more glorious still. The door of destiny stood ajar before him and he lifted his hand to fling it open.

A sword swung at his side. It was the symbol of the conquering race. His face was the face of the soldier —strong, resolute, proud, indomitable. But it was likewise the face of the man of the people, the man in whom they trusted for his calm patience and his warm friendliness. With what unfaltering devotion had they come to rely upon him! And how the men and women of the wilderness, seeing that tall and martial figure pass, paused to mark that long grave face, the eyes deep-set under the bushy brows on either side of the lengthy humorous nose, and smiled in love and deep regard in answer to the slow smile of the wide and kindly mouth. What had he not done for them!

He was a warm admirer of the democratic Jefferson and he was an aristocrat of the new territory. Steeped in the classic scholarship of the Old Dominion, the son of a signer of the Declaration of Independence, at eighteen he had chosen to leave behind him the culture of the older states and to plunge into the rude but generous wilderness. At twenty-eight he was governor of the Indiana Territory. At thirty, master of an empire of one hundred and fifty million acres, ruler over a province twice as large as England and Ireland, larger indeed than all of France. Within the ten years following his appointment as governor, the negotiator, with absolute power, of treaties which added to the new nation fifty

millions of acres, a domain as large as England and Scotland combined. At thirty-one holding in his hand for five months the destinies of a tract of two hundred and fifty thousand square miles, an imperial province greater than any other one man ever controlled in the history of the United States, before or since. . . .

Opposed to him the great protagonist of the drama of the savage, Tecumseh. Ruler of five Indian tribes, master mind of the great confederacy of another score of tribes. Chief of five thousand warriors, ranging over one hundred thousand miles of territory. . . .

Harrison had policed the same territory with exactly twenty backwoodsmen. Twenty men to guard an empire! They threaded their ways through the wilderness from St. Louis to Detroit. They reported to him at Vincennes.

On this enormous stage the curtain is about to be lifted on the titanic duel of the West.

THE BATTLE OF TIPPECANOE

B. WILSON SMITH

The Battle of Tippecanoe. It was not a battle of great numbers, less than one thousand white soldiers, and probably an equal number of Indians, taking part. But the white army was of the best blood of Indiana and Kentucky, together with the small regiment of United States soldiers. The red army represented the most warlike

tribes of the Northwest, organized by the greatest Indian warrior of our history—Tecumtha (the "shooting star") —and dominated by the most wily and fanatical leader of Indian annals—the Prophet Lau-la-was-i-ka, or Temps-ka-tau-wa (the "open door"), who had gathered around him at the Shawannee village, three-fourths of a mile away, a lawless band of the worst elements of a half dozen tribes. There he carried on his fanatical teachings and weird incantations until he fully imbued them with the belief that he was the chosen one of the Great Spirit to restore to the red man all of his lost rights and former territory. The night before the battle the Prophet told them, and chanted the same in his war song on a neighboring eminence during the battle, that the "Great Spirit would change the white man's powder to ashes, and charm his bullets so that they would fall harmless at the red man's feet."

Though this battle was a bloody one, it was fortunate that it was fought when it was. Had the Prophet obeyed the emphatic and repeated injunction of his brother Tecumtha, to avoid all hostilities until the latter's return, there would have been a bloodier one and more disastrous results. With the final confederation of the tribes north, south and west completed, in a plan which Tecumtha had about consummated, the bloody battle of twenty years before, at the head of the Wabash—St. Clair's defeat—would have been repeated. The confederated tribes, frenzied by the teachings and incantations of the wily Prophet, and led by the matchless warrior Tecumtha, would have wiped civilization from the map of the Northwest Territory by driving the white people south and east of the Ohio. It is not a stretch of imagination, when

all of the issues, possibilities and questions settled by this great battle are considered, to name this valiant army, led by the great Harrison, the "Salvation Army of the Northwest."

When at sunrise the battle was ended, not one of the army knew how complete was the victory. They expected the struggle to be renewed. So all day on the seventh they worked on the fortifications of the camp—breastworks along the lines and bastions at the corners—cared for the wounded and buried the dead. They found the casualties to be thirty-seven killed in action, and one hundred and fifty-one mortally, severely or slightly wounded. To these latter the cold ground was a hospital bed and a cold November sky a canopy.

The night following was a sleepless one. The watchword was passed along the line every five minutes, every soldier on duty having to repeat it. Uncertainty, with grim visage, stalked everywhere. One hundred and fifty miles from possible succor, with savage hordes surrounding them on every side, more than a fifth of the army dead or wounded, hunger gnawing at their vitals and starvation staring them in the face—such conditions made this 7th day of November, one hundred years ago, one of anxiety and forebodings, and the night one of terror and apprehension. This, O Indian, gem of our Republic, is one of the costly sacrifices of our fathers, for our homes, institutions and statehood. With three million hearts and twenty-five hundred millions of wealth, on this one hundredth anniversary, a pæan of thanksgiving should go up with united voice to the memory of the "Salvation Army of the Northwest" for their victory at Tippecanoe!

On the morning of the eighth, General Wells, with a force of mounted rifles and dragoons, went over to the Prophet's town to reconnoiter. They found it deserted, and to the practised eye of General Wells, the "noted Indian fighter," the completeness of the victory was first revealed. Dead warriors carried there, but unburied; British muskets, from Detroit, left behind not uncased; powder, recognized as British by the triple glaze, still unpacked; camp kettles still nested, and many other things, told of the precipitancy and wild disorder of their flight. One old squaw and a severely wounded warrior alone kept "watch and ward." Never before was more joyful news brought to a crippled and beleaguered army, smitten by the carnage of a terrible battle, than that brought back by General Wells. No wonder they shouted till the hills echoed, and the hidden savages far away heard the shout. All day the eighth they ministered to the wounded and the dying, and with proper military honors buried the dead, that they might begin the homeward march on the morrow. In surveying the outside of the battleground they found in all thirty-eight dead Indians, so that, counting the dead left on the field and those carried away, and estimating the number of those concealed, their death list must have been equal to ours, which, including the fifteen who died on the seventh and eighth, amounted to fifty-three dead and buried on the battlefield.

The eleven baggage wagons were a scanty supply for the transportation of even those mortally and severely wounded. All of the remaining food was rationed out. The commander gave orders that all camp furniture and equipage should be destroyed and burned, he setting the

example by breaking and burning his own, saving nothing but his military chest. Fires had been burning over the graves of the buried to hide them from the returning savage. In the wagons were placed the most severely wounded. Others were mounted on the cavalry and mounted rifles' horses, and yet a great number of the badly disabled were forced to walk, very many horses having been killed in the battle.

At ten o'clock the homeward march began. As soon as they could reach it, they retraced the outward march trail, in the same military order, camping each night at or near the camp of the outward march. Two or three men died every night and were buried on the way. On the evening of the twelfth they reached the old camp, two miles below the mouth of the Big Vermillion, where the blockhouse had been built and their boats moored under a guard of a sergeant and eight men. Here they embarked the severely wounded and transported them to Vincennes. On the fourteenth the army reached Fort Harrison, and on the eighteenth Busseron Creek, where the army was disembodied.

THE BOYHOOD OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

MERICA EVANS HOAGLAND

On a farm in Spencer County, Indiana, now Lincoln City, the boyhood of Abraham Lincoln was spent. In the log cabin on Nolan Creek, Kentucky, he was born, on February 12, 1809, the second child of Thomas and Nancy Hanks Lincoln. After the family had moved to

Knob Creek, when he was four years old, the boy was sent with his older sister to school.

Abraham's Kentucky schoolmasters were Zachariah Riney and Caleb Hazel, the latter a relative. From David Elkins, the itinerant minister, and from other pioneer travelers, lawyers and soldiers, Abraham Lincoln learned much, his desire for knowledge overcoming his awkward timidity.

Too poor to own slaves, Thomas Lincoln struggled to maintain his family by farming and his carpenter's trade, but soon realizing that it was futile to compete with slave labor, and having the misfortune to lose a flat-boat cargo of farm products, on the swollen waters of the Ohio River, he prospected for land in Indiana. Returning to Kentucky, Mr. Lincoln removed his family and its meager supply of furniture and farm tools to Indiana.

On a raft, the Lincoln family made its way to Anderson Creek, on the Indiana side of the Ohio River, and thence fifteen miles to Little Pigeon Creek, where, on the site of Lincoln City, the family stopped.

In common with other boys, Abe wore deerskin trousers and moccasins and a homespun and woven shirt of tow. At Rockport was a fur-trader by the name of John Worrell and he may have fashioned the coonskin hats for Abe and his father in exchange for farm products, for little money passed through any hands in those early days in Indiana.

When the Pigeon Creek Baptist meeting house was built, Abraham Lincoln probably assisted his father in the crude carpenter work. The boy was an attentive listener at the services of the new church, of which his father and mother were devout members. Of them it

was said that they were "just steeped full of notions about the wrongs of slavery and the rights of men." It is probable that their views and the truths as presented by the itinerant ministers awakened in Abraham Lincoln a spiritual sense of what service for others might mean.

After being stricken with the disease which carried off many pioneers, Mrs. Lincoln's parting injunctions to her son were marked with religious fervor. At that time no minister was near to conduct the burial service and out of the depths of his sorrow, Abraham Lincoln wrote his first letter to Parson David Elkins, of Kentucky, imploring him to come to "preach a memorial service" at his mother's grave. It is recorded that about two hundred people gathered, some weeks later, to participate in the service conducted by the Reverend Mr. Elkins, who had come one hundred miles to solace this tender heart of a boy.

After due time, Thomas Lincoln married Mrs. Sarah Johnson, of Kentucky, a widow who had real furniture made by a cabinet maker. The coming of the new mother brought cheer to the desolate log cabin.

Between Lincoln and his son there seems to have been a lack of that sympathy which begets understanding, but fortunately between Abe and his stepmother there was from the first a mutual devotion. He willingly performed the chores for Mrs. Lincoln, while she saw to it that he had some time for reading. Few school days were possible in the life of the young dreamer, but he eagerly seized on the instruction given by his schoolmasters. Walking fifteen miles to Boonville was no lazy boy's trip, but there Abe would go whenever he could get away from farm labor. When he borrowed the book

containing the Indiana Constitution and laws, the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States and acquired Weem's *Life of Washington,* working three days husking corn to pay for it, Abraham Lincoln entered that large class of self-educated men.

Acting as ferryman at Anderson's Creek, travelers told him of the big world beyond Indiana. As clerk in a general store at Gentryville, he listened as men discussed the news of the day, as it filtered through the columns of the *Western Sun, Western Eagle* and other weekly papers. The Supreme Court decision upholding the provision in the Constitution of Indiana forever forbidding slavery, doubtless made a deep impression on the mind of Abraham Lincoln, so that the years spent in Indiana were full of import to the nation which elected Lincoln president. John Hay, of Indiana, joined Nicolay in writing the full biography of Lincoln, thus giving the account of his life in Indiana its local color.

Any one passing the Washington entrance of the Claypool Hotel, at Indianapolis, may read there the tablet inscribed to the memory of Abraham Lincoln.

From *Bits of Indiana History,* by Merica Evans Hoagland.

THE KING'S REPLY

MAY W. DONNAN

Thou hast all the world can bestow, O King,
  Tell us what is best in the end.
"I would give my crown and my royal ring,
  In exchange for one true friend."

THE NAME OF LINCOLN

NELLY COLFAX SMITH

A name alone to us who came
  After the battle's roar and stain,
When Peace unveiled, at fresh acclaim,
Her face long bowed in shuddering shame,
  And gifts of vantage showered again.

To us who final victory know
  In conning o'er that unfaced war,
Nor gasped through smothering doubt's numb throe,
Nor gave our best—or all, yet go
  Unscathed, with blood-bought gain and lore.

A name alone, and yet a name
  To conjure with, through which arise
Meet valuation, grateful fame
Of benefits no scars can claim,
  And concepts of the sacrifice.

We knew him not, and yet the name
  Inwov'n through history's hopes and fears,
Brings deep from us who later came
The heart's response—enduring fame,
  In swelling throat and starting tears.

The name of one to kindness prone,
  A tender, burden-bearing soul,
Whom none, not even his nearest own,
Could fully comprehend, alone
  In greatness and a selfless goal.

In holy mission set apart;
  It speaks the guileless mind's huge mold,
The pen, a freedom-serving dart,
The love-pulsed, shepherd-patterned heart
  Yearning for those without the fold,

To vitalize in us anew
  Self's visions of a larger aim;
Wide-eyed we tasks remaining view,
With measure full devotion due
  Would act, thrice ready through this name!

PRESIDENT LINCOLN AT HOME

CHARLES W. MOORES

It would be a mistake to believe that President Lincoln allowed sorrow to overwhelm him. He had learned through long experience to meet it with a smiling face. There were times when no one else dared to be either hopeful or happy. His jokes and his stories were the despair of his counselors. "Why can't the President be serious?" they exclaimed in their impatience. Because he interrupted a council of state to tell a story or read a page that he thought funny from *Artemus Ward, His Book,* shallow men called him heartless. "I tell you," he said, "I simply must do it. If I could not laugh, I should die. It is my safety-valve."

Life in the White House had little privacy. During the first three years the conduct of the war was directed from there. In the White House the cabinet held its meetings,

to agree, and quite as often to disagree, over what should be done. To the White House came letters and telegrams by the thousands, from people in distress, from applicants for office, from politicians, inventors, abolitionists and "cranks." Men came with schemes for ending the war or for enriching themselves. Those with grievances sought the President for redress. Favors and privileges of all sorts were demanded. But most of all, and at all hours of the day and night, came appeals for the pardon of unhappy soldiers condemned to death for sleeping on duty or for running away from military service. The President had given strict orders to turn no one back who came with appeals for a soldier's life; and against the protest of the head of the army he granted innumerable prayers of this sort, giving as his excuse, "I believe this boy can serve his country better living than dead."

Most of the demands upon him were unnecessary, for people in difficulty naturally turned to him as the only person who would hear them.

One instance is told of a Kentuckian who demanded the President's help to reclaim a runaway slave. With such a request at such a time Lincoln had no patience. "You remind me," he exclaimed, "of a small boy on a St. Lawrence steamer. Just as they were in the midst of the rapids at the most dangerous point, the boy rushed to the pilot and said, 'Say, Mr. Captain, I wish you would stop this boat, I've lost my apple overboard.' "

The President was very fond of John Hay, his young secretary, who lived in the White House and who saved him from many an unpleasant meeting and from many a wearing duty. In the long sleepless nights the President was wont to court rest from his anxieties by going across

the White House in his night-clothes to sit on the edge of John Hay's bed and read to him, for hours at a time, from Shakespeare's plays or from the poems of Holmes and Hood and Burns.

The Lincoln boys, eight and ten years old, went wherever they liked about the building, bursting into the cabinet-room while affairs of vast importance were under discussion and climbing over their good-natured father's giant frame as if it were the play-hour and the austere Secretary of War and his fellow statesmen were intruders. Mr. Hay has told of the comradeship that prevailed between Lincoln and his two younger sons. "The two little boys, with their Western independence and enterprise, kept the house in an uproar. They drove their tutor wild with their good-natured disobedience; they organized a minstrel show in the attic; they made acquaintance with the office-seekers and became the hot champions of the distressed. Tad was a merry warm-blooded, kindly little boy, perfectly lawless and full of fancies. . . . Sometimes, escaping from the domestic authorities, he would take refuge in that sanctuary (his father's office) for the whole evening, dropping to sleep at last on the floor, when the President would pick him up and carry him tenderly to bed."

Once when the hope of success for the Union cause seemed far away, the President issued a proclamation setting apart a day of fasting and prayer, and asking "all people to abstain on that day from their ordinary secular pursuits and to unite, at their several places of worship and their respective homes, in keeping the day holy to the Lord." When little Tad Lincoln was told that this meant going without food for a whole day he began to

be afraid that he might starve. For some days before the fast-day and with the utmost secrecy, he busied himself with hiding in the carriage-house scraps of food from the table and the kitchen. The discovery of his storehouse of provisions enraged the small boy, but amused his father greatly. "If he grows to be a man," the President said with a laugh, "Tad will be what the women all dote on—a good provider."

One of the President's secretaries has described the part Tad took in one of his father's White House speeches. "From a point of concealment behind the window drapery, I held a light while he read, dropping the pages of his written speech, one by one, upon the floor as he finished them. Little Tad . . . scrambled around on the floor, importuning his father to give him 'another paper' as he collected the sheets of paper fluttering from the President's hand. Outside was a vast sea of faces, illuminated by the lights that burned in the festal array of the White House, and stretching far out into the misty darkness."

On another occasion, when Secretary Stanton playfully made Tad a lieutenant in the army, Tad threw the White House into an uproar by assuming full military authority. He had a lot of firearms sent over, discharged the guard, mustered all the house-servants, drilled them with the muskets, and put them on guard. When the confusion he had created was reported to President Lincoln, he treated it as a joke, sent Tad to bed and then relieved the novel guardsmen from duty.

The Lincoln children's dogs and cats and goats seemed to get their share of the busy President's thoughts. When

there were new puppies or kittens in the family, he announced it in all seriousness to his visitors. When Tad was away with his mother, telegrams kept the boy posted as to the welfare of his pets. In one of these dispatches the President said, "Tell Tad the goats and father are well, especially the goats." In one of his letters to Mrs. Lincoln he wrote: "Tell dear Tad poor 'Nanny goat' is lost and Mrs. Cuthbert and I are in distress about it. The day you left, Nanny was found resting herself and chewing her little cud on the middle of Tad's bed; but now she's gone. The gardener kept complaining that she destroyed the flowers, till it was concluded to bring her down to the White House. . . . The second day she disappeared and has not been heard of since. This is the last we know of poor Nanny." In a later dispatch he telegraphed to his wife, "All well, including Tad's pony and the goats."

Once in a while the boys would succeed in enticing their father into the grounds, where they would play ball with him, and in high glee keep him running the bases with his giant strides. For the children, he was willing to do anything.

A boy of thirteen had displayed unusual courage in the gunboat service and sought the President's help in getting into the naval academy. He bowed to the President and began telling his story when he was interrupted by Mr. Lincoln's hearty, "Bless me! is that the boy who did so gallantly in those two great battles? Why, I feel that I should bow to him and not he to me." When the President found the boy was a few months too young to have his wish, he put his hand affectionately on his shoulder

and said to him: "Now, my boy, go home and have good fun until fall. It is about the last holiday you will have."

Another boy of thirteen had been a drummer and had lost his place because he had offended his colonel. Sick and disheartened, he was waiting to see if the President would not give him another chance. Lincoln asked him where he lived and who his parents were. "I have no mother, no father, no brothers, no sisters and no friends —nobody cares for me." The President wrote on a card an order "to care for this poor boy" and sent him away happy.

Through all the years, with the wisdom and foresight of a statesman, he had kept the childlike spirit. The little children, who knew nothing of his trials, came to him for help and comfort as freely as if he belonged to them.

In the crowds that hung about the doorway of his private office, the woman who brought a baby with her always managed to get a hearing. The little folk who attended his receptions he singled out for some special word of kindness, stopping the rapidly moving procession until he could take a baby into his arms, or "shake hands with this little man." A boy of seven, who was brought to the White House and introduced to Mr. Lincoln as the son of one of the great Union generals, remembers with what tenderness the tall President laid a tired hand on his head as he said: "My boy, I hope you will live to be as good a man as I know your father is."

At one of the big receptions three timid little girls followed the long line of visitors to where Mr. Lincoln stood and then suddenly lost their courage. The Presi-

dent noticed them and called out, "Little girls, are you going to pass me without shaking hands?"

To one of the youngsters at Springfield whose statement that he had talked to Abraham Lincoln had been disputed, the President found time to write:

"EXECUTIVE MANSION, March 19, 1861.

"Whom it may concern: I did see and talk with George Evans Patten, last May, at Springfield, Illinois.

"Respectfully,

"A. LINCOLN."

This interest in the happiness of children Abraham Lincoln had always shown. He did not hesitate to sacrifice the dignity of his high place and the comfort and convenience of a very busy man to give pleasure to any child that needed him.

In the old days, when Lincoln was one of the leading lawyers of the state, he noticed a little girl of ten who stood beside a trunk in front of her home crying bitterly. He stopped to learn what was wrong and was told that she was about to miss a long-promised visit to Decatur because the wagon had not come for her. "You needn't let that trouble you," was his cheering reply, "just come along with me and we shall make it all right." Lifting the trunk upon his shoulder, and taking the little girl by the hand, he went through the streets of Springfield a half-mile to the railway station, put her and her trunk on the train, and sent her away with a happiness in her heart that is still there.

George Pickett, who had known Lincoln in Illinois

years before, joined the southern army and by his conspicuous bravery and ability had become one of the great generals of the Confederacy. Toward the close of the war, when a large part of Virginia had fallen into the possession of the Union army, the President called at General Pickett's Virginia home. The general's wife, with her baby on her arm, met him at the door. She herself has told the story for us. "'Is this George Pickett's home?' he asked. With all the dignity I could muster I replied, 'Yes, and I am his wife and this is his baby.' 'I am Abraham Lincoln.' 'The President!' I gasped. I had never seen him, but I knew the intense love and reverence with which my soldier always spoke of him. The stranger shook his head and replied, 'No; Abraham Lincoln, George's old friend.' The baby pushed away from me and reached out his hands to Mr. Lincoln, who took him in his arms. As he did so an expression of rapt, almost divine tenderness and love lighted up the sad face. It was a look that I have never seen on any other face. The baby opened his mouth wide and insisted upon giving his father's friend a dewy kiss. As Mr. Lincoln gave the little one back to me, he said, 'Tell your father, the rascal, that I forgive him for the sake of your bright eyes.'"

From *The Life of Lincoln for Boys and Girls.* By permission of and special arrangement with Houghton, Mifflin Company.

GRANT AND LEE

(At Appomattox Court House)

E. S. L. THOMPSON

"*Nay not your sword!* Around its proud hilt blossoms
A wreath of more than fame!
A something born within a few men's bosoms,
A pure inviolate name!

"Keep the insignia of your rank, brave chieftain!
Nor give it now to me—
For Time shall crown as it has crowned for ages
The stainless name of Lee!

"In ne'er forgotten Appomattox story,
In songs of liberty—
There yet shall shine that higher, greater glory
That made a man of thee.

"A re-united country will not falter!
And our posterity
Beneath the banner's stars at God's own altar
A holier light will see
Because of thee and me!"

GRANT

BEN D. HOUSE

"Let us have peace."

Oh, mighty captain! Thou whose name will go
  Adown the ages while the years shall run,
  And blazoned be the deeds that thou hast done
While fronting iron-nerved thy country's foe,
Sun-bright with ever-growing golden glow—
  O savior! who from war's red furnace won
  Unscorched, the flag bequeathed by Washington,
Thou hast a nation's love that passeth show.

O folded hands, that held war's bridle reins!
  O tired heart! Thou hast at last release
From all earth's fret and sense-enslaving pains.
  Let every sound of mournful wailing cease,
For thy white tent is pitched on restful plains,
  Where thou hast found at length the longed for
    peace.

MORTON

BEN D. HOUSE

O statue standing in thy bronzen rest,
  A sentinel, with southward-looking face;
  As solid as thy granite standing place
Stood thou in life when traitors round thee pressed,

And to their beating back thy might addressed
  With force more sure than that of sweeping mace
  Swung on the battlefield be thy knightly race;
Look south for aye, O hero of the West!

Would not thy trumpet tones of old be heard
  Should war's red fire of fierce consuming heat
But flush thy lips with light, and they be stirred
  To speaking life as when thy bold heart beat,
And as a bugle-peal thine every word—
  And Memnon's miracle thy mouth repeat?

BENJAMIN HARRISON

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

(On the unveiling of his monument, at Indianapolis, October 27, 1908)

As tangible a form in History
  The Spirit of this man stands forth as here
  He towers in deathless sculpture, high and clear
Against the bright sky of his destiny.
Sprung of our oldest, noblest ancestry,
  His pride of birth, as lofty as sincere,
  Held kith and kin, as Country, ever dear—
Such was his sacred faith in you and me.

Thus, natively, from youth his work was one
  Unselfish service in behalf of all—
    Home, friends, and sharers of his toil and
      stress;
Ay, loving all men and despising none,
  And swift to answer every righteous call,
    His life was one long deed of worthiness.

The voice of Duty's faintest whisper found
  Him as alert as at her battle-cry—
  When awful War's battalions thundered by,
High o'er the havoc still he heard the sound
Of mothers' prayers and pleadings all around;
  And ever the despairing sob and sigh
  Of stricken wives and orphan children's cry,
Made all our Land thrice consecrated ground.
So ran his "Forward!" and so swept his sword—
  On!—on!—till from the fire-and-cloud once more
    Our proud Flag lifted in the glad sunlight
As though the very Ensign of the Lord
  Unfurled in token that the strife was o'er,
    And victory—as ever—with the right.

AT ELBERON

D. L. PAINE

If, through the portals opening toward the light,
E'er walked a man in armor, clean and bright,
That man, untrammeled, outward passed last night
From Elberon.

Firm-lipped, clear-eyed, clean-souled, he met his fate,
Leaving behind no rancor and no hate,
And strode, high-browed, undaunted through the gate
At Elberon.

Despair not, stricken people, north or south,
Moaning and owning his transcendent worth;
Hope only turns her face to lead him forth
From Elberon.

In deeds resplendent, and in honor bright,
In high example shining as the light,
He lives immortal—he who died last night
At Elberon.

WHEN RILEY SINGS

E. B. HEINEY

When Riley sings
We lay aside the thousand things
Which fill our lives with gloom and care,
And all the world grows bright and fair,
Our souls pour forth "Ike Walton's Prayer."

Pure as a wayside fount it springs—
No gold we crave—when Riley sings.

When Riley sings
Our memories, like his, take wings
And soar away to woods and fields,
Where nature's sweetest anthem peals.
To "swimmin' holes," bright fancy steals
Where every boyhood glory rings
With childish laugh—when Riley sings.

When Riley sings
Of joys which only childhood brings;
Or tunes his lyre to rustic lay,
And sings of some sweet summer day,
Fame vanishes, like mist, away,
Knee-deep in June fond memory clings
To days gone by—when Riley sings.

OUR FRIEND RILEY

MEREDITH NICHOLSON

The Poet All the People Loved was not greatly given to the invoking of gods and goddesses. It's a great thing to have done what our Poet has done—give to the purely local a touch that makes it universal. That's what art does when it has heart behind it, and there's the value of provincial literature. Hundreds of men had seen just what he saw—the same variety of types and individuals

against this western landscape—but it was left for him to set them forth with just the right stroke.

And he has done other things, too, besides the genre studies that make him our own particular Burns; he has sung of days when hope rises high, and sung of them beautifully; he has preached countless little sermons of cheer and contentment and aspiration. And he is the first poet who ever really understood children—wrote not merely of them but to them. He's the poet of a thousand scrap-books!

I came up on a late train one night and got to talking to a stranger who told me he was on his way to visit his old home; pulled one of the Poet's songs of June out of his pocket and asked me to read it; said he'd cut it out of a newspaper that had come to him wrapped round a pair of shoes, in some forsaken village in Texas, and that it had made him homesick for a sight of the farm where he was born. The old fellow grew tearful about it, and almost wrung a sob out of me. He was carrying that clipping pinned to his railway ticket—in a way it was his ticket home.

Of course our Poet has power to move people like that, it's genius, a gift of the gods. He has been able to do it without ever cheapening himself; there's never any suggestion of that mawkishness we hear in vaudeville songs that implore us to write home to mother to-night. He takes the simplest theme and makes literature of it.

From *The Poet*. Used by permission of and arrangement with Houghton, Mifflin Company.

TO JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

CATHERINE DUNN

The poet 'at lives in our town, ain't 'feared o' rhetoric
none,
An' he can make a spellin' book turn somersets for fun.
An' there's none o' them derivatives, nor yet them syn-
onyms,
Can match with them eliminated syllables o' Jim's.

And when he once gits started on that dialect o' his'n
He'd make a feller laugh 'f he was settin' in prison.
His cur'us words, they ketch us all, right in the very heart,
And make us feel like we ourselves would like to make a
start

At writin' rhymes like them, that bring the smilin' with
the tears
And take away the burdens an' the worries an' the fears.
But when we realize we can't, we jes' smile on and say,
Then here's a health to Riley, for he sure kin write that
way.

A SONG

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear;
There is ever a something sings alway:
There's the song of the lark when the skies are clear,
And the song of the thrush when the skies
are gray.

The sunshine showers across the grain,
  And the bluebird trills in the orchard tree;
And in and out, when the eaves drip rain,
  The swallows are twittering ceaselessly.

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
  Be the skies above or dark or fair,
There is ever a song that our hearts may hear—
There is ever a song somewhere, my dear—
  There is ever a song somewhere!

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
  In the midnight black, or the midday blue:
The robin pipes when the sun is here,
  And the cricket chirrups the whole night through.
The buds may blow, and the fruit may grow,
  And the autumn leaves drop crisp and sear;
But whether the sun, or the rain, or the snow,
  There is ever a song somewhere, my dear.

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
  Be the skies above or dark or fair,
There is ever a song that our hearts may hear—
There is ever a song somewhere, my dear—
  There is ever a song somewhere.

WHAT TITLE?

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

What title best befits the man
We hold our first American?
Or Statesman; Soldier; Hero; Chief,
Whose Country is his first belief;
Or sanest, safest Leader; or
True Patriot; or Orator,
Heard still at Inspiration's height,
Because he speaks for truth and right;
Or shall his people be content
With Our Republic's President,
Or trust his ringing worth to live
In song as Chief Executive?
Nay—his the simplest name—though set
Upon him like a coronet,—
God names our first American
The highest, noblest name—the MAN.

NO BOY KNOWS

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

There are many things that boys may know—
Why this and that are thus and so,—
Who made the world in the dark and lit
The great sun up to lighten it:

Boys know new things every day—
When they study, or when they play,—
When they idle, or sow and reap—
But no boy knows when he goes to sleep.

Boys who listen—or should, at least, —
May know that the round old earth rolls East;—
And know that the ice and the snow and the rain—
Ever repeating their parts again—
Are all just water the sunbeams first
Sip from the earth in their endless thirst,
And pour again till the low streams leap.—
But no boy knows when he goes to sleep.

A boy may know what a long, glad while
It has been to him since the dawn's first smile,
When forth he fared in the realm divine
Of brook-laced woodland and spun-sunshine;—
He may know each call of his truant mates,
And the paths they went,—and the pasture-gates
Of the 'cross-lots home through the dusk so deep.—
But no boy knows when he goes to sleep.

O I have followed me, o'er and o'er,
From the flagrant drowse on the parlor-floor,
To the pleading voice of the mother when
I even doubted I heard it then—
To the sense of a kiss, and a moonlit room,
And dewy odors of locust-bloom—
A sweet white cot—and a cricket's cheep.—
But no boy knows when he goes to sleep.

THE BLOSSOMS ON THE TREES

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

Blossoms crimson, white, or blue,
  Purple, pink, and every hue,
From sunny skies, to tintings drowned
  In dusky drops of dew,
I praise you all, wherever found,
  And love you through and through;—
    But, Blossoms on the Trees,
    With your breath upon the breeze,
There's nothing all the world around
  As half as sweet as you!

Could the rhymer only wring
  All the sweetness to the lees
Of all the kisses clustering
  In juicy Used-to-bes,
To dip his rhymes therein and sing
  The blossoms on the trees,—
"O Blossoms on the Trees,"
  He would twitter, trill, and coo,
"However sweet, such songs as these
  Are not as sweet as you:—
For you are *blooming* melodies
  The *eyes* may listen to!"

LONGFELLOW

1807—February 27—1907

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

O gentlest kinsman of Humanity!
  Thy love hath touched all hearts, even as thy Song
  Hath touched all chords of music that belong
To the quavering heaven-strung harp of harmony:
Thou hast made man to feel and hear and see
  Divinely;—made the weak to be the strong;
  By thy melodious magic, changed the wrong
To changeless right—and joyed and wept as we.
Worlds listen, lulled and solaced at the spell
  That folds and holds us—soul and body, too,—
    As though thy songs, as loving arms in stress
Of sympathy and trust ineffable,
  Were thrown about us thus by one who knew
    Of common human need of kindliness.

LET SOMETHING GOOD BE SAID

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

When over the fair fame of friend or foe
  The shadow of disgrace shall fall, instead
Of words of blame, or proof of thus and so,
  Let something good be said.

Forget not that no fellow being yet
  May fall so low but love may lift his head:
Even the cheek of shame with tears is wet,
  If something good be said.

No generous heart may vainly turn aside
In ways of sympathy; no soul so dead
But may awaken strong and glorified,
If something good be said.

And so I charge ye, by the thorny crown,
And by the cross on which the Savior bled,
And by your own soul's hope of fair renown
Let something good be said.

TO JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

WILBUR D. NESBIT

Your birthday! Is there any step of Time
That is not made more blithesome by the way
You weave your words as roses set in rime
Until they say the things we want to say?

What could we give to you, who gives so much,
Whose every line is as a friendly hand
That closes upon ours with genial touch—
The human touch that all may understand?

What can our hearts send out to you, whose heart
Lilts always the glad measure of good cheer?
Why need we heed your birthday, when your art
Is measured not by week, or month, or year?

What could we pray for you? What blessing ask
  When you have shown us how to find and know
The blessing blent with every little task,
  The flowers bordering all the ways we go?

Why, but for you, we had grown sour and old,
  And had forgotten how to smile, in sooth—
But you have given us to have and hold
  Within our hearts the sunniness of Youth!

O may the children—they that used to be
  And all the children you delight to-day
Send you somehow, for you to feel and see
  And know the gentle blessings that they pray!

And may the sunshine, and the hale, deep love,
  And sympathy, and friendly faith and true
And all the joy your rimes are fashioned of
  This day in double measure bide in you!

THE LARK SONG

KATHARINE JAMESON

The fluting lark-song drips its liquid note
  Across the grass where baby breezes run
To try their wings, before the mother wind
  Clasps them again and mingles one by one.

The lark-song slides its witching cadence out,—
  Unquestioning of Spring's glad overflow,
Content to feel that song's own grace is song's
  Divine excuse for flowing over so.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

LOIS GROSVENOR HUFFORD

Long, long ago, a band of warlike maidens, called Amazons, lived in the far East. They were so fond of war and hunting that they even sometimes battled with their neighbors, the Greeks. In one such engagement, Hippolyta, their chief, was captured by the famous Grecian hero, Theseus, who took her with him on his return to Greece, and made her his queen.

Their wedding festivities lasted many days and Theseus tried in every way to amuse his bride so she might be happy in her new home. He bade his master of revels to—

> Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments;
> Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth,—

telling Hippolyta:—

> I wooed thee with my sword,
> And won thy love, doing thee injuries;
> But I will wed thee in another key,
> With pomp, with triumph, and with revelling.

While Theseus was thus planning merry sports, he was interrupted by an aged father who complained that his daughter Hermia refused to marry the man whom he had selected for her and insisted upon choosing a husband for

herself. So Egeus, the father, begged Theseus to interfere and compel Hermia to obey his will in the matter.

It may seem strange to you that a father should make such a request of a king; but in the olden times kings often chose husbands for the daughters of their subject lords. Besides, there was a law in Athens requiring young women either to accept the husbands chosen by their fathers or to remain all their lives unmarried, serving as priestesses in the temple of Diana. In case that a girl was so obstinate as to refuse to do either, then she must die.

Theseus told Hermia that he would give her four days to decide.

> Upon that day either prepare to die
> For disobedience to your father's will,
> Or else to wed Demetrius, as he would;
> Or on Diana's altar to protest
> For aye austerity and single life.

Hermia and her lover, Lysander, were in despair when they heard this harsh judgment pronounced, until Lysander bethought himself that they might elude the severe Athenian law by going to the house of his aunt, who resided some miles out of Athens, and there be married. To this plan Hermia agreed and they parted, promising to meet on the following night in a wood a short distance from the city.

Now this wood was a favorite haunt of the fairies, and on the very night on which the lovers were to meet there, Oberon and Titania, the king and queen of fairy-

land, with their trains of elves and sprites, were to hold a midsummer revel in the enchanted grove.

Titania and Oberon quarreled for a very foolish reason, and their silly quarrel had frightened all fairyland, so that, as the mischief-loving fairy, Puck, said:—

> Now they never meet in grove or green,
> By fountain clear, or spangled starlight sheen,
> But they do square, that all their elves for fear
> Creep into acorn-cups and hide them there.

So it happened that on this beautiful midsummer night, Oberon crossly greeted Titania, saying:—

> Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania,
> How long within this wood intend you stay?
> TITANIA—Perchance till after Theseus' wedding-day.
> If you will patiently dance in our round
> And see our moonlight revels, go with us;
> If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.

So saying, Titania moved proudly away, followed by her fairy train.

Oberon was determined to be revenged upon his naughty queen, so he called his willing little servant, Puck, and told him to go search for a little flower, once milk-white, but which was stained purple by the blood that dropped upon it from a wound made by an arrow shot by Cupid, the god of love. This little purple-stained flower we call the pansy, but Oberon called it love-in-idleness.

Said Oberon:—

Fetch me that flower; the herb I showed thee once;
The juice of it on sleeping eyelids laid
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Upon the next live creature that it sees.
Fetch me this herb, and be thou here again
Ere the leviathan can swim a league.
PUCK—I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes,—

which was Puck's way of saying that a fairy can be here and there and everywhere, as quick as one can think.

Puck found the wished-for flower and speedily returned it to his jealous master, who then told how he intended to vent his spite upon the fairy queen.

OBERON—Hast thou the flower there?
PUCK—Ay, there it is.
OBERON— I pray thee give it me.
I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows,
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses and with eglantine;
There sleeps Titania sometimes of the night,
Lulled in these flowers with dances and delight.
Having once this juice,
I'll watch Titania when she is asleep,
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes.
The next thing then she waking looks upon,
Be it lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,
Or meddling monkey, or on busy ape,

She shall pursue it with the soul of love.
And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantasies.

Titania, just as Oberon thought she would, had sought out her flowery bank, and had bade her fairy train:—

Come, now a roundel and a fairy song;
Then, for the third part of a minute, hence;
Some to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds,
Some war with rere-mice for their leathern wings,
To make my small elves coats, and some keep back
The clamorous owl that nightly hoots and wonders
At our quaint spirits. Sing me now asleep;
Then to your offices and let me rest.

So the loving fairies sang:—

You spotted snakes with double tongue,
  Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen;
Newts and blindworms, do no wrong,
  Come not near our fairy queen.

Weaving spiders, come not here;
  Hence, you long-legged spinners, hence!
Beetles black, approach not near;
  Worm nor snail, do no offence.
        Never harm,
        Nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good-night, with lullaby.

The fairies did not once suspect that Oberon would be the one who would harm Titania; but now he comes, treading very softly, bends over the sleeping queen, and squeezes some of the juice of Cupid's flower on her eyelids, at the same time repeating these words of an evil charm:—

> What thou seest when thou dost wake,
> Do it for thy true-love take;
> Love and languish for his sake;
> Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,
> Pard, or boar with bristled hair,
> In thy eye that shall appear
> When thou wak'st, it is thy dear;
> Wake when some vile thing is near.

The mischievous little Puck, in wandering through the wood, came upon some rude, clownish fellows who were rehearsing a play which they were planning to give at the wedding-feast of Theseus and Hippolyta. Thinking to play a fine joke upon them, Puck softly dropped over the hairy pate of one of their number an ass's head, which he had found lying upon the ground. His strange transformation so frightened the others that they fled in all directions. But the clown, thinking that one of his companions had put the ass's head on him, declared that no one should make him afraid, and said:—

"I will not stir from this place, do what they can; I will walk up and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid."

It happened that he was so near Titania's flowery bank

that the sound of his harsh voice in singing awaked her, and the charm caused her to fall in love with this foolish clown with the ass's head, since he was the first creature that she saw upon waking. Strangely enough, she thought the ridiculous fellow beautiful, and she thus addressed him:—

> I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again.
> I am a spirit of no common rate,
> The summer still doth tend upon my state,
> And I do love thee; therefore, go with me.
> I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee,
> And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,
> And sing while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep;
> And I will purge thy mortal grossness so,
> That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.

So saying, Titania called her delicate little sprites, Peaseblossom, Cobweb, Moth and Mustardseed, and bade them—

> Be kind and courteous to this gentleman,
> Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes;
> Feed him with apricocks and dewberries,
> With purple grapes, green figs and mulberries;
> The honey-bags steal from the humble-bees,
> And, for night-tapers, crop their waxen thighs,
> And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,
> To have my love to bed and to arise;
> And pluck the wings from painted butterflies
> To fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes.
> Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

The little fairies, always obedient to their queen, bow before the ridiculous clown, bidding him "Hail!" and lead him to Titania's woodland bower. There Titania, whose eyes have been so blinded by the magic juice of the little purple flower that she loves this clown with the ass's head, begs him:—

> Come, sit thee down upon this flowery bed,
> While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,
> And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,
> And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

But the clown, who knows his head is not smooth and sleek, asks the fairies, Peaseblossom and Mustardseed, to scratch his rough pate, saying:—

"I must to the barber's, for methinks I am marvelous hairy about the face."

Titania desires to have him entertained with fairy music, but he would rather listen to the rude sound of the rustic bones to which he is accustomed.

Says Titania:—

"Say, sweet love, what thou desirest to eat."

The clown replies that he should much enjoy some hay, or a peck of good dry oats, or a handful or two of dried peas. In vain Titania tells him:

> I have a venturesome fairy that shall seek
> The squirrel's hoard and fetch thee new nuts.

He grows sleepy and does not wish to be disturbed, so Titania winds her fairy arms about the clownish fellow, and they lose themselves in sleep.

By this time Oberon has become ashamed of his foolish anger and repents of the ill-natured trick which he has played upon his beautiful queen. So while they are sleeping, he releases Titania from the charm with which he had bound her eyes, saying:—

Be thou as thou wast wont to be,
See as thou wast wont to see;
Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower
Hath such force and blessed power.
Now, my Titania, wake you, my sweet gueen.
TITANIA—My Oberon! what visions have I seen!
Methought I was enamored of an ass.
OBERON—There lies your love.
TITANIA—How came these things to pass?
O, how mine eyes do loathe his visage now!

Oberon, to soothe his offended mistress, commanded Puck to remove the ass's head from that of the stupid clown. This command the sly little sprite willingly obeyed, saying:—

Now, when thou wakest, with thine own fool's eyes peep.

In order to celebrate fitly the newly restored peace with his gentle queen, Oberon ordered music to sound, saying to Titania:—

Come, my queen, take hands with me;
Now thou and I are new in amity,

And will to-morrow midnight solemnly
Dance in Duke Theseus' house triumphantly,
And bless it to all fair posterity.
PUCK—Fairy king, attend and mark,
I do hear the morning lark.

This was a warning to the fairy king and queen to leave that part of the earth on which the sun was about to rise, because they were spirits of the night-time.

OBERON—Then, my queen, in silence sad,
Trip we after the night's shade;
We the globe can compass soon,
Swifter than the wandering moon.
TITANIA—Come, my lord, and in our flight
Tell me how it came this night
That I sleeping here was found
With these mortals on the ground.

The trick that Puck played upon Titania was not the only piece of mischief that he did by means of the magic flower. You will remember that the two lovers, Hermia and Lysander, had agreed to meet that night in this same wood. They were followed secretly by Demetrius, the man whom Hermia's father was determined to force her to marry against her wishes; and also by another maiden, named Helena, who was madly in love with Demetrius and exceedingly jealous of Hermia.

Now it happened that, while Puck was away searching for the little purple flower, Oberon overheard Helena vainly beseeching Demetrius to bestow his love upon her,

So when Puck returned, he instructed the merry sprite to squeeze some of the magic juice upon the eyes of the disdainful Athenian youth, if he should chance to find him asleep. This Oberon did, thinking to make Helena happy. But Puck, by mistake, gave the charm to Lysander, who awoke just as Helena was passing, and transferred to her all the love that he had felt for Hermia.

Helena, on her part, disdained the love of Lysander as scornfully as Demetrius had done in repulsing her advances to himself. Lysander pursued the fleeing Helena, and Hermia, who now awoke, followed them both. In their wild chase, all four came within hearing of Oberon, who thus discovered Puck's mistake, and sharply rebuked him.

Naughty Puck, unseen by the youths and maidens, scatters them in roundabout ways, until, one by one, they all sink exhausted on the ground. Then when they are fast asleep, he undoes his former mischief by squeezing upon the eyelids of Lysander some of the juice of the same flower with which Oberon removed the spell from the eyes of Titania. Bending over Lysander, he chants:—

On the ground,
Sleep sound;
I'll apply
To your eye,
Gentle lover, remedy.
When thou wak'st
Thou tak'st
True delight
In the sight
Of thy former lady's eye;

And the country proverb known,
That every man should take his own,
In your waking shall be shown;
Jack shall have Jill;
Naught shall go ill;
All shall be well.

Soothed by the magic spell, all four slept so soundly that not even the bright May sunshine awakened them. And there they were found sleeping peacefully upon the ground when Theseus and his train came to the wood to find amusement in hunting the deer.

At the duke's command, Egeus gives his daughter to her chosen one, and Theseus declares that Hermia and Lysander, Helena and Demetrius, shall be wedded in the temple when his own marriage rites with Hippolyta are solemnized. Thus, amidst the rejoicings of the entire court, the true lovers are made happy, and the genial fairies shower blessings upon the newly wedded pairs.

PUCK—Not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallowed house;
I am sent with broom before,
To sweep the dust behind the door.
OBERON—Through the house give glimmering light,
By the dead and drowsy fire;
Every elf and fairy sprite
Hop as light as bird from briar;
And this ditty, after me,
Sing, and dance it trippingly.
TITANIA—First rehearse your song by rote,
To each word a warbling note;

Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
Will we sing and bless this place.
OBERON—Now, until the break of day,
Through this house each fairy stray.
With this field-dew consecrate,
Every fairy take his gait;
And each several chamber bless,
Through this palace, with sweet peace;
And the owner of it blest
Ever shall in safety rest.
Trip away; make no stay;
Meet me all by break of day.

HOLLYHOCKS

WILLIAM HERSCHELL

Gay hollyhocks, who gave you such an unromantic name?
One held among the humblest in the garden's "hall of fame."
Who fixed your floral status so that you must hide your face,
At kitchen doors, by backyard fence, or other lonely place?

You seem, somehow, a mystery and yet your magic bloom
Makes pageantry of poverty and gives a glow to gloom.
You bring a beam to ashmen's eyes and all the alley clan
Tiptoes to get a glimpse of you and your glad caravan.

Why don't you march right out in front and let your
blooms compete
With all the summer's pampered pets, the garden's gay
elite?
Bid each hue-neutral passer-by to take an honest view,
Then say which plant-aristocrat has fairer tints than you.

Parade your pink and yellow hues, stand forth in white
and red,
Then show with what fine majesty you lift your queenly
head.
Sway back and forth across the breeze where rose and
dahlia reign,
Till newborn envy shall supplant their previous disdain.

And yet you seem divinely sent to blossom where you
do—
Where men of humble walk must pass and need such joys
as you.
So, Hollyhocks, reign on, reign on by backyard fence
and door,
That smiles may glowingly abide where shadows dwelt
before.

ROSE AND ROOT

A Fable of Two Lives

JOHN JAMES PIATT

The Rose aloft in sunny air,
Beloved alike by bird and bee,
Takes for the dark Root little care,
That toils below it ceaselessly.

I put my question to the flower;
  Pride of the summer, garden queen,
Why livest thou thy little hour?
  And the Rose answered, "I am seen."

I put my question to the Root,
  "I mine the earth content," it said,
"A hidden miner underfoot,
  I know a Rose is overhead."

A FLASH OF COLOR

W. S. BLATCHLEY

Beyond the gravel pit, where in June glistened the waters of a broad spreading pond, now gleamed in the August sunshine the golden yellow rays of the bur-marigold. Acre upon acre of them nodded to me from afar, while at my feet, on the roadside, their western cousin, the fetid marigold, made known its presence, not so much by its rays, which are few and small, as by its disagreeable odor, which is its most significant sign.

Down into the field of marigolds I took my way, desiring to meet them face to face and learn what they had to say of the summer's haps and mishaps. As seen from the brow of the hill, all appeared to be marigolds, but when among them much of the yellow was found to be due to another compositæ with a homely name, the sneeze-weed. The land on which they grow was formerly cultivated, but of late years has been overflowed in the

spring, the water standing on the ground each season until June. The owner, therefore, has turned the land over to these wild plants and how they revel in their freedom! What a struggle among them for existence now that man's hand is not among their enemies! Two species of marigolds, one devoid of ray flowers, the other with the showy golden-yellow rays; two of smartweed, one cocklebur, the sneeze-weed, and the fog-fruit, the last a handsome creeping member of the verbena family —all growing in this damp, rich soil in such luxuriance as to literally hide the surface of the earth from view. Which will be successful at the close of the struggle? Which in five, ten or fifty years will be master of the soil? Perchance a stranger from some western plain or from one of Europe's vales will then have come and by its properties of endurance have driven out these native plants and in the end become the victor of them all.

Much has been said and written about the beauty of the cardinal flower, but not too much, for among all our wild plants which bloom from August to October it ranks without a peer for brilliancy of color and gracefulness of form. And so, when amidst the tall rank grasses near the margin of the pond I came suddenly upon several of them, their bright red pennons contrasted so vividly with the omnipresent yellow of the sneeze-weed and the marigold—their purity and beauty seemed so enhanced by their surroundings that I could but fall upon my knees and do them reverent homage.

From *Gleanings from Nature*.

THE OLD TOW-PATH

W. S. BLATCHLEY

Reaching at last the old tow-path of the canal, I threw myself down in a shady bower and gave way to revery. The time was when the tandem mules by scores passed daily over the very spot where I now sat. Then busy commerce reigned supreme and man, bowing to her imperious demands, carried by the produce of the world. Woolens and silks, lumber and iron, coffee and teas, drugs and spices, indeed all the varied articles needed by a young and growing commonwealth, went up and down this artificial road of water.

Now, how changed! Commerce no longer, but nature reigns supreme. The tow-path is covered with the saplings of elm, ash, redbud, and sycamore of fifteen to twenty years' growth. Wild birds of many species surrounded me on every side. From the topmost twig of a stately elm a southern mocking-bird sang for me a delightful medley of mimicry. It seemed as though a dozen different birds joined in the song; the notes of the catbird, jay and thrasher, chewink, pewee and robin, being each easily recognized as components of the medley.

As the clouds banked up in the west and north, a turtle-dove cooed softly above my head. A raincrow, in a neighboring oak, uttered his harsh refrain about the rain that was sure to come. Bob-white, in a stubblefield on the hill above, whistled at intervals his summer note. A yellow-breasted chat in a nearby thorn tree scolded incessantly, as only a chat can scold, at my intrusion on his

domain; while, blithest of all, was the song of the indigo-bunting and the merry warble of the vireos which were heard on every side.

Such sounds as these were uncommon here forty years ago. The silence of the treeless tow-path was then seldom broken except by the mule boy's "gee, ga-lang, there!" But the canal became too slow for our advancing civilization. The iron horse took the place of the mule; the engineer in blue jacket and overalls with smoke-begrimed face and oily hands, that of the mule boy. The ungainly canal boat with its snail-like pace has been succeeded by the "limited express," which follows not the winding course of a water pathway, but dashes onward over hill and mountain, through valley and plain, on a smooth and even steel track; while the "gee, whoa-haw" of the canal boy has given place to the shrill toot of the locomotive.

Many seeds of many weeds and old-fashioned flowers were scattered along the tow-path in those old days. Now their descendants are seen in many places, flourishing and blooming more luxuriantly than if cultivated by the hand of man.

Ah, those "old-fashioned" flowers, as we call them, how they bring up the memories of long ago! Of a country garden and door-yard where the "bouncing bets, butter-and-eggs, hollyhocks and larkspurs" gave forth their beauty and their odors to entrance our childish mind, and, in the innocence of childhood, were thought to be the handsomest flowers that grew. To-day they are still attractive, not by comparison with other and newer friends among the flowers which are far more beautiful than they, but because they ever recall the mem-

ories of yore when the struggle for our existence was borne by other hands and each day brought its round of pleasure, unshadowed by any thought of the morrow.

From *Gleanings from Nature.*

MY EARLY SCHOOL DAYS

CHARLES DENNIS

I remember my first school days and my first little crony. The picture of the first schoolhouse, a white-washed brick building in Short Street, in old Lawrenceburg is hanging in memory's gallery and when the dust is brushed away, how clear it seems to be!

My first days at school were when I was scarcely four years old. I have an impression that my schooling was thus begun to get me out of the way at home and also from the danger of the street. To-day, such a lad would be sent to the kindergarten, but the kindergarten had not then arrived, nor did it come until many years later.

My first crony was a boy of the same age as myself. He sat beside me in the front seat, our legs were short and our feet swung quite clear of the floor. The school-teacher's name was Crosby. He was the grandfather of the boy who sat beside me and I thought him a very, very old man. I see the school-teacher again, this teacher of the olden time. He was a kindly-faced man with red in his cheeks and his white hair flowing over his coat collar. He looked over his glasses much oftener than through them and I have since thought his kindly eyes saw much less than he pretended.

He held a book in one hand and in the other a rod. My! what a long rod it was, long enough to reach anybody in the room, to the remotest corner. He stood on a slightly raised platform before my little friend and myself. When he reached out with the rod, we were in the shadow. It went over our heads to the boy or girl he sought to waken from a gentle nap, or who, neglecting his book and lesson, was whispering.

This quaint old schoolhouse had a history. It had been a mission church. Here it was that Henry Ward Beecher began his ministry. Yes, this was his first church. His congregation at the beginning numbered nineteen women and one man—and that is in the traditions of Lawrenceburg.

I remember that even in spite of the frequent visitations of the rod, to the big boys in the back seats, that I envied these culprits in the high places. I wanted to be a man, and these hobble-de-hoy boys were nearing that desired goal.

My small crony and myself had nothing to do but swing our short legs and envy the big pupils, for two long hours each day. Then we went home and, aided by our irresponsible imaginations, we told most wonderful tales of all—and much more, I fear—that was said and done in Grandfather Crosby's school.

MRS. JULIA DUMONT

EDWARD EGGLESTON

I can see the wonderful old lady now, as she was then, with her cape pinned awry, rocking her splint-bottom chair nervously while she talked, full of all manner of knowledge; gifted with something very like eloquence in speech, abounding in affection for her pupils and enthusiasm in teaching, she moved us strangely. Being infatuated with her, we became fanatic in our pursuit of knowledge, so that the school hours were not enough, and we had a "lyceum" in the evenings for reading compositions and a club for the study of history.

If a recitation became very interesting, the entire school would sometimes be drawn into the discussion of the subject; all other lessons went to the wall; books of reference were brought out of her library; hours were consumed, and many a time the school session was prolonged until darkness forced us reluctantly to adjourn.

Mrs. Dumont was the ideal of a teacher because she succeeded in forming character. She gave her pupils unstinted praise because she saw the best in every one. We worked in the sunshine. A dull but industrious pupil was praised for diligence, a bright pupil for ability, a good one for general excellence. The dullards got more than their share, for knowing how easily such an one is disheartened, Mrs. Dumont went out of her way to praise the first show of success in a slow scholar. She treated no two alike. She was full of all sorts of knack and tact, a person of infinite resource for calling out the human spirit.

From "Some Western Schoolmasters." *Scribner's Magazine.*

LILIES OF THE VALLEY

ESTHER GRIFFIN WHITE

They bloom in spring, sweet as a fairy's breath
Blown in a baby's dreaming face, while rings
Soft music from their silver bells, as swings
Each one its milk-white chalice, daring death
To rob it of its charm, and quaintly saith:
"'Tis I alone, of all the floral things,
Am spoken of in Holy Writ, which sings
Of loveliness which nothing hindereth."
So intimate a fragrance it harks back
To faint and faded memories of youth,
To childish haunts and loves and summer days,
And passionate longings, and the sudden lack
Of some one's presence stricken by death's ruth—
And still the perfume of the lily stays.

EASTER

MAY W. DONNAN

Now sing, ye birds with tuneful throats,
Ring sweet and high your happy notes,
Sing as you do at break of day,
When all the stars list to your lay.
Sing till the flowers peep out to see
Whence comes the wondrous melody,
Then lift their heads unto your view
And drink with joy the morning dew;

With perfumed lips they smile to heaven,
As if in thanks for mercies given.
Ah, birds and flowers, to you is known
The time to sing, the time to bloom.
Awake my heart! bloom thou and sing,
For Christ is risen and reigns thy King.

MISS SANTA CLAUS OF THE PULLMAN

ANNIE FELLOWS-JOHNSTON

The train had been running for miles through a lonely country where nobody seemed to live. Just as he rubbed his eyes wide awake they came to a forest of Christmas trees. At least, they looked as if all they needed to make them that was for some one to fasten candles on their snow-laden boughs. Then the whistle blew the signal that meant that the train was about to stop, and Will'm scrambled up on his knees again, and they both looked out expectantly.

There was no station at this place of stopping. Only by special order for some high official did this train come to a halt here, so somebody of importance must be coming aboard. All they saw at first was a snowy road opening through the grove of Christmas trees, but standing in this road, a few rods from the train, was a sleigh drawn by two big black horses. They had bells on their bridles which went ting-a-ling whenever they shook their heads or pawed the snow. The children could not see a trunk being put into the baggage car farther up the track, but they saw what happened in the delay.

A half-grown boy, a suitcase in one hand and a pile of packages in his arms, dashed toward the car, leaving a furry old gentleman in the sleigh to hold the horses. The old gentleman's coat was fur, and his cap was fur, and so was the great rug which covered him. Under the fur cap was thick white hair, and all over the bottom of his face was a bushy white beard. And his cheeks were red and his eyes were laughing, and if he wasn't Santa Claus's own self he certainly looked enough like the nicest pictures of him to be his own brother.

On the seat beside him was a young girl, who, waiting only long enough to plant a kiss on one of those rosy cheeks above the snowy beard, sprang out of the sleigh and ran after the boy as hard as she could go. She was not more than sixteen, but she looked like a full-grown lady to Libby, for her hair was tucked up under her little fur cap with its scarlet quill, and the long, fur-bordered red coat she wore reached her ankles. One hand was thrust through a row of holly wreaths, and she was carrying all the bundles both arms could hold.

By the time the boy had deposited his load in the section opposite the children's, and dashed back down the aisle, there was a call of "All aboard!" They met at the door, he and the pretty girl, she laughing and nodding her thanks over her pile of bundles. He raised his hat and bolted past, but stopped an instant, just before jumping off the train, to run back and thrust his head in the door and call out laughingly, "Good-by, Miss Santa Claus!"

Everybody in the car looked up and smiled, and turned and looked again as she went up the aisle, for a lovelier Christmas picture could not be imagined than the one she

made in her long red coat, her arms full of packages and wreaths of holly. The little fur cap with its scarlet feather was powdered with snow, and the frosty wind had brought such a glow to her cheeks and a sparkle in her eyes that she looked the living embodiment of Christmas cheer. Her entrance seemed to bring with it the sense of all holiday joy, just as the cardinal's first note holds in it the sweetness of a whole spring.

Will'm edged along the seat until he was close beside Libby, and the two sat and stared at her with wide-eyed interest.

That boy had called her *Miss Santa Claus!*

If the sleigh which had brought her had been drawn by reindeer, and she had carried her pack on her back instead of in her arms, they could not have been more spellbound. They scarcely breathed for a few moments. The radiant, glowing creature took off her long red coat and gave it to the porter to hang up, then she sat down and began sorting her packages into three piles. It took some time to do this, as she had to refer constantly to a list of names on a long strip of paper, and compare them with names on the bundles. While she was doing this the conductor came for her ticket and she asked several questions.

Yes, he assured her, they were due at Eastbrook in fifteen minutes and would stop there long enough to take water.

"Then I'll have plenty of time to step off with these things," she said. "And I'm to leave some at Centerville and some at Ridgely."

When the conductor said something about helping Santa Claus, she answered laughingly, "Yes, Uncle

thought it would be better for me to bring these breakable things instead of trusting them to the chimney route." Then in answer to a question which Libby did not hear, "Oh, that will be all right. Uncle telephoned all down the line and arranged to have some one meet me at each place."

When the train stopped at Eastbrook, both the porter and conductor came to help her gather up her first pile of parcels, and people in the car stood up and craned their necks to see what she did with them. Libby and Will'm could see. They were on the side next to the station. She gave them to several people who seemed to be waiting for her. Almost immediately she was surrounded by a crowd of young men and girls, all shaking hands with her and talking at once. From the remarks which floated in through the open vestibule, it seemed they all must have been at some party with her the night before. A chorus of good-bys and Merry Christmases followed her into the car when she had to leave them and hurry aboard. This time she came in empty-handed, and this time people looked up and smiled openly into her face, and she smiled back as if they were all friends, sharing their good times together.

At Centerville she darted out with the second lot. Farther down a number of people were leaving the day-coaches, but no one was getting off the Pullman. She did not leave the steps, but leaned over and called to an old colored man who stood with a market basket on his arm. "This way, Mose, quick!"

Then Will'm and Libby heard her say: "Tell 'Old Miss' that Uncle Norse sent this holly. He wanted her to have it because it grew on his own place and is the

finest in the country. Don't knock the berries off, and do be careful of this biggest bundle. I wouldn't have it broken for anything. And—oh, yes, Mose" (this in a lower tone), "this is for you."

What it was that passed from the little white hand into the worn brown one of the old servitor was not discovered by the interested audience inside the car, but they heard a chuckle so full of pleasure that some of them echoed it unconsciously.

"Lawd bless you, li'l Miss, you sho is the flowah of the Santa Claus fambly!"

When she came in this time, a motherly old lady near the door stopped her, and smiling up at her through friendly spectacles, asked if she were going home for Christmas. "Yes!" was the enthusiastic answer. "And you know what that means to a Freshman—her first homecoming after her first term away at school. I should have been there four days ago. Our vacation began last Friday, but I stopped over for a house-party at my cousin's. I was wild to get home, but I couldn't miss this visit, for she's my dearest chum as well as my cousin, and last night was her birthday. Maybe you noticed all those people who met me at Eastbrook. They were at the party."

"That was nice," answered the little old lady, bobbing her head. "Very nice, my dear. And you'll be getting home at the most beautiful time in all the year."

"Yes, I think so," was the happy answer. "Christmas eve to me always means going around with father to take presents, and I wouldn't miss it for anything in the world. I'm glad there's enough snow this year to use the sleigh.

We had to take the auto last year, and it wasn't half as much fun."

Libby and Will'm scarcely moved after that, all the way to Ridgely. Nor did they take their eyes off her. Mile after mile they rode, barely batting an eyelash, staring at her with unabated interest. At Ridgely she handed off all the rest of the packages and all of the holly wreaths but two. These she hung out of the way over her windows, then taking out a magazine, settled herself comfortably in the end of the seat to read.

On her last trip up the aisle she had noticed the wistful, unsmiling faces of her little neighbors across the way, and she wondered why it was that the only children in the coach should be the only ones who seemed to have no share in the general joyousness. Something was wrong, she felt sure, and while she was cutting the leaves of the magazine, she stole several glances in their direction. The little girl had an anxious pucker of the brows sadly out of place in a face that had not yet outgrown its baby innocence of expression. She looked so little and lorn and troubled about something, that Miss Santa Claus made up her mind to comfort her as soon as she had an opportunity. She knew better than to ask for her confidence as the well-meaning lady had done earlier in the day.

When she began to read, Will'm drew a long breath and stretched himself. There was no use watching now when it was evident that she wasn't going to do anything for a while, and sitting still so long had made him fidgety.

He squirmed off the seat and up to the next one, unintentionally wiping his feet on Libby's dress as he did so. It brought a sharp reproof from the over-wrought Libby, and he answered back in the same spirit.

Neither was conscious that their voices could be heard across the aisle above the noise of the train. The little fur cap with the scarlet feather bent over the magazine without the slightest change in posture, but there was no more turning of pages. The piping, childish voices were revealing a far more interesting story than the printed one the girl was scanning. She heard her own name mentioned. They were disputing about her.

Too restless to sit still, and with no way in which to give vent to his all-consuming energy, Will'm was ripe for a squabble. It came very soon, and out of many allusions to past and present, and dire threats as to what might happen to him at the end of the journey if he didn't mend his ways, the interested listener gathered the principal facts in their history. The fuss ended in a shower of tears on Will'm's part, and the consequent smudging of his face with his grimy little hands which wiped them away, so that he had to be escorted once more behind the curtain to the shining faucets and the basin with the chained-up hole at the bottom.

When they came back Miss Santa Claus had put away her magazine and taken out some fancy work. All she seemed to be doing was winding some red yarn over a pencil, around and around and around. But presently she stopped and tied two ends with a jerk, and went snip, snip with her scissors, and there in her fingers was a soft fuzzy ball. When she had snipped some more, and trimmed it all over, smooth and even, it looked like a little red cherry. In almost no time she had two wool cherries lying in her lap. She was just beginning the third when the big ball of yarn slipped out of her fingers

and rolled across the aisle right under Libby's feet. She sprang to pick it up and take it back.

"Thank you, dear," was all that Miss Santa Claus said, but such a smile went with it that Libby, smoothing her skirts over her knees as she primly took her seat again, felt happier than she had since leaving the Junction. It wasn't two minutes till the ball slipped and rolled away again. This time Will'm picked it up, and she thanked him in the same way. But very soon when both the scissors and ball spilled out of her lap and Libby politely brought her one and Will'm the other, she did not take them.

"I wonder," she said, "if you children couldn't climb up here on the seat with me and hold this old Jack and Jill of a ball and scissors. Every time one falls down and almost breaks its crown, the other goes tumbling after. I'm in such a hurry to get through. Couldn't you stay and help me a few minutes?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Libby, primly and timidly sitting down on the edge of the opposite seat with the ball in her hands. Miss Santa Claus put an arm around Will'm and drew him up on the seat beside her. "There," she said, "you hold the scissors, Will'm, and when I am through winding the ball that Libby holds, I'll ask you to cut the yarn for me. Did you ever see such scissors, Libby? They're made in the shape of a witch. See! She sits upon the handles, and when the blades are closed they make the peak of her long pointed cap. They came from the old witch town of Salem."

Libby darted a half-frightened look at her. She had called them both by name! Had she been listening down

the chimney, too? And those witch scissors! They looked as if they might be a charm to open all sorts of secrets. Maybe she knew some charm to keep stepmothers from being cruel. Oh, if she only dared to ask! Of course Libby knew that one mustn't pick up with strangers and tell them things. Miss Sally had warned her against that. But this was different. Miss Santa Claus was more than just a person.

If Pan were to come piping out of the woods, who, with any music in him, would not respond with all his heart to the magic call? If Titania were to beckon with her gracious wand, who would not be drawn into her charmed circle gladly? So it was these two little wayfarers heard the call and swayed to the summons of one who not only shed the influence but shared the name of the wonderful Spirit of Yule.

From *Miss Santa Claus of the Pullman.* By permission of The Century Company, publishers.

MY MOTHER

THOMAS R. MARSHALL

I think back through the years, the lean and the fat, the good and the bad ones, to my earliest recollection. I see a woman with an eye that flashes swift as an archangel's wing and a mouth that breaks with laughter and hardens at sight of wrong, singing lullabies; a woman, who, with hand grasping the Unseen Hand, walks the briar-bordered paths of life unashamed, unafraid, unharmed. She is clad in garments of beauty for me, and

age does not soil them nor years make them cheap and tawdry. Her tongue is without guile, never having been the messenger of a lie.

She told me there was a Santa Claus, and I believe her. He brings me no longer drums and fifes. But he still brings to me the vision of my mother and the music of that angelic chorus which sang at creation's dawn and at the hour of man's redemption.

ON THE ROAD FROM MILLERSVILLE

MAY W. DONNAN

Starry sky above us bending,
Great round rosy moon descending,
Clouds like little baby fleeces
Scattered by the wind's caprices,
Beeches glistening, fireflies dancing,
Willows trembling, shadows glancing,
Sense of sight shall have its fill
On the road from Millersville.

Croaking frogs and chirping crickets,
Katydids with season tickets,
Mated corn leaves softly flapping,
Waves against the bridge piers lapping,
Myriad sounds of insect rapture,
Sounds the ear can scarcely capture,
Sense of hearing has its fill
On the road from Millersville.

Mint and clover essence mingle,
Pollen-greeted nostrils tingle,
Smell of orchard, breath of dairy,
Puff of thistle, caught unwary,
Scents, elusive, subtle, fleeting,
Sight and sound and perfume meeting,—
Soul and sense are set athrill
On the road from Millersville.

THE BIBLE AS GOOD READING

ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE

In the Big Woods

"I wish I had something to read," said He.

"Well, what's the matter with the magazines?" promptly replied the Other One.

"I have read them all," He immediately objected.

"Why I thought you didn't want to read anything. I thought you said this was to be a vacation in the woods, with no reading or thought or anything else," said the Other One.

"Well, of course," said He; "but a fellow has got to have something to read, after all."

"Well," said the Other One, "let me read you something out of the Bible."

"The Bible!" said He. "Oh, no! I want some *good reading,* that's what I want."

They were in camp in the deep woods, many days' canoe trip from a human being. They were two tired-

out men—wholly tired out when they started, with non-productive brains and with sore, ragged nerves, from their year's work. They were none the less worn out that it had been a year of successful work—even of triumphant work.

So they said when they started: "Let's get a rest. Let's not even take any reading material. Let's obey Emerson. His advice to the rest-seeker in his *Wood Notes,* where he says to leave everything behind: 'enough to thee the primal mind.' "

And so they did. They arranged for their guides carefully (and you who go to the woods look well to that). They were scrupulous to the last degree about their cook (and you who go to the woods be very sure of that). They were particular about their tents, almost technical about food and sleeping accommodations and creature comforts. But reading matter—none of it for them. At the last minute, obeying the impulse of the civilized, they brought all the magazines in sight; and one of them, who always carried a Bible, had it with him on this occasion.

So up the streams and over the lakes they went, and at last, far out from the path of even canoe voyagers, on the shores of a lake whose name is Beauty, and in the depths of a forest whose name is Noble, by a mossy spring whose name is Delight, they swung their axes and built their camp. Already Nature had begun her work. They slept like pieces of iron, with this difference—there was the delicious consciousness of going to sleep and ecstasy on awakening. They ate with the appetite of the primal man, but with the restraint of the civilized one when out in the wilderness. They were

very careful to get up from their meal always a little hungry. They joyed in the woods. The flight of birds was a thing to be looked at and get pleasure from. The forests had strange, attractive sounds. The occasional sentences of the guides were full of wisdom.

Instantly Nature began her work on the brain cells. These men had planned not to think at all. They were astonished to find that they thought more than ever and more sanely, more calmly, and yet with a good deal more vigor. Every suggestion of tree and flower and cloud and shadow and shine was full of thought. The rain induced more than sleep; it induced a curious yet a delightful mental life.

Of course, you can't keep that sort of men down to not thinking at all. Their bodies, which so long have been unused and maltreated, demand exercise—long rambles among the trees and over mountains; canoe trips where every stroke generates more energy than it expends; target practice with pistol until the snuffing of a candle at night at twenty yards, three times out of five, is no extraordinary feat. Well, then, it was plain to see how the minds of these men demanded exercise just as the body did; for the minds had been more maltreated and neglected than the body.

"So, I want something to read," said He.

"Well, what's the matter with the Bible?" said the Other One.

"Oh," said He, "I don't want anything dull. I don't want to be preached to. I feel in a religious mood but not in the mood for a sermon."

"Why, man," said the Other One, "the Bible has more *good* reading in it than any book I know of. What will

you have—poetry, adventure, politics, maxims, oratory. For they are all here." And he produced the Bible.

Thus occurred the first Bible reading in the woods. After it was over: "Why, I never knew *that* was in the Bible," said He. "Let's have some more of that to-morrow."

And on the morrow they did have more of it. By chance, one of the guides was near and he sat down and listened. The next day all the guides were there. The day after, the reading was delayed and Indian Charley modestly suggested: "Isn't it about time to have some more of that there Bible?" And more they had of it.

This continued day in and day out through the long but all too brief vacation in the woods—the real woods, the deep woods, the limitless woods—none of your parks with trees in them.

The comments of the guides were serious, keen, full of human interest. It was no trouble for them to understand Isaiah. They had the same spirit that inspired David when he went up against Goliath. They knew, with their deep, elemental natures, the kind of woman Ruth was and Rebekah was. Moses slaying the Egyptian and leading the Children of Israel out of Egypt, laying down the law in good, strict man-fashion, was entirely intelligible to them. One wonders what the "higher critics" and "scholarly interpreters" of the Holy Scriptures would have thought had they seen these plain men, learned in the wisdom of the woods, understanding quite clearly the twelfth chapter of Romans, or the Song of Solomon, or the war song of Moses, or, most of all, the Sermon on the Mount.

"Why, I never knew those things were in the Bible.

How did you ever get on to them?" said He one day, when a perfectly charming story had been read.

"Why this way," said the Other One. "Many years ago in a logging camp, there happened to be nothing to read, and I just *had* to read. I had read everything but the Bible, and I did not want to read that. I had read it over and over again in the church and in my own home, and always with that monotonous non-intelligence, that utter lack of human understanding that makes all the men and the women of the Bible, as ordinarily interpreted to us, putty-like characters without any human attributes. But there was nothing else to read, so I was forced to read the Bible, and I instantly became fascinated with it. I discovered what every year since has confirmed—that there is more 'good reading' in the Bible than in all the volumes of fiction, poetry and philosophy put together. So when I get tired of everything else and want something really good to read, something that is charged full of energy and human emotions, of cunning thought and everything that arrests the attention and thrills or soothes or uplifts you, according to your mood, I find it in the Bible."

It is natural enough, is it not? Surely this book has not held sway over the human mind for two thousand years without having engaging qualities—something that appeals to our "human interest." Surely the Old Testament, which is a story of the most masterful and persistent people who ever lived, a people who have seen nations rise and fall, dynasties grow and perish like mushrooms—I mean the Jews—surely such a history can not help being charged with thought and emotion and love and hate and plot and plan, with frailty and ideality,

with cowardice, with anarchy and law, with waywardness and obedience, with the flowing of milk and honey on the one hand, and battle "till the sun stood still" on the other hand. No, surely, such a chronicle could not help overflowing with everything human.

Take up the Bible as an account of mighty men and extraordinary women and the most wonderful of people; take it up as a purely "human document" (you will get the religion in it as you go along) and know how fascinating it is. The Bible and Adventure, The Bible and Art, The Bible and Politics, The Bible and Statesmanship, The Bible and Poetry, The Bible and Oratory. Having got all these you would not fail to get what all of them combined tell: The Bible and Religion.

SIMPLICITY

MEREDITH NICHOLSON

If power were mine to wield control
Of Time within my heart and soul,
Saving from ruin and decay
What I hold dearest, I should pray
That I may never cease to be
Wooed daily by Expectancy;
That evening shadows in mine eyes
Dim not the light of new surprise;
That I may feel, till life be spent,
Each day the sweet bewilderment

Of fresh delight in simple things—
In snowy winters, golden springs,
And quicker heart beats at the thought
Of all the good that man hath wrought.
But may I never face a dawn
With all the awe and wonder gone,
Or in a late twilight fail to see
Charm in the star's old sorcery.

PEG-LEGS

MYLA CLOSSER BAKER

The big black man in livery, who was stationed at the door of Merriman & Company to give carriage folk a sense of their superiority by assisting their entrance, beat his arms and stamped his feet at every idle moment, when only a crowd of pedestrians struggled in and out the portal which he ornamented, for it was cold for early December and his work was not strenuous enough to keep his blood stirring. The vender of shoe-laces, at the alley corner, swung his arms too; but the cold did not trouble his feet, though the alley was as usual the thoroughfare of a bitter blast between the tall shops.

Simeon Gage had often commented upon his advantage in being able to stand that drafty corner, which was excellent for trade and yet did not invite competition. One of the reasons for his fortitude lay in the two wooden pegs strapped to his knees on which he had grown almost incredibly nimble since the accident in his young manhood had made them a humble substitute for

feet. So Simeon swung his arms cheerily, almost thankful that he had no toes to trouble about. Business had been brisk and he was looking forward to the profits of the holiday season with satisfaction. They were to complete his accomplishment of a cherished plan.

His wares were spread out on a little table in neat and attractive variety—black shoe-laces and tan; long, short and middle-length shoe-laces; shoe-laces with tinned ends, with spiral ends, with merely stiffened ends; flat shoe-laces and tubular and ribbon laces for the foppish; two cents a pair, three for five, three cents a pair, two for five, and for the Quality, five cents a pair. It had never occurred to Simeon that there was anything peculiar in his selling shoe-strings, and he had been in the business for nearly twenty years, until he overheard one day a young lady's comment upon it: "Shoe-laces," she exclaimed with droll intensity, "the sole support of a bootless man! How quaint!"

Simeon had turned the remark over in his mind a long while. It had puzzled him to see what she meant by it. He hesitated about repeating it to his daughter with whom he lived. She was a typist and could answer almost any question and he was very proud of her and her learning; but he feared the lady's words might contain some slight or sneer undetected by him, which would wound his little girl on his account. One evening, however, he told her as they sat at supper. It was his custom to get the supper, for Rena came home very tired from the office and as she contributed the greater part toward their common expense, Simeon insisted upon equalizing things by doing most of the housework. At cooking he was skilful and he stumped noisily around the

tiny kitchen where they ate, waiting on Rena and urging second helpings with zeal. Their little rented house was on the outskirts of the town. Simeon had manfully resisted the superior conveniences of the tenements which were growing more and more common in the thriving capital. The cottage had three rooms; the parlor, where Rena also slept, the middle room, which was Simeon's, and in the rear the shed kitchen and dining room in one. In these three rooms they managed to conduct life with a simplicity which was dignified, almost beautiful—a vain example to their neighbors, most of whom housed three times the number in the same space. When Simeon told her what the lady had said, Rena laughed.

"Was it a joke?" he asked.

"Kind of a joke. Hasn't it ever occurred to you, poppy, how funny it is for you to sell shoe-strings—a thing you haven't any earthly use for yourself?"

Simeon stared down at his two peg-legs and a grin expanded his mouth slowly as this new idea dawned upon him. That very night his great ambition germinated.

Now this had happened five years before and the coming Christmas was to see its fruition. Simeon was going to have a use for his own shoe-strings—he was no longer to be bootless—he had saved up almost enough for a pair of the best artificial feet on the market!

The zest of it was, they were to be a complete surprise to Rena, from whom the whole project had been kept a secret. Simeon fairly hugged himself as he pictured her delight. He planned various ways of bringing the transformation dramatically to her notice.

It seemed a stroke of luck that the men's furnishing

store across the alley had just filled the nearest window with shoes which he could study at his leisure. He selected a serviceable box calf for every day, and a shinier pair for the occasions when he went out with Rena; some easy house slippers for evenings at home caught his fancy and he made up his mind to wear rubbers when it was damp, even arctics, he thought, for such weather as the present, would lend verisimilitude to his prospective members.

Christmas eve, Rena was at a young folks merry-making and Simeon forewent the harvest of good-will nickels and dimes that was certain to be garnered from those who had no use for the shoe-strings they carried away (this always seemed too much like alms-taking to suit his independent spirit, anyway) and prepared to make his own purchases. First he went to the store for surgical appliances, kept open this night for no conceivable reason unless for mere sociability with its neighbors. There, the feet, ordered some time before, were in waiting. With them under his arm, for he felt doubtful of any less familiar support than his pegs on the snowy pavements, he hastened to the shoe department of the store across his alley, where he enjoyed to the utmost the bewilderment of the young clerk when he asked to be fitted in boots. With the artificial feet on the chair beside him, he superintended their outfitting like a solicitous mother—calf-skin—shiny leather—easy slippers and rubbers—just as he had planned. The interested clerk then suggested socks, which Simeon had not thought of, and after the selection of hosiery, in which Simeon's taste was rather gay, garters were in order. He was as

laden as a delivery boy when, followed by the sympathetic smiles of the tired shoppers and the more weary salesmen, he stumped out of the store and away home.

Until time for Rena's return, Simeon practised walking with his new feet, finding it not a little difficult, but persevering undiscouraged. When he heard his daughter at the gate, he quickly assumed a pre-arranged attitude—seated in a chair facing the door, his crossed feet elevated to the center-table, his head hidden behind a newspaper. The shock to Rena was greater than he expected. As she opened the door she was greeted by the sight of an apparent stranger making himself at home in her house.

"Who—who are you, sir?" she indignantly quavered. When her father's beaming face burst from behind the paper, the unknown feet still in the foreground, her astonishment perfectly rewarded his preparations. How they laughed and shouted and hugged each other! How charmed Rena was with every detail! How she applauded his still faltering steps! What pleasure it gave the shoe-string merchant to remove the inferior laces from his shoes and replace them with those carefully selected from his own stock! They wound up the evening hilariously by hanging a pair of Simeon's socks beside the chimney place for Santa Claus.

After Christmas, the black giant in front of Merriman's was stricken motionless by the sudden sight of Simeon Gage beside his sales table, stamping his feet energetically as though to thwart the nipping cold.

. . . . . .

Nearly a year later, Simeon was at his old post. He had grown a little grayer, a little more stooped. His face could not have been more weather-beaten than it

had for many years, but it was more deeply lined. He swung his arms and stamped his feet gloomily. The stamping, adopted the previous winter, had become a fixed habit; he had kept it up all through the warm weather. Now the first cold snap gave him some real excuse but he was not thinking of that. He turned a lowering look upon the passersby and frequently stole a sidewise glance of bitterness across the alley. There, behind a wind-break of canvas, sat a man in a wheeling chair, with an empty trousers-leg rolled up and neatly pinned above his knee. He also had shoe-strings to sell and his sales were two to one of Simeon's. Hence the change in the cheery Simeon.

When the newcomer first appeared early in the fall, Simeon had spoken to Rena of his competitor with light contempt.

"Poor chap, he hasn't much spirit in him, I reckon. A wheeled chair! Such nonsense and him with one whole leg."

"A pure bid for sympathy!" agreed Rena.

Later she noticed that her father's tone grew less indulgent and then he took to brooding over the rival shoestring merchant as over a grievance. She could hear him muttering as he busied himself about the kitchen while she sat sewing or darning—the darning had become a real task, for Simeon's stamping was very hard on socks—and she caught broken phrases of his talk.

"It's enough to sour you on the world, Reny, to see how quick folks forget. Here I've been sellin' shoestrings at that selfsame corner over twenty years; I've seen every big building on that block go up; when I first pitched there, there wasn't one of 'em over three stories

high. You remember how I helped the police keep the fire-line when Hanover's burned, and how my own stock was washed away by the hose? Why, they had a piece about it in the paper and some folks sent subscriptions for me that I turned into the fresh air fund, you recollect. Seems to me the people of this town hadn't ought to forget old Peg-Legs even if, thanks to modern science, I do look like a whole and able-bodied man. It seems to me they'd ought to remember the good-wearin' shoe-laces I sell and how I always insist on givin' the right change, to a penny."

By this, Rena knew that her father's business was suffering by the advent of the stranger. She stroked his hand sympathetically. "This is getting to be such a big city, all the folks don't know you the way they used to," was all she said, for the only remedy for his difficulty that she could think of, she had not the heart to suggest. She knew how dear to him had become the pair of wonderful, ankle-jointed feet. She said good-by to him the next morning with a heavy heart. His gloomy face haunted her all day and it was such a pleasure and relief to her to see him returning laughing at supper-time, that she could not conceal her delight.

"Why, poppy, whatever has happened to put you in such a good humor?" "A ridiculous enough thing happened, honey. While I was packin' to go home, I notices old One-Leg who's all ready to go, don't start off, but keeps lookin' this way and that like he's expectin' somebody. Finally, as I get under way, he calls to me. First I let on not to hear, but he calls again and so over I go to see what he wants. He tells me how his brother-in-law brought him there and forgot to come for him and

then he asks me if, bein' able-bodied myself, I'd be willin' to help a poor cripple out of a hole. So I gets behind the chair and pushes him home!

"You recollect that old piece of poetry about the man and the stool and the dog and the leg o' mutton? It reminded me of that. There was no-legs pushin' one-legs, sittin' on four legs, countin' the wheels as legs. I been laughin' over it all the way home." But the laughter did not sweeten Simeon's lot and soon another occurrence added the last drop of bitterness to the cup he quaffed. The world was black to him. He stood behind his little counter, his hands deep in the pockets of his worn coat—his head sunk into his collar. He was thinking of Rena's Christmas gift. He had planned for something unusually fine to make up for the amount he had spent on himself last year. Now he could not see his way to getting anything more than a humble remembrance. He had practised many a sordid economy to reduce household expenses that he might be able to pay his fair proportion and still save a little, but if things went on like this—

He was aroused from his thoughts by the presence of a lady. She was not looking at his wares, she was eying him with disapproval and disapproval sounded in her voice when she spoke:

"My good man, you are not able to find employment?"

Simeon was puzzled. "Employment, lady? Why, I ain't been out of employment."

"I should have said *work*," was her severe rejoinder. "For an able-bodied man, selling shoe-strings can hardly be called *work*. It is really charity, in a way. Don't you feel the call to be of service to society?"

So it had come to this! His right to earn his living

as a vender was challenged because he was an able-bodied man. Upon poor Simeon was forced the acceptance of the inevitable.

Next morning he left home with a large and clumsy bundle under his arm. He stopped at the house of a friend and came out again the old Simeon on his two peg-legs. It soon became evident that the tide had turned in Simeon's favor. Several customers inquired with solicitude as to "how it happened" and the maimed one said "grade crossing" without deeming it necessary to name a date. It was his hour of triumph. He stumped to his old friend's house that night with a lighter heart than for many weeks. There he resumed his artificial feet and went on home. But there was a flaw in his exultation. He did not want Rena to know of the thing he had stooped to. "For it is a pure bid for sympathy," he admitted to himself. It troubled him and made him feel ashamed. Never again would be restored to him in its perfection his old sense of pride and independence.

When after Christmas Rena discovered all his self-denials, including the giving up of his one pet vanity, his new feet, she sobbed aloud, but the old man comforted her by telling her that he had never been so comfortable in the new way as he was in the old.

The habit of stamping as though to keep up the circulation in his toes, Simeon never lost, but the day came when he laughed the most heartily of all hearers when a little boy cried out, "Oh, watch the funny man, Mamma —his wooden legs are cold."

Adapted from *Peg-Legs*, with the author's permission.

IN BROWN COUNTY

MAUDE ELIZABETH PATE

Have you seen the hills of Brown,
Tall and fair?
Have you wandered up and down
Over there?
Were you lost upon the way?
Did you follow all the day
Roads that led you far astray—
Anywhere?

Did you "turn to left, then right,
Then left again,"
Till you dreamed throughout the night
In weary pain
That you "follered" still the "crick,"
Till its windings made you sick,
And the sumach bushes thick
Turned your brain?

Did you go through Goshen, too,
And mount again,
Just to get Bear Wallow view?
A bachelor's den—
Here he lived alone and died,
Hermit, he, and woe betide
Women who his patience tried—
He hated them.

Did you note the distant blue
Of hill and dale?
Gullies deep appeal to you
Along the trail?
While the omnipresent creek,
Whose ambitious waters seek
To compass all of which I speak,
Crossed the vale?

Did the overhanging ledge
Reveal to you
Ancient strata, edge on edge
Foundations true,
Which the glacial ages chopped
When the ice the hills o'ertopped
And the frightened mercury dropped
A notch or two?

Did you climb above the trees
On Weed Patch Hill,
Joyously inhale the breeze
And gaze your fill?
Far below you lay the town—
Wooded hillsides sloping down—
Haven't you seen the hills of Brown?
I hope you will.

THE HOME FIELDS

EVALEEN STEIN

The fields are full of sunlight,
  And leafy golden-green
And misty purple shadows
  Are flitting in between;
The flaky elder flowers
  Are drenched with honey-dew,
And all the distant woodlands
  Stand veiled in tender blue.

Half seen between green thickets
  Of grape-vine and wild rose,
In twinkling swirls of silver
  The lazy river flows;
While down the grassy roadside
  The milkweed balls are bright,
And waving prince's-feather
  Is tipped with snowy white.

Ah, ever dearest homeland,
  'Tis here my spirit sings!
And as my heart caresses
  The sweet familiar things,
Such rare midsummer magic
  Distills through all the air,
I think these fields are fairer
  Than any anywhere!

From *Among the Trees Again.* Bobbs-Merrill Company, publishers.

THE REDBIRD

EVALEEN STEIN

Swept lightly by the South wind
  The elm leaves softly stirred,
And in their pale green clusters there
  There straightway bloomed a bird.

His glossy feathers glistened
  With dyes as richly red
As any tulip flaming
  From out the garden bed.

But ah, unlike the tulips,
  In joyous strain, ere long,
This redbird flower unfolded
  A heart of golden song.

From *Among the Trees Again.* Bobbs-Merrill Company, publishers.

THE MEASURE OF A MAN

KATHARINE JAMESON

Faith unadorned, the large, strong view of things,
The love of justice and his native land,
The sunny kindness of a noble soul,
The powerful shoulders and the horny hand,—
This is the measure of a God-made man
Who wears the crown of stanch simplicity,
Whose ample throne and mighty scepter are
But these—the power to do, the strength to be.

FRECKLES FINDS HIMSELF

GENE STRATTON PORTER

It was June by the zodiac, June by the Limberlost and by every delight of a newly resurrected season, it should have been June in the hearts of all men. Yet Freckles scowled darkly as he came down the trail; while the running tap, tap which tested the sagging wire and telegraphed word of his coming to his furred and feathered friends of the swamp, this morning carried the story of his discontent a mile ahead of him.

Freckles' especial pet, a dainty, yellow-coated, black-sleeved, cock goldfinch, had for several days past remained on the wire, the bravest of all; and Freckles, absorbed with the cunning and beauty of the tiny fellow, never guessed that he was being duped; for the goldfinch was skipping, flirting, and swinging with the express purpose of so holding his attention that he would not look up and see a small cradle of thistledown and wool perilously near his head. In the beginning of brooding, the spunky little homesteader had heroically clung to the wire when he was almost paralyzed with fright. As day after day passed and brought only softly whistled repetitions of his call, a handful of crumbs on the top of a locust line-post, or gently worded coaxings, he grew in confidence. Of late he had sung and swung during the passing of Freckles, who, not dreaming of the nest and the solemn-eyed little hen so close above, thought himself unusually gifted in his power to attract the birds. This morning the goldfinch could scarcely believe his ears. He clung to

the wire till an unusually vicious rap sent him spinning a foot in the air while his "Ptseet" came with a squall of utter panic.

The wires were ringing with a story the birds could not translate, while Freckles was quite as ignorant of the trouble as they.

A peculiar movement under a small walnut-tree caught his eye. He stopped to investigate. It was an unusually large Luna cocoon. The moth was bursting the upper end in its struggles to reach light and air. Freckles stood staring.

"There's something in there trying to get out," he muttered. "Wonder if I could help it? Guess I best not be trying. If I hadn't happened along, there wouldn't have been any one to help it, and maybe I'd only be hurting it. It's—it's—Oh, skaggany! It's just being born!"

Freckles gasped with surprise. The moth cleared the opening, then with many wobblings and contortions climbed up the tree. He watched speechless with amazement as the moth crept around a limb and clung to the under side. There was a big pursy body, almost as large as his thumb and of the very snowiest white that Freckles had ever seen. There was a band of delicate lavender across its forehead, while its feet were of the same color; there were antlers, like tiny, straw-colored ferns, on its head and on its shoulder little wet-looking flaps no bigger than his thumb-nail. As Freckles gazed, tense with astonishment, he saw that those queer, little wet-looking things were expanding, drooping, taking on color, while small, oval markings were beginning to show.

The minutes passed. Freckles' steady gaze never wa-

vered. Without realizing it, he was trembling with eagerness and anxiety. As he saw what was taking place, "It's going to have wings," he breathed in hushed wonder. The morning sun fell on the moth drying its velvet down, while the soft air made it fluffy. The rapidly growing wings began to appear to be of the most delicate green, with lavender fore-ribs, transparent, eye-shaped markings edged with lines of red, tan and black and long, crisp trailers.

Freckles was whispering to himself for fear of disturbing the moth. It began a systematic exercise of raising and lowering its exquisite wings to dry them, also to establish circulation. Freckles realized that it would soon be able to spread them and sail away. His long-coming soul sent up its first shivering cry.

"I don't know what it is! Oh, I wish I knew! How I wish I knew! It must be something grand! It can't be a butterfly, it's away too big. Oh, I wish there was some one to tell me what it is!"

He climbed on the locust-post, and balancing himself by the wire, held a finger in line of the moth's advance up the twig. It unhesitatingly climbed on, so he stepped back to the path, holding it to the light to examine it closely. Then he lowered it to the shade as he turned it, gloating over its markings and beautiful coloring. When he held the moth back to the limb it climbed on, still waving those magnificent wings.

"My, but I'd like to be staying with you!" he said. "But if I were to stay here all day you couldn't get any prettier than you are right now, and I wouldn't get smart enough to tell what you are. I suppose there's some one who knows."

The goldfinch had ventured back to the wire, for there was his mate, only a few inches above the man-creature's head, and indeed, he simply must not be allowed to look up then, so the brave little fellow rocked on the wire, piping up, just as he had done every day for a week: "See me? See me?"

"See you? Of course I see you," growled Freckles. "I see you day after day, but what good is it doing me? I might see you every morning for a year and then not be able to be telling any one about it."

Freckles impatiently struck the wire. With a screech of fear, the goldfinch fled precipitately. His mate darted from the nest with a whirr. Freckles looked up and saw it.

"O-ho!" he cried. "So that's what you are doing here! You have a wife. And so close to my head, I have been mighty near wearing a bird on my bonnet and never knew it!"

Freckles laughed at his own jest, then in better humor climbed up to examine the neat, tiny cradle and its contents. The hen flew at him in a frenzy. "Now where do you come in?" he demanded, when he saw she was not like the goldfinch. "You be clearing out of here. This is none of your fry. This is the nest of me little, yellow friend of the wire, so you shan't be touching it. Don't blame you for wanting to see, though. My, but it's a fine nest and beauties of eggs. Will you be keeping away, or will I fire this stick at you?"

Freckles dropped back to the trail. The hen hurried to the nest, settling on it with a tender, coddling movement. He of the yellow coat flew to the edge to make sure that everything was right. It would have been plain

to the veriest novice that they were partners in that cradle.

"Well, I'll be switched!" muttered Freckles. "If that ain't both their nest, and he's yellow and she's green, or she's yellow and he's green. Of course, I don't know, and I haven't any way to find out, but it's plain as the nose on your face that they are both ready to be fighting for that nest, so of course, they belong. Don't that beat you? Say, that's what's been sticking me for all these two weeks on that grass-nest in the thorn-tree down the line. One day the bluebird is setting, so I think it is hers. The next day a brown bird is on, so I chase it off because the nest is blue's. Next day the brown bird is on again, then I let her be, because I think it must be hers. Next day, blue's on again, and off I send her because it's brown's; now, I bet my hat, it's both their nest, while I've only been bothering them and making a big fool of meself. Pretty specimen I am, pretending to be a friend to the birds, and so blamed ignorant I don't know which ones go in pairs, and blue and brown are a pair, of course, if yellow and green are—and there's the red birds! I never thought of them. He's red and she's gray—and now I want to be knowing, are they all different? Why, no, of course, they ain't! There's the jays all blue, and the crows all black."

The tide of Freckles' discontent welled until he actually choked with anger and chagrin. He plodded down the trail, scowling blackly and viciously spanging the wire. At the finch's nest he left the line to peer into the thorn-tree. There was no bird brooding. He pressed closer to take a peep at the snowy, spotless little eggs he had found so beautiful, and at the slight noise up flared four tiny

baby heads with wide-open mouths uttering hunger cries. Freckles stepped back. The brown bird alighted on the edge, closing one cavity with a wiggling green worm, while not two minutes later the blue filled another with something white. That settled it. The blue and the brown were mates. Once again Freckles repeated his: "How I wish I knew!"

The boy slowly struck into the path leading from the bridge to the line. Out of the clear sky above him, first level with his face, then skimming, dipping, tilting, whirling until it struck, quill down, in the path in front of him, came a glossy, iridescent, big black feather. As it touched the ground, Freckles snatched it up, then with almost continuous movement faced the sky. There was not a tree of any size in a large open space. There was no wind to carry it. From the clear sky it had fallen. Freckles, gazing eagerly into the arch of June blue with a few lazy clouds floating far up in the sea of ether, had neither mind nor knowledge to dream of a bird hanging as if frozen there. He turned the big quill questioningly, while again his awed eyes swept the sky. "Where did it come from? What is it? Oh, how I wish I knew!" he kept repeating to himself as he turned and studied the feather, with almost unseeing eyes, so intently was he thinking.

Before him spread a large, green pool, filled with rotting logs and leaves, bordered with delicate ferns and grasses among which lifted the creamy spikes of the arrow-head, the blue of the water-hyacinth and the delicate yellow of the jewel-flower. As Freckles leaned, handling the feather and staring first at it and then into the depths

of the pool, he once more gave voice to the query: "I wonder what it is!"

Straight across from him, couched in the mosses of a soggy old log, a big green bullfrog, with palpitant throat and batting eyes, lifted his head and bellowed in answer: "Fin'dout! Fin'dout!"

Freckles had the answer. Like the lightning's flash something seemed to snap in his brain. There was a wavering flame before his eyes. Then his mind cleared. His head lifted in a new poise, his shoulders squared, and his spine straightened. The agony was over. His soul floated free. Freckles came into his birthright.

THE BROOK

BENJ. S. PARKER

Cheerful, sunny brooklet,
  Laugh along thy way,
'Mid the wild, sweet roses,
  'Neath the willow spray,
Singing to the lilies
  Nodding on thy rim;
Little brook, I thank thee
  For thy happy hymn.

Thus upon life's journey
  As I toil along,
May my griefs be lightened
  By the gift of song,

And the soul flowers, blooming
  By my onward way,
Yield their sweetest fragrance,
  For each love-taught lay.

Merry little brooklet,
  Flowing to the sea,
I, too, seek the ocean
  Named eternity.
Sinless and rejoicing
  Would that I, like thee,
Might go singing onward
  To my parent sea.

From *The Cabin in the Clearing*. Copyright, 1887, B. S. Parker.

HE SPAKE IN PARABLES

J. W. PIERCY

"He spake in parables." He showed us where
  The rim or some new country met the sea
  But left us to explore its mystery;
We catch a glimpse of distant peaks that stare
Up at the sleepless stars and on we run to see
Enticing vales surpassing Arcady.
Thrice eager as a child, we hardly pause—
  So prodigal the place with treasures stored,
    So beautiful each mead with flowers bedight—
At last upon some hight we rest, because
  We deem our new-found country all explored,
    When lo! still higher peaks flash on our sight.

BABY ANGELINE

WILL O. BATES

Dainty Baby Angeline,
Earth and Heaven just between,
  Softly in her hammock swings,
  Curtained by the angels' wings—
Angels love her, too, I ween,
Dainty Baby Angeline.

Precious Baby Angeline,
Linger in her blue eyes' sheen
  Starry glints of whence she came—
  Spare us, Lord, thy gift's reclaim!
Take all else but leave us e'en
Precious Baby Angeline!

TWELVE

BOOTH TARKINGTON

This busy globe did not pause to pant and recuperate even when what seemed to Penrod its principal purpose was accomplished, and an enormous shadow, vanishing westward over its surface marked the dawn of his twelfth birthday.

To be twelve is an attainment worth the struggle. A boy, just twelve, is like a Frenchman just elected to the Academy. Distinction and honor wait upon him;

younger boys show deference to a person of twelve; his experience is guaranteed, his judgment, therefore, mellow; consequently, his influence is profound.

Dressing, that morning, Penrod felt that the world was changed from the world of yesterday. For one thing, he seemed to own more of it; this day was *his* day. And it was a day worth owning; the midsummer sunshine, pouring gold through his window, came from a cool sky, and a breeze moved pleasantly in his hair as he leaned from the sill to watch the tribe of chattering blackbirds take wing, following their leader from the trees in the yard to the day's work in the open country. The blackbirds were his, as the sunshine and the breeze were his, for they belonged to the day which was his birthday and, therefore, most surely his. Pride suffused him: he was Twelve!

His father and mother and Margaret seemed to understand the difference between to-day and yesterday. They were at the table when he descended, and they gave him a greeting which of itself marked the milestone. Habitually, his entrance into a room where his elders sat brought a cloud of apprehension; they were prone to look up in pathetic expectancy, as if their thought was, "What new awfulness is he going to start *now?*" But this morning they laughed; his mother rose and kissed him twelve times, so did Margaret; and his father shouted, "Well, well! How's the *man?*"

Then his mother gave him a Bible and *The Vicar of Wakefield;* Margaret gave him a pair of silver-mounted hair brushes; and his father gave him a pocket-atlas and a small compass.

"And now, Penrod," said his mother, after breakfast,

"I'm going to take you out in the country to pay your birthday respects to Aunt Sarah Crim."

Aunt Sarah Crim, Penrod's great-aunt, was his oldest living relative. She was ninety, and when Mrs. Schofield and Penrod alighted from a carriage at her gate they found her digging with a spade in the garden.

"I'm glad you brought him," she said, desisting from labor. "Jinny's baking a cake I'm going to send for his birthday party. Bring him in the house. I've got something for him."

She led the way to her "sitting-room," which had a pleasant smell, unlike any other smell, and, opening the drawer of a shining old what-not, took therefrom a boy's "sling-shot," made of a forked stick, two strips of rubber and a bit of leather.

"This isn't for you," she said, placing it in Penrod's eager hand. "No. It would break all to pieces the first time you tried to shoot it, because it is thirty-five years old. I want to send it back to your father, I think it's time. You give it to him from me and tell him I say I believe I can trust him with it now. I took it away from him thirty-five years ago, one day after he'd killed my best hen with it, accidentally, and had broken a glass pitcher on the back porch with it—accidentally. He doesn't look like a person who's ever done things of that sort, and I suppose he's forgotten it so well he believes he never did, but if you give it to him from me I think he'll remember. You look like him, Penrod; he was anything but a handsome boy."

After this final bit of reminiscence—probably designed to be repeated to Mr. Schofield—she disappeared in the direction of the kitchen and returned with a pitcher of

lemonade and a blue china dish sweetly freighted with flat ginger cookies of a composition that was her own secret. Then, having set this collation before her guests, she presented Penrod with a superb, intricate and very modern machine of destructive capacities almost limitless. She called it a pocket-knife.

"I suppose you'll do something horrible with it," she said composedly. "I hear you do that with everything, anyhow, so you might as well do it with this and have more fun out of it. They tell me you're the Worst Boy in Town." . . . "Penrod, aren't you the Worst Boy in Town?"

Penrod, gazing fondly upon his knife and eating cookies rapidly, answered as a matter of course, and absently, "Yes'm."

"Certainly," said Mrs. Crim, "once you accept a thing about yourself as established and settled, it's all right. Nobody minds. Boys are just like people, really. Only they're not quite so awful, because they haven't learned to cover themselves all over with little pretenses. There's one cookie left, are you going to eat it?"

"Well," said her great-nephew thoughtfully, "I guess I better."

"Why?" asked the old lady. "Why do you guess you'd better?"

"Well," said Penrod, with a full mouth, "it might get all dried up if nobody took it and get thrown out and wasted."

"You're beginning finely," Mrs. Crim remarked. "A year ago you'd have taken the cookie without the same sense of thrift."

"Ma'am?"

"Nothing. I see that you're twelve years old, that's all. There are more cookies, Penrod." She went away, returning with a fresh supply and the observation, "Of course, you'll be sick before the day's over; you might as well get a good start."

Mrs. Schofield looked thoughtful. "Aunt Sarah," she ventured, "don't you really think we improve as we grow older?"

"Meaning," said the old lady, "that Penrod hasn't much chance to escape the penitentiary if he doesn't? Well, we do learn to restrain ourselves in some things, and there are people who really want some one else to take the last cookie, though they aren't very common. But it's all right and the world seems to be getting on." She gazed whimsically upon her great-nephew and added, "Of course, when you watch a boy and think about him, it doesn't seem to be getting on very fast."

Penrod moved uneasily in his chair; he was conscious that he was her topic but unable to make out whether or not her observations were complimentary; he inclined to think they were not. Mrs. Crim settled the question for him.

"I suppose Penrod is regarded as the neighborhood curse?"

"Oh, no," cried Mrs. Schofield. "He—"

"I dare say the neighbors are right," continued the old lady placidly. "He's had to repeat the history of the race and go through all the stages from the primordial to barbarism. You don't expect boys to be civilized, do you?"

"Well, I—"

"You might as well expect eggs to crow. No; you've

got to take boys as they are and learn to know them as they are."

"Naturally, Aunt Sarah," said Mrs. Schofield, "I *know* Penrod."

Aunt Sarah laughed heartily. . . . "Go on and finish the lemonade; there's about a glassful left. Oh, take it, take it; and don't say why! Of course, you're a little pig."

Penrod laughed gratefully, his eyes fixed upon her over the rim of his uptilted glass.

"Fill yourself up uncomfortably," said the old lady. "You're twelve years old, and you ought to be happy—if you aren't anything else. It's taken over nineteen hundred years of Christianity and some hundreds of thousands of years of other things to produce you, and there you sit!"

"Ma'am?"

"It'll be your turn to struggle and muss things up for the betterment of posterity soon enough," said Aunt Sarah Crim. "Drink your lemonade!"

BY THE KANKAKEE

EVALEEN STEIN

Beneath the forest trees I lie,
And watch the deep blue summer sky,
And count the white cranes floating by
On level wings;

And in the undergrowth I hear
A bittern softly treading near,
While through the willows, sweet and clear,
A wood-thrush sings.

And flashing, plashing, close to me,
With murmurous, melting melody,
The swirling, crystal Kankakee
Flows deep and swift
Through liquid tints and tones untold
Of topaz, turquoise, bronze and gold,
That in its lucent depths unfold
And drift, and sift,

Till down among the pearly shells
A wealth of changeful color dwells;
And like a string of silver bells
The ripples ring
Through trailing water-weeds that raise
Their tangled, yellow blossom-sprays
Where in a green and golden maze
Tall rushes swing.

And far across the glassy tide,
The marshes shimmer, low and wide,
Where birds and bees and wild things hide
In reedy grass
Whose wavering, evanescent hues
Pale, darken, change, and interfuse,
Till my enchanted senses lose
All things that pass;

And only feel an exquisite
Glad throb of light and life complete.
While like some subtile essence sweet,
The wilderness,
The perfumes warm of wave and wood
The silence of the solitude,
All merge and mingle in my mood,
Till half I guess

The secrets that the winds impart,
And draw so near to nature's heart
I feel her inmost pulses start;
While happily
I sink upon her fragrant breast,
Like yonder thrush within its nest,
And deep, entrancing sense of rest
Steals over me.

From *Among the Trees Again.* Published by Bobbs-Merrill Company.

MARCH

HERBERT GROSVENOR HUFFORD

I think that spring is firmly established now, so that we need not feel any alarm about winter's returning. All day her cavalry have been scouring the whole country round about at a great rate. Up hill and down dale; now sweeping across the open country full tilt, ruthlessly hustling the pedestrian to one side, or leaving him to recover his equilibrium as best he can. They stop for nothing.

Any way and every way to rout the enemy's forces. Eager, relentless, charging upon every hollow and earthwork where the last forces of winter cling desperately.

To-morrow's sun will look in vain for the white tents of winter. Another nine months of peace and warm contentment before the sun's truant brother, winter, again takes up the reins of government.

The sun is doomed to wage eternal warfare with winter. Constantly on the move, from one winter's boundary to the other, his is no peaceful reign—an eternal warfare for his dependent subjects, men. At times the roar of battle subsides; both sides take a breathing spell; now they are at it again in the upper vaults of heaven; until the tumult gradually dies away in the distance. What fierce battles are fought for the preservation of us mortals!

. . . . . .

What a change from the bluster of yesterday! Sweet spring has recalled the winds; they had done their work. She wove a mantle last night out of the threads of tenderest balm and peace, and softly wrapped it around the abodes of men, that Sunday's tender feet might find no thorns.

How beautiful are these sunsets of early spring! This is the grandest closing picture of the master artist, in which the strongest, brightest colors are brought into use. Nature never paints the same picture twice.

WOODS IN APRIL

LUCILE ELEANOR MOREHOUSE

We have enjoyed the paintings at the Art Institute so many times, now suppose we take a trip to the fields and woods and make our own pictures. We'll not need to bother carrying any painter's palette or tubes of color, or easels, or big sheets of canvas.

Come on out to Irvington. You know there's growing up quite an artist's colony out there, so it seems befitting to turn our heads in that direction. There's a certain way to a certain woods—not a mere conventional clump of trees, with some painted park benches, but the really deep, wild woods, where you can find a big mossy log or a flat-topped stump for a seat. There is the path—it is not in the least a beaten path, for there aren't any "movies" out that way, and the crowd never swarms in that direction.

The path will lead through meadows and plowed ground, around bushes and briars, by the side of little bits of brooklets. There'll be fences to climb, and one may have to make one's way from stone to stone across the little creek where it runs widest. Will you go? Come along, I've got the lunch basket, with all its waxed-paper fixin's.

It's rather too long a jump down this embankment to get across the railroad track, so we'd better go a few steps out of our way and cross on level ground. Isn't it a whole lot pleasanter walking over the velvety clover in this strip of meadow than it is treading the hard floor of

the galleries at the Art Institute? Only it does seem almost a shame to be stepping on all this fresh young clover! Just think how many four-leaves we may be tramping under our feet. Listen! I knew we should be hearing it. 'Tis the meadow-lark. Isn't there rhythm in his song? Twee-dle-de-dee, de-dee, oo!

Come on through this short strip of orchard so as to fill our noses with the fragrance from all these blossoming plum trees. Why not do a color sketch now? We're going to paint in pure color to-day. To do this springtime orchard study we shall need some plum-blossom white and some twig-gray and some leaf-bud brown, with just a bit of peach-bloom pink for that tree over there; not much pink, however, else the artist-folk may criticize our painting and call it "sweet," which will not do at all. Then right along here in the foreground—yes, and in the background and the sideground and the cornerground—we shall spill out a lot of cloverleaf green. There are two shades of cloverleaf green. You'll need the ones marked "waving in the air" and "kissed by the sun." Then sift over the green, here and there, some of the powderly tint of the last year's dry grass. Now with the colors all on to please us, you take that corner and I this, and we'll wave the picture back and forth in the air and sunshine, so that it may catch some of the joy of the meadow-lark's song and the fragrance of all these growing, blooming things.

Stop! Sniff the air! Ah, there's no mistaking that sweet smell! 'Tis pussy willow, not in its silvery, furry stage, but in the stage when all the little gray balls have changed into long catkins, set close with yellow-pollened stamens. Break off a few small branches with their blos-

soming pussies. What a mass of gold 'twill make for our first still life!

This tiny sprig of cress flower is not beautiful to look at, but to me it seems almost hallowed. It recalls a March day, years ago, when a little girl stopped on the way home from school to search through the hazel copse in the fence corner, scarce daring to hope that there might be a bit of green peeping through the dried leaves. And there was the heaven-sent blossom of snowy white, her first spring posy. With beating heart and flying feet, not once thinking now of the heavy, late winter mud over which she had been picking her way carefully from dry spot to dry spot, she hurries home to tell her mother all about it. And that dear understanding mother listens eagerly to every childish detail as if she were being told the most wonderful story in all the world. Ah, how vividly a tiny blossom can bring back the fondest of life's treasure-pictures.

Stoop down over this purpling bank and get some color for our still life. The violets like to be gathered. When, with hands as full as they would hold, I have had to go on and leave some of them behind, they always seem to look up pleadingly and say: "Please take me, too!" So human are these Johnny-jump-ups!

What charming color there is in that thorn bush, with its glossy brown thorns, sharp as needle points, and its crinkled leaves shaking themselves out around the clusters of tightly closed flower-buds, each diminutive leaflet delicately tinted with reds and pale yellowish greens. And here's another thorn bush, all silvery gray twigs, with leaflets brightly green. How cunningly each leaflet is unfolding, like some tiny fan of a fairy.

Here we are at the door of an umbrella shop. Just take one of these glossy green May apple umbrellas. 'Twill serve the same purpose as that big clumsy one from the artist's outfit that we chose to leave behind, and will keep the sun from our imaginary canvas while we are painting our make-believe pictures. Here are some more posies for our flower piece—Dutchman's breeches. Don't you suppose that those Dutch fraus must keep themselves forever bending over their washtubs to keep the Dutchman's breeches so snowy white?

The water is deep enough in this narrow brook to see an occasional minnow darting about. Take a look down the length of the stream and get that beautiful shadow effect on the water. 'Twill make one of our most charming pictures, with sky and tree so mirrored in the water. You'll have to paint quickly, for while the trees stand still the sky is constantly changing. For color you'll need the blues and grays designated "late afternoon sky" with just a touch of the tint "sunset glow," then you'll choose the greens and grays and browns that are meant for no other use than to paint tall, slim tree trunks when they are reflected in the quivering water. And please paint the shadows brokenly, make them dance on the shimmering surface of the water.

Perhaps it will have enough merit that our friends will look upon our picture and find in it something of rest and of inspiration.

THE RAINBOW—A MEMORY

CATHERINE MERRILL

A swift rushing April shower was just over, when the school in the hewed-log, one-roomed schoolhouse on Maryland Street had its recess. The sky was of deepest blue, and all across the vault of heaven, was a vivid rainbow. It stood out like a thing built apart from the sky above and the earth below. The boys and girls, as they streamed out, cheered the rainbow, and with loud laughter hurrahed for the pot of gold. They were merrier than ever when the teacher's little daughter, the youngest child in school, consented to go in search of the pot of gold.

To reach it she must climb a rail fence of appalling height, with long, fiercely-pointed rails at every corner, and must find her way across a newly-plowed field that looked almost as wide as the world. The boys cheered her on and the girls helped her up the first rails. Hand over hand, foot cautiously following foot, at last she reached the dizzy top and dared to look down. On one side was the vast field, on the other encouraging friends, far below and far off. Step by step, rail by rail, bravely she climbed down and ventured out in the sticky mud.

Half-way across the field she felt the thrill of a great and sudden change. She looked up. There was no rainbow. She looked back. There were no children. There was nothing in the world but emptiness and silence, no color above, only a cold gray sky; no sound, nor sight on earth—only a vast solitude.

THE STRAWBERRY

EMILY FLETCHER

In bosky grove and meadows gay,
Where lovers rove and children play;
On stony mountain's barren breast
Where lonely eagles build their nest;
In fragrant vale with verdure clad,
As only blooming to make glad,
Where e'er an hour the sunlight gleams
In wooded bower, o'er laughing streams;
Where e'er its broidered vine may creep,
Its scalloped leaves in triplets peep,
All dewy-bright and blushing red
The sweet strawberry lifts its head.

ARBOR-DAY

JOHN G. CHAFFEE

O, let us plant a tree! Each one a tree,
Whose spreading roots shall pierce the yellow mold,
Whose buds shall odorize the vernal air,
Whose trembling leaves shall fan the Summer breeze;
A tree, beneath whose cooling shade at noon,
When the wide air doth flame with sultry heat,
The pilgrim may sit down and rest;
A tree where insects may disport at noon,
Or shelter from the night, or beating storm.

Where birds may come to build their nests and sing,
And dulcet winds may play at harmonies
That to the meditative mind do breathe
A sweeter music than the viol strains
That time the dancers' gay and flying feet;
Music sweeter than aught save that that drips
From the soft melody of flowing brooks.
O, let us plant a tree! Each one a tree
For fruitage or delight, for human need
Provisional, or to adorn the scene
And make the world more bright and beautiful.

MONTH OF MAY

EMMA B. KING

Oh, the beauty of each day,
Blossom-laden Month of May!
Tender grass and tiny leaf,
Fragile flower, with life as brief;
Happy birds, whose joyous notes
Pour from love-expanded throats;

Golden morn or evening glow,
Gentle rain on all below,
Singing brooks so bright and clear,
Country strolls for lovers dear,
Everything awakes in praise
To the giver of such days,
And I would my heart might say,
How it loves thee, Month of May!

A BIRD'S SONG

EMMA B. KING

Above the noise of city streets,
  A redbird's note floats sweet and clear;
With the pure air of June it greets
  Toil-weary hearts and brings them cheer.

I fancy that the bird strayed in
  From country lanes, with one intent,
By its bright voice our love to win.
  Blest singer on thy mission bent!

How joyfully this happy bird
  Pours forth its song that all may know
A *hidden* talent never stirred
  The souls of men nor made them glow.

And just so freely as we give
  In different ways, what we possess,
Then with the bird, each day we live,
  Our deeds, like sweetest songs will bless.

REGENERATION

SARA MESSING STERN

A golden green just lurking in the sod,
A breeze-blown seed out-bursting from the pod,
A sun-kissed bud awakening with a nod,
And in my soul a growing sense of God.

A MEMORY OF THE WOODS

ANNA NICHOLAS

The opening lines of an old song run thus:

> "Among the beautiful pictures
> That hang on memory's walls,
> Is one of a dim old forest
> That seemeth the best of all."

Although the pictures in the mind of Alice Cary, author of the verses, may have been beautiful, as she says, the sentiment of the poem is sad and the tune to which the lines are set is in a minor key. But the forest picture that makes one of the cherished memories of my childhood is not marred, as was hers, by melancholy associations; it is wholly fair.

It was a big forest—we called it "the woods"—stretching over hundreds of acres on one of the rounding hills, not mountains, that make Western Pennsylvania so picturesque. On one side of the hill's slope was my home; in the valley on the other, two miles away, was the town. The forest lay between. In my childhood, with a young brother, I roamed over these woods in spring and summer and fall and I knew all their secrets. No, not all; it would take a lifetime to learn all that a forest could tell. But I knew many delightful things about it, the haunts of the flowers, for one.

The trees I knew, too—the oaks, the maples, the chestnuts, the hickories, the walnuts and butternuts, the ironwood, the cucumber, the balm of Gilead—these and

others that made what the men called "timber"; but them I took as a matter of course, like the hills themselves, and was without special curiosity concerning them. In the lesser growths, dogwood, sassafras, sumach, wild crab-apple, wild plum, some of these flourishing best along the borders or in the open spaces left by nature or cleared some time by a chance fire, I took a more active interest. But it was the flowers I knew best.

Wild flowers have their habits and their favorite haunts and by close and familiar acquaintance one comes to know the ways and preferences of the shyest of them. And what a long succession of blossoms there was in that old forest, which had aisles that were deep and dim and solemn and other places where the sunshine could always find its way!

The little anemones were there almost before the frost was out of the ground and were closely followed by the milk-white blossoms of the bloodroot, with its strange green leaves coming later. Violets—purple, white and yellow—were on hand early, of course, but though they were common they never lacked variety, there were so many shades of color among them and they differed so in size; they were not so common, either, that one should become indifferent to them, especially the yellow ones.

While yet a chill of winter lingered in the air, trailing arbutus could be found in bloom on sheltered slopes by one who knew its habits and its secret ways. Its stiff, rusty green foliage gave little sign of what was beneath until the long sprays, half-covered by the brown forest leaves, and the delicate pink and white waxy blossoms were revealed; their exquisite fragrance like to that of no other flower that blows. Almost, as I write, comes a

breath of it down the long years and with it a vision of children glad of their discovery; for to find arbutus is a triumphant thing. It hides itself and is never seen in profusion. In Indiana, I am told, it is known to grow in but one place.

The trilliums, with their showy trifoliate flowers, purplish red or white, were spring prizes, the first sight of them always welcome because they proved that winter was really gone. The trilliums liked moisture, and if they did not grow near a stream, were to be found in sheltered spots, as in the shadow of logs or stumps, and gave the impression of cool dampness.

Then came in close succession the yellow adder tongue, with its spotted green leaves; Solomon's Seal, with its tiny lily-like pale yellow blossoms drooping along the underside of its curved stem, curiously inadequate in appearance to the dignity of the plant.

In dry open spaces where the sun penetrated freely were found now and then, like dainty, fastidious ladies who shun crowds, two or three lady-slippers, pink and yellow, members of the orchid family and a little exclusive perhaps on that account. Once I carried home a wonderful purple flower of singular shape, which father, learned in plant lore, pronounced to be an orchid of a rare kind and with which he was delighted.

Pink azaleas grew in that old woods, but only in one spot—a dry sunny place at the head of a ravine. Every spring, I watched that spot jealously lest other ramblers find the treasure. The delicious spicy odor of the pink blossoms on the ragged shrub added a special charm to spring. Here, let me say that I was never greedy of the fair wild things I found, tearing them away roughly and

leaving none behind. Child as I was, I hovered over them discriminatingly as if in a private garden, choosing a few specimens to bear away. Clumps of crowfoot or columbine grew on the sides of ravines, the pale lavender blossoms making a perfect picture. Jack-in-the-pulpit liked this sort of setting also.

The bottom of the ravine had its own plants. Along the little stream that threaded its way among the mosses there was a little musk vine with its small yellow blossoms, the suggestion of musk so faint and elusive that the perfume would never have become anathema had it been produced by this vine alone. As the stream spread out on level ground and made swampy places, there were blue flags or iris, yellow primroses and a tangle of calceolaria, rank grasses, some with tiny blue flowers, with roses and other growths.

It was on the high ground that I preferred to roam. Every now and then in unexpected places, pushing up through the brown leaves, Indian pipes were to be found, and I never came upon the strange little ghostly growth without a thrill. Pipsissewa was equally unexpected—a pretty little plant with a delicate white flower, growing singly, no other of its kind in sight.

And these were in the woods. Along the edges, in the half-cleared places and in the corners of the fences were other blooms—meadow-lilies, goldenrod, pale purple asters, deep purple ironweed, white masses of Virgin's bower, or clematis, sunflowers, milkweed, elder bushes, St. John's wort, catnip, thistles, cardinal flowers and many more as the season came and went. Lanes and fence corners were treasure places to the child explorers who thought not of weeds.

In the later period of this happy time, botany was among my school studies, and one season I analyzed and classified a thousand plants and flowers, and then did not exhaust the field. Once, long after, an Indiana botanist who knew this particular Pennsylvania region well, told me that because of the peculiar conformation and conditions there—hill, valley, river, swamp—the bit of territory was far more than commonly rich in plant life. However that may be, I, at least, have never seen another place that approached it in the variety of its growths, but then, never have I known another forest so well! Most of the technicalities of botany were forgotten long ago, but the flowers and the woods are of yesterday.

Those woods had other charms. There was the small wild life—the squirrels, the chipmunks, the occasional woodchucks, the owls, the mourning doves, the woodpeckers, the pheasants whose drumming was often heard and which were seen more rarely. It was an event reported with delight at home when a pheasant hen and her brood of chicks had been discovered, and the mother, affecting disability, had limped away while the small brown birds vanished from sight against the brown leaves in a flash, only to be detected by the sharpest eyes.

In those woods, too, were many things edible. Trust a child to find whatever can be eaten or chewed, whatever his environment! There were wintergreens and checkerberries; there were sassafras root and slippery elm bark—invariably pronounced "ellum"; there were wild plums, wild grapes, haws, black and red; huckleberries, the dwarf sort, in dry sunny places; and nuts in abundance after frost came. There were—but all this is another story; I started to talk only of the flowers.

With the memory, vivid as it is, of the "dim, old forest" and the happy hours spent there, and with the knowledge that acquaintance with it put something into my life that has enriched it, and with which I would not willingly part, I have always maintained that the child who has no such experience and knows nothing of country life is deprived of a birthright and a great joy for which there can be no sufficient substitute. He misses not only a knowledge of nature's secrets, but the glimpses of the workings of that higher law "to which the whole creation moves."

In *Arbor and Bird Day*. By permission of the author.

LIFE

EMMA NUNEMACHER CARLETON

Sky-born, sky-guided, sky-returning race.
—YOUNG'S NIGHT THOUGHTS.

Sailor boy, sailor boy, where are you sailing?
Light is the breeze, and the waves toss free;
Prow to the East—and a glad dawn hailing;—
"Where God wills shall the harbor be."

Sailor boy, sailor boy, where are you sailing?
Dark hang clouds o'er a threatening sea;—
Prow to the West—and the sunset failing;
"Where God wills shall the harbor be."

LIGHTS ALONG SHORE

EMMA NUNEMACHER CARLETON

Lights along shore—oh—
  Bright gleams the wave;
Harbor lights—bridge lights—
  All lights meant to save;
Boat lights—and street lights—
  And shop lights shine clear;
Lights for man's succor—
  If far or if near;
Car lights—and head lights—
  Bright gleams on the wave;
Harbor lights—hearth lights—
  Dear lights meant to save!

THE SWEET O' THE YEAR

EMMA NUNEMACHER CARLETON

Come thou slowly, slowly, Spring,—
  Trail thy green robe down the hills;
Still thy tones and softly sing
  Dreams of music to the rills.

Come thou slowly, slowly, Spring,—
  Sift thy sunshine o'er the land;
Not too riotously fling
  All dear gifts at thy command.

Come thou slowly, slowly, Spring,—
  Stint thy bird-song, stay thy flower;
Ah, be wise and gracious; bring
  Lingering bliss to each brief hour.

WHO LOVES THE OPEN

BESSIE HENDRICKS

Who loves the Open—?
Summer-mild and wings a-whirring,
  Ah, the dew-sweet scent of morning
And the breath at sundown stirring!

Who loves the Open—?
Winter-wild with wind and weather,
  Till his wayward heart—the vagrant—
From the throng-ways slips its tether.

Who loves the Open—?
So I say it, hears forever,
  Though the din of traffic maddens
And its ceaseless hot endeavor,

Hears the eerie lilting voices
  Of the Fairy Folk, as dim
In the far-off dreamy woodlands
  They are ever calling him.

MORNING

MARIE L. ANDREWS

A glimmer of light in the east,
  A twitter of birds;
A mist in the air, a hush in the sky,
  A lowing of herds;
A sparkle on grass and flower,
  A dripping of leaves;

A flurry of larks in the air,
  A grasshopper's shrill;
The prattle of children awakened,
  A creak of the mill,—
A shepherd lad winding his horn,—
  And lo! it is morn!

A SERMON FROM THE LILY

GEORGE S. COTTMAN

This Sabbath morn the faint sound of far-off church bells reminds me that men are preparing for worship and supplication. From the remote end of a far-reaching vista, house roofs peeping from the trees show where the hamlet lies, as nested in a bower; the tower of the little church seems to beckon and its rhythmic tongue to call. But I heed not, for resting here in a watery nook, with my little boat held fast in the embrace of a thousand lily

pads, and the low, broad marshes all about, I faintly catch the prelude to a sermon not preached of man, and more subtle than yonder church can promise.

In the impenetrable thickets on either hand catbirds warble their fitful capriccios, and in the bosom of the marsh tiny warblers, feeble but sweet of note, trill their iterative hymns; from grassy arcades insects drone eerily; through the myriad swaying blades of green and the lance-like rushes the west wind whispers softly. Back of the little sounds lies the Sabbath silence, and over all the summer sunshine rests in benediction.

Over the face of the water, spreading from side to side of the little cove are the lily pads, one expanse of silvered green, and studding this are the great snowy lilies, each with its wealth of unfurled petals reaching upward into the sunshine, and with the sunshine caught and held in each golden heart. How peacefully they rest upon their lowly couch, seeming to speak of a perfect content! How the beauty of them bears in upon the spirit! so delicate, so pure, so exalted above the environment that gives them birth.

Peeping down into spaces between the cleft and fluted disks of green we look into a nether world that hints not of purity and beauty, but of tragic ugliness, where dense growths of aquatic plants contend for space to exist in, and the lily leaves, dragged down and drowned, as it seems, lie rotting, filling the water with impure motes, and death and decay mingle with life in its struggling, unlovely forms. Under all lie untold depths of foul slime, where the lilies strike their roots.

But up above, behold the lily, perfect and uncontami-

nated, every spotless petal, lifted clear of the impurities, reaching upward toward the sunshine, and with the sunshine in its heart!

Down there in dim grottoes fleeting forms of the pursuer and the pursued tell of the small monsters of the deep, and the ever-recurring sharp, quick snap upon the lily pad from beneath reminds one of the universal ravening fang. Not a wandering insect alights upon an upturned edge of those broad resting places but risks a fate as terrible as ever befell the victim of dragon. Little wot they, one and all, of peace and beauty, for here rages in small that cruel conflict that puzzles the intellect and cleaves, scimitar-like, through our finest feelings, and feeds the heart with doubts.

But, then, behold the lily, beautiful and untroubled amid the game of life and death; and—wondrous alchemy!—drawing its being from the death and ooze of the nether world.

Oh, modest, immaculate flower, what subtle message is thine? As one meditates upon thy loveliness he feels that yearning toward purity of soul that lies so near the fount of tears. And the heart—the heart of it! See those many tiny, delicate fingers of palest gold all trembling ecstatically as the caressing bee from fondling them comes forth laden with a wealth that leaves the lily no poorer. Breathe upon them ever so lightly and see how they respond. Is it not meet that the flower that symbolizes virginity should have a quivering heart? Do not touch it rudely. See, the bee has left no trace of harm.

And this from the midst of slime, of death and decay, and of cruel conflict!

Oh, ye makers of sermons who at this hour are instruct-

ing the world, how is it with you? Are you weaving in the hearts of men a spell such as this simple lily weaves in mine?

THE NECESSITY OF CLASS SPIRIT

NANNIE C. LOVE

Spirit is the leaven that fosters and keeps alive every organization. School would prove purposeless and dead without it and would be a mere institution of material things which would soon fade and perish. To progress, there must be an atmosphere of unrest, a reaching out, an ambition for something above and beyond things traditional and of the present.

The spirit of the times has always seemed to demand a rivalry that would encourage and better conditions. It is true in business, in politics, in the church, in social and professional life. The twentieth century school is responsible for having developed class distinction, furthered and invigorated by athletics especially.

The spirit thus encouraged is necessary and beneficial, and though it has run riot in many schools, it is giving us stronger and more capable men and women physically, with greater power of concentration, promptness of action and obedience to laws and conditions.

To quote from a well-known woman—"far more than the benefit to head and lungs and muscles is the subtler, deeper gain psychologically to those contesting in a game. To play the game through, every contestant and every spectator must be impressed by the strong necessity for self-control, the *right sort* of self-preservation, quick re-

action, the appreciation of others' rights, the ability or inability to act in harmony with others, recognition of the superiority of others, and the bearing of defeat or victory gracefully and graciously. It is as fine an art—this bearing of victory and defeat—as any within the range of ethics."

The true class spirit is the combined yearning and effort of each individual in the class to outstrip every other class gone before—not for the sake of flying a banner a little higher, but to raise the standard of scholarship, of physical development and to put ethics in a clearer light than ever before. It is to *do* better than any gone before, because this is the only way to help those to follow, it is the only way to be in harmony with the laws of the universe.

The disposition that would embarrass, inconvenience or cause suffering to others because of a class to which they belong, is the result of a small jealous nature, which permitted and fostered, retards the development of the offenders and their victims and when growth is retarded the individual is dead because the law of the universe is growth.

THE GIANT FRESHMAN

IRVING WILLIAMS

The first game of the season for Tippecanoe University was never one in which the outcome as to the winner was in doubt but it was always regarded as an important game as it gave an opportunity to get a line on the new men of the home team and to note possible improvement or de-

preciation on the part of the old men. There was good assurance, therefore, that when the Black and Orange faced the Fairview College eleven there would be full bleachers to cheer them on to victory.

The game was scheduled for the second Saturday after the arrival of Robert Wallace and there was considerable conjecture as to whether or not the big freshman would be put into this game. Those who believed that he would not reasoned, that as Hudson had been practising faithfully, he should be given a chance to appear in some games and especially where there could be no doubt as to the outcome and no possible loss could befall the banners of Tippecanoe.

Those who believed that Wallace would play declared that it was necessary that the school should know as soon as possible whether a real *find* had been made and, also, that as he had not played for so many years, all the opportunity possible should be given him to get seasoned before he was called to face the veterans that composed some of the more imposing teams whose names appeared later in the schedule.

The day arrived with perfect football weather. The crowds, as they gathered on the bleachers on either side of the field, seemed imbued with the exhilaration of the invigorating October atmosphere. The clear deep blue of the sky formed a dome overhead which met the horizon on every side without the blot of a cloud. It was still too early in the season for the distant haze which marks the near approach of wintry blasts.

Jaunty streamers of black and orange fluttered exultantly from the entire sweep of the bleachers on the north side of Webster Field and also from the end sections of

the south bleachers, while the center of the latter was reserved for the warlike red and white of Fairview. An hour before the game was scheduled to be called, the crowds had begun to arrive. The north bleachers were well filled at least thirty minutes before the time, and this interval was disposed of in the rhythmic responses to the commands of a gymnastic "yell" leader—no other than the patriotic and enthusiastic Barlow.

"T! U!—T! U!
Rah, Rah! Rah, Rah!
Whoo-rah! Whoo-rah!
Bully for Tippecanoe!"

This was old Tippecanoe's battle cry and it broke sharp and staccato-like across the field. Other yells were invented from year to year and waxed and waned in popularity, but the good old Tippecanoe yell was sure to hold its own in the hearts of the students; and the alumni who returned from time to time to join in festivities or anniversaries were always certain of opportunities to relieve their pent-up feelings in this well-remembered and triumphant war-cry.

"Oh, come on, fellows! Now give it as if you meant it," shouted the leader. "You act as if you were afraid you might strain your lungs. Now! All together: T! U! T! U!" and the frantic leader swayed back and forth with compelling fervor, his efforts being rewarded by more volume and more life on the part of his great chorus.

"That's better," commented the leader, as he put down his megaphone and walked over to the lower seats of the bleachers.

"Let's give 'em 'Wah, whoo!' " suggested a voice near the top.

"All right. Now everybody get in this," commanded Barlow as he stepped briskly back to his position where all could see him.

"Wah, whoo, wah!
Wah, whoo, wah!
Giddy, giddy, Tippe Tech,
Wah, whoo, wah!"

This was repeated several times before Barlow signaled the stop.

"Who's going to play center, Barlow?" asked a junior on the third row.

"Wait and see," answered Barlow.

"Don't you know?" demanded the junior.

"Wait and see."

The Fairview rooters had established themselves by this time and before further quizzing could be indulged, their challenge rang across the gridiron.

So the battle of yells continued until there was a sudden silence as the swiftly moving string of gray-clad warriors swept on to the field.

"There they are! There they are!" came the excited exclamations from the bleachers.

"It's our fellows," shouted Barlow. "Give 'em 'Tippecanoe!' " and the bleachers outdid all former performances in the vocal line.

The players began to pass the ball and limber up. Then the red and white sweaters of the Fairview team appeared and Tippecanoe was respectfully silent while the visitors gave their squad a hearty welcome.

"Pretty husky looking bunch of fellows, don't you think, Barlow?" asked the junior on the third row.

"Well, rather. They don't look much like the Fairview team we skinned last year."

"I've heard they have a number of new men. They must all be giants."

"We get the ball," exclaimed Barlow with intense interest as the little group about the referee broke up and the teams began to take their positions.

"Hudson's going to play center. See, he's placing the ball, and Wallace is going to the side lines," exclaimed the junior. "Say, Bar, on the square now, aren't they going to try out Wallace at all to-day?"

"Wait and see," said Barlow mysteriously.

The whistle sounded shrilly, the thump of a well-directed toe against a tightly inflated pigskin was heard and the game was on.

The Fairview quarter made a good catch of the ball, and, cleverly avoiding a tackle by Tippecanoe's fast right end, he brought the oval back twenty yards before he was downed.

Hardly had the ball been placed upon the ground before it was snapped and another ten yards was whirled through Tippecanoe's ragged line for a new first down.

Again the ball was snapped with lightning speed but Captain Finley was as quick, and when the Fairview left end came circling around the right he found his interference brushed aside and himself in the vigorous embrace of the Tippecanoe captain. One yard was gained, however, and the next rush gave another yard, but Tippecanoe had waked up and could hold them. Fairview,

realizing this, kicked and Tippecanoe got the ball, carrying it back to the center of the field before the runner was downed. But here Tippecanoe was destined to meet a surprise.

"2-11-42-7," signaled Captain Finley.

"Umph," grunted the mass of players as they piled up in a heap with no gain. According to Finley's calculations a wide hole should have been forced between center and right guard, through which the full-back could have made at least five yards and possibly more. But the hole did not materialize and it was the first down, with ten yards to gain.

Finley thrust his hand viciously through his mop of hair as he sprang to his place but gave the signal as he ran. "Play fast, fellows," he muttered as they leaped to their positions. The ball was snapped and he took it, his position being right half-back. Quick as he was he barely got under way when he was tackled in his tracks by the Fairview quarter-back, who seemed to spring out of the ground at his very feet. He then tried the left half-back with the same startling result.

There was nothing left for Tippecanoe to do but to kick and Finley gave the signal. The full-back dropped back. Finley and the left half-back took their positions as interference for the full-back. Hudson snapped the ball, but as the quarter caught and passed it an avalanche of crimson and white seemed to pour over Hudson and the quarter, who were thrust aside like children. Finley and the left half threw themselves in the way and barely succeeded in checking the invaders sufficiently to give the full-back a chance to kick. As it was, the kick was a

high one and with but little distance to it. Consequently the ball was the enemy's and when downed, was nearly on a line with the point from which it was kicked.

"Can't you hold him, Hud?" anxiously whispered Finley as he passed the center.

"Sure I can," was the angry reply.

"Then do it," ordered Finley.

By backing up the center the ball was held for downs; but Tippecanoe did little better and, as time crawled on, it became apparent that Fairview was not to be such an easy lunch after all. Furthermore, when the first half ended the ball was well within Tippecanoe territory and ground was being steadily lost.

After intermission, following the kick-off there was but little noticeable difference between the first ten minutes of the second half and the first half. Tippecanoe confined her efforts to end runs while Fairview hammered away at center, but not with the ground-gaining results before experienced. Then Finley seemed to have decided upon a definite course of action. When Tippecanoe next got the ball, he gave the signal, "2-11-42-7." This time when the full-back arrived with the ball he found a wide opening ready for him and he shot through for a ten-yards gain.

The north bleachers went wild.

"Did you see that?" demanded one student as he pounded his neighbor hilariously upon the back. "You could have driven a load of hay through that hole!"

Tippecanoe lined up with alacrity and another five yards was added through the same hole. Eight yards followed, gained between center and left guard.

"What's the matter with Wallace?" yelled Barlow.

"He's all right!" roared the bleachers.

"Who's all right?"

"Wallace!"

Finley tried an end run the next time, anticipating that unusual defense might be expected at center, but he failed to make a gain. He then attempted to drill a hole between left tackle and guard but lost again. Another try at the same spot met with a like result. The goal was only twenty yards away but the ball was too much at one side to make a field kick which would have to be against the wind. There were three downs and eight yards to gain, yet it seemed a pity to lose the ball when the goal was so near. The play was to kick but he suddenly made a desperate resolve.

Upon signal, the full-back dropped back. The ball was snapped; the quarter-back passed it, not to the full-back, but to Finley, who plunged against the broad back of Wallace who was breaking through the line as was his play on the signal given—a fake kick. Just as Finley felt a passage was clearing for him, a vicious blow from behind, given by one of the Fairview players who had run around the scrimmage, knocked the ball flying from under his arm and it bounded over the backs of the players in front of him.

With the sight of the ball in such jeopardy he felt the body of Wallace unbend like a great steel spring. The big center gave a leap which carried him completely clear of the mass about him and before the rest realized what was happening he had the ball and was speeding for the goal posts. The Fairview full-back alone stood in his path and, crouching like a tiger, he sprang for a tackle as Wallace bore down upon him. The two crashed

to the ground five feet from the goal line but Wallace was on his knees and then half-way to his feet and, despite the struggling resistance of his lighter opponent, staggered the remaining distance and planted the ball safely on the scoring side of the white line before a half dozen white and crimson players downed him. This was the only score made and the man who made it was carried from the field on the shoulders of an admiring and shouting mob, much to his very evident embarrassment.

From *Big Wallace*. Copyright. By permission of D. Appleton & Company.

THE UGLY STEM

SARA MESSING STERN

Once upon a time, deep down under the surface of a pond, there lived an ugly stem. All around her were creeping worms and mud and darkness. But because she dreamed of sunshine and blue skies, birds and flowers and of all the wonders and beauty in the world above her, she made up her mind to grow toward the light.

The worms twisted themselves around the stem and dragged her down but she breathed a prayer for patience and courage and tried again. After many, many days of constant effort she reached the top. And her courage, her patience, her hopes, her dreams, all had blossomed into the perfect beauty and the fragrant sweetness of a water lily.

Smart Set, November, 1913.

THE TUFTED TITMOUSE

WILLIAM WATSON WOOLLEN

The range of the tufted titmouse extends throughout the eastern United States, north to the Connecticut Valley and southern Michigan and west to central Nebraska and Texas. They are irregular migrants. Most of them remain throughout the year when they have taken up their abode. They nest in woodpecker and knot holes and other cavities, generally five to thirty feet from the ground.

"Then to some tall tree's bole, hollow,
If his flight your eyes but follow,
There, the curious crowd evading,
You may find his partner brooding
Eggs with thin shells, tinted, creamy,
Lilac, rufous, hinting dreamy
Forethought of the life abiding,
Songless yet, within them hiding.

"And forsaking each great singer,
If you'll for a moment linger
With your thoughts on him, you'll hear him,
Warbling to the wifey near him:
'Peter, Peter! who is neater,
Prettier, wiser, or discreeter,
Than you are, dear heart? I greet ye!
Peter, peter, te, te, te, te!' "

Some of the names of the tufted titmouse are crested titmouse, crested tomtit, Peter-Peter and sugar bird. The

adult male and female are alike in size, contour, color and appearance. Both have conspicuous crests and a bill which is black; tongue very short, truncate and ending with three or four sharp points; eye, dark hazel; lores, white; gray above, whitish below, with sides of reddish brown; wing feathers relieved with dusky on their inner vanes; tail, a little forked, considerably concave below and of the same color as the back.

Their food consists entirely of insects, their eggs and larvæ, and for this reason they are of our most useful birds. At Somerleaze, they have shown themselves to be very busy workers in our orchard and I have been much interested in watching them go over our elms for insects and worms on the leaves. In doing this, they catch a limb with their feet and swing with their heads downward, so as to be able to inspect the under side of the leaves. One Sunday afternoon in 1900, a pair of them brought their young ones to the trees on our front lawn and this gave me an excellent opportunity to observe them from the veranda with a glass. The young ones seemed larger than their parents, and such voracious appetites as they did have!

The parents worked faithfully all that afternoon and did nothing but feed their hungry progeny. One of the trees was a very large wild cherry and in it was a nest of ten caterpillars. The titmice discovered it, attacked it, and destroyed every caterpillar in it. It was interesting to watch them do it. They would fly to the nest, catch a caterpillar and fly with it to a limb close by, macerate it and then fly to one of their young and give the caterpillar to it. During that afternoon, I think they

went over every tree on the lawn, and there were many of them, hunting for insects and worms for their young ones.

One who has not been reared in the country and has not enjoyed the many pleasures of sugar making, is without some of the things which help to make the after memories of life most delightful. It is in sugar making time that everything is opening to new life. Spring is getting ready to put on the green that makes May and June the most delightful months of the year. It is in the spring, in the language of the psalmist, that we have "showers that water the earth." And who has not enjoyed these showers? It is at this time that the drops of water falling into the pools and rivulets make air globules like halves of soap bubbles, and our shadows are reflected, mirror-like, in the water. It is at this time of year that the drying leaves rustle as we walk through them gathering the sugar water. And how delightful the memory of neighborhood parties at night about the furnace of the sugar camp from which the stirring-off was being made for the wax-pulling which was to follow. It is in sugar making time that we as children go hunting for that delicious bulbous edible, the turkey-pea, or pepper and salt. Among the plants it is the pretty little harbinger of spring. It is in sugar making time that the tufted titmouse is in full song. It is then that his song is "that sugary sap-rising call to 'Peter-Peter-Peter' to get out his spiles and water-troughs. It is then that their clear, loud whistle of "peto-peto-peto" may be heard at Buzzard's Roost, for we have many of them there. It is then,

"When summer's birds are bringing
  Their clear concerted singing,
Singing gladder, gladder, gladder in their glees;
  When finches and the thrushes
  Make vocal all the bushes,
And the lark his note of morning welcome
      frees—
  I hear no meter sweeter
  Than 'Peter-Peter-Peter,'
That the Peter-bird is singing in the trees."

These delightful birds are very inquisitive and sociable. They rather enjoy the company of man. At Somerleaze an elm tree stands so close to the house that the limbs almost overhang the back porch. Here I have frequently sat in the afternoon and whistled to the titmice to come. They would be over in the orchard, and hearing my whistle, would come as near me as the closest limbs would permit, and look inquiringly at me, as much as to say, "Here we are; what do you want with us?" And then I wished that I could tell them that I wanted their companionship. I sometimes feel that it is a hardship that all animal life can not communicate with each other. Would there not be less wrong inflicted then? Would a man kill a bird if it could say, "Sir, will you not spare my life? Have I done you any wrong? Have I not been your friend?"

From *Birds of Buzzard's Roost*. Copyright, author, 1907.

HAPPINESS

NELLY COLFAX SMITH

Within the garden of my heart
A flower blows
That thralls with perfume, and with tints
Enchanting glows.

Those passing by, say enviously,
"O would that this
Rare flower were mine, but not for me
Possession's bliss."

They know not that the seed was sown
With trembling fears
In sorrow's soil, and nurtured by
My secret tears.

THE ENEMY

LOUISA FLETCHER CONNELY

You shall not come between me and the light,
You shall not block the path my soul has set.
Though I must lift and bear you all the way,
Though I must seize and bind you to my side,
I'll wear you as the warrior wears his shield;
You shall not come between me and the light.

As, at the last, my brother you shall be,
We shall go on together till the end.
Though you may strike, and striking, see me fall,
Though you escape me for a certain space,
I shall arise and overtake your feet,
For at the last my brother you shall be.

All men are greater than the deeds they do.
My love is greater than your utmost hate.
Though each may struggle in his separate cause,
Though we be blind to understand the fray,
We shall achieve our brotherhood at last,
For men are greater than the deeds men do.

Smart Set, November, 1913.

TO ITALY

WILLIAM DUDLEY FOULKE

Fair land, all hearts are captive unto thee!
  Thy casket holdeth every jewel rare
  Wherewith God decks the world; thy golden air
Laden with languid joy; the sapphire sea
That doth enfold thy shores; the mystery
  Of opalescent clouds above the green
  Of emerald hills, with crystal lakes between;
Thy peaks, ice-crowned in glittering majesty!
Nor Nature fair, alone, but history
  With every scene her subtle charm doth twine,
Doth fill each grove with some bright memory,
  And in each wall some precious deed enshrine,
While we are bound in the soft witchery
  Of beauty, music, song and art divine.

THE TREE KING

BLANCHE BLOOR SCHLEPPEY

Once, far away on a Norwegian hill where many great Pine trees grew, there towered a mighty Pine which all the other trees had come to regard as their King and gave to him the name of Riga. The age of this tree was shrouded in mystery, but his birth was generally supposed to be coeval with the primitive period of the earth's formation.

By a strange freak of nature, the Pine-Tree King was isolated from the other trees on the Hill and stood like a sentinel on his snowy height, surrounded by an open circular space. The sun descended and shone as if with a special radiance upon the evergreen robe of this monarch of the woods, and as all of the trees stood very much in awe of him, the Tree-King was lonely in his majesty, and he kept silently aloof, glancing coldly down upon his less-favored companions.

A very, very tiny baby Fir Tree, whose name was Sylvestris, grew just at the edge of the open space not far from the Pine-Tree King, and when this little tree was old enough to begin to observe things he discovered that none of the tall trees wanted to talk to him because he was so very small. Then he began to notice that they did not talk to the Pine-Tree King, and he concluded it was because he was so very tall. Then, by a funny little method he had of putting this and that together, he discovered the great secret that there existed a bond of sympathy between himself and the proud Tree-King, and

finally he decided to speak to him and make him an offer of his friendship.

"My, oh my!" he confided to his friend the North Wind, who sometimes paused nearby to take a breath. "My, oh my! how splendid the Pine-Tree King is! It almost makes my head go round just to look at him. But I'm sure he must be very friendless away up there, for even the stars are too far off to talk to him, and one must talk to some one."

Then he unfolded a little plan to the North Wind, who promised to help him carry it out, and thus it came about that one night after all the trees had gone to sleep, Sylvestris presented himself to the notice of the King of the wood. His voice was as small as his tiny body, but Sylvestris, knowing nothing of royalty, was not afraid of it, so he shook his little needles vigorously and the friendly North Wind carried his little message right up to Riga's very heart.

"Dear, tall, proud Pine," he whispered, "I suppose you have never looked down here on me, but I have been watching you for a long time, and I know you are lonely, and have no folks nor any little child to love you. But don't you worry any more, for I am nobody's baby and I have decided to belong to you. And every night when Friend Wind is not too busy, I will call up to you and tell you all the news, for the Pine trees do gossip a great deal, and this will keep you from being so lonely. And, don't forget, little Sylvestris loves you!"

Then the Wind flew away on another errand and the Pine-Tree King heard no more. But a great wave of emotion swept his giant frame. These were the first words of love he had ever heard, and the cold pale Moon

saw his branches quiver until the little caps of snow that lay sleeping there went a-rocking so suddenly that they almost tumbled from their dizzy cradles.

So, night after night, when the Wind came by, little Sylvestris sent his cheery message of love up to the mighty Riga. And though never a word came back to him in reply, the little Fir Tree had the secret joy of loving and serving the Pine-Tree King and as the years came and went in their dull monotony, undiscouraged, he continued his silent offering of companionship to his proud friend on the hill.

But one day there was a great chattering among the Norwegian Pines because it had been whispered that something very exciting was about to happen. The North Wind had brought the news that the King of Norway was coming himself that day to inspect all the Pines of the forest. Just why, they did not learn, but it was a great event, so the trees put on their liveliest appearance and stood silent and stately as the King passed them by. He looked upon them with pride for they were a part of his Kingdom, but he had no word to say. Slowly he reviewed them, then turned to his head Forester:

"These trees are prime," said the King, "only," and there was a note of disappointment in his tone, "I fear there is no one of them large enough for my purpose."

"There is still one other tree which your majesty has not seen," said the Forester sadly, for Riga, the Pine-Tree King, was the pride of his wooded domain, and he would gladly have spared him the destroying ax.

"Lead me to it," commanded the King.

Then as they stood looking up at the illustrious Pine, little Sylvestris, who was watching eagerly, saw the

King's countenance light up with a great glow of pride and joy.

"Why, Forester, this fellow is magnificent, a very King among trees! He, of all the pines that I have seen upon the Norwegian hills, is alone worthy to serve as the mast of our great warship which we are building to safeguard the nation. Let this tree be hewn to-morrow to serve our royal purpose and may it ever lead us to honorable and invincible victory!"

The Forester bowed so low that the King did not observe the tear that fell for the noble life of the grand old tree.

Little Sylvestris, hearing the King's mandate, felt his heart die within him. To live without his beloved Riga, his self-adopted father, was a possibility that had never occurred to him, and his little branches began to droop toward the ground, and the North Wind heard him moaning as if his heart would break. The King and the Forester had started for the royal carriage, when all at once the King paused.

"By the way, Forester," he said, "I had almost forgotten the Queen's commission. Have you here, in your pine-woods, a comely little fir-tree which will serve my baby, the prince, for his first Christmas Tree?"

Suddenly, and without warning, the Forester felt his hand pricked aggressively from the rear by the needles of the small Fir Tree, and turning he saw Sylvestris, whose sides were bulging with pride, his whole attitude one of expectant attention.

"Why—yes, your Majesty," the Forester stammered reluctantly, "here is one. This little fellow is the most symmetrical fir tree in the whole forest. Many people

have wanted him, my Lord, but I could not bear to see him felled. He seemed so tiny and helpless."

"Your judgment is sound and your sentiment does you credit, good Forester," was the King's reply. "But the little prince must have his Christmas Tree. So let the little Fir Tree be also hewn and sent in on the sled with the giant Pine. Your forest has well met our royal needs and our gratitude shall not be lacking."

That night little Sylvestris was still gleefully rattling his tiny needles, which was his way of laughing, when his friend the North Wind came to waft for him the wonderful news up to Riga, the Pine-Tree King. Riga listened silently, as he always did, without giving any evidence that he heard a word. But Sylvestris was sure he did, and just as the Wind had delivered all the story and was preparing to descend, a strange thing happened. The Tree-King spoke:

"Little Fir Tree," he said, and his voice made the sweetest pine-tree music Sylvestris had ever heard. "Little Tree, for years you have given me your love. I have returned your devotion with silence because your language was new to me and I could not voice it. I go to fill a royal position and I shall be wrought and welded into the dignity and honor of the Kingdom while you will probably be thrown upon the rubbish-heap when your work is done. But though you are the smallest tree in the forest and I am King of the Norwegian Pines, yet you are greater than I, for yours is the unselfish heart of that love which serves for love's sake, without the hope of reward. To-day we must part, but in future ages, when the tongues of trees shall have learned the speech of men, we shall know and labor together in the great law

of loving service for the welfare of the children of earth. Till then, as a father loves his first-born son, I shall hold you in the silence of my heart."

Friend Wind ended the message so fitfully that several of the older Pine trees awakened suddenly at the noise, and one of them said he was sure he had heard the North Wind sobbing as he hurried away over the hills. But how could that be, another tree contended, when there was really nothing to sob about!

And while the trees were trying to settle it, the little Fir Tree and the proud Pine-Tree King fell asleep in the joy of an infinite understanding, while the little caps of snow rocked gently in their lofty cradles, and the Moon kept her loving mother-watch over one Norwegian hill.

THE ORCHARD OF PALMS

GENERAL LEW WALLACE

Beyond the village the country was undulating and cultivated; in fact, it was the garden-land of Antioch, with not a foot lost to labor. The steep faces of the hills were terraced; even the hedges were brighter of the trailing vines which, besides the lure of shade, offered passers-by sweet promises of wine to come and grapes in clustered purple ripeness. Over melon-patches and through apricot and fig-tree groves and groves of oranges and limes, the white-washed houses of the farmers were seen; and everywhere Plenty, the smiling daughter of Peace, gave notice by her thousand signs that she was at home, making the generous traveler merry at

heart, until he was even disposed to give Rome her dues. Occasionally, also, views were had of Taurus and Lebanon, between which, a separating line of silver, the Orontes placidly pursued its way.

In course of their journey the friends came to the river, which they followed with the windings of the road, now over bold bluffs and then into vales, all alike allotted for country-seats; and if the land was in full foliage of oak and sycamore and myrtle and bay and arbutus and perfuming jasmine, the river was bright with slanted sunlight, which would have slept where it fell but for ships in endless procession, gliding with the current, tacking for the wind, or bounding under the impulse of oars —some coming, some going, and all suggestive of the sea and distant peoples and famous places and things coveted on account of their rarity. To the fancy there is nothing so winsome as a white sail seaward blown, unless it be a while sail homeward bound, its voyage happily done. And down the shore the friends went continuously till they came to a lake fed by back-water from the river, clear, deep and without current. An old palm-tree dominated the angle of the inlet; turning to the left at the foot of the tree, Malluch clapped his hands and shouted:

"Look, look! The Orchard of Palms!"

The scene was nowhere else to be found unless in the favored oases of Arabia or the Ptolemæan farms along the Nile; and to sustain a sensation new as it was delightful, Ben-Hur was admitted into a tract of land apparently without limit and level as a floor. All under foot was fresh grass, in Syria the rarest and most beautiful production of the soil; if he looked up, it was to see the sky palely blue through the groinery of countless date-

bearers, very patriarchs of their kind, so numerous and old and of such mighty girth, so tall, so serried, so wide of branch, each branch so perfect with fronds, plumy and wax-like and brilliant, they seemed enchanters enchanted. Here was the grass coloring the very atmosphere; there the lake, cool and clear, rippling but a few feet under the surface and helping the trees to their long life in old age. Did the Grove of Daphne excel this one? and the palms, as if they knew Ben-Hur's thought and would win him after a way of their own, seemed, as he passed under their arches, to stir and sprinkle him with dewy coolness.

The road wound in close parallelism with the shore of the lake; and when it carried the travelers down to the water's edge there was always on that side a shining expanse limited not far off by the opposite shore, on which, as on this one, no tree but the palm was permitted.

"See that," said Malluch, pointing to a giant of the place, "each ring upon its trunk marks a year of its life. Count them from root to branch, and if the sheik tells you the grove was planted before the Seleucidæ were heard of in Antioch, do not doubt him."

One may not look at a perfect palm-tree but that, with a subtlety all its own, it assumes a presence for itself and makes a poet of the beholder. This is the explanation of the honors it has received, beginning with the artists of the first kings, who could find no form in all the earth to serve them so well as a model for the pillars of their palaces and temples.

A PRAYER

MAX EHRMANN

Let me do my work each day; and if the darkened hours of despair overcome me, may I not forget the strength that comforted me in the desolation of other times. May I still remember the bright hours that found me walking over the silent hills of my childhood, or dreaming on the margin of the quiet river, when a light glowed within me and I promised my early God to have courage amid the tempests of the changing years. Spare me from bitterness and from the sharp passions of unguarded moments. May I not forget that poverty and riches are of the spirit. Though the world know me not, may my thoughts and actions be such as shall keep me friendly with myself. Lift my eyes from the earth, and let me not forget the uses of the stars. Forbid that I should judge others, lest I condemn myself. Let me not follow the clamor of the world, but walk calmly in my path. Give me a few friends who will love me for what I am; and keep ever burning before my vagrant steps the kindly light of hope. And though age and infirmity overtake me, and I come not within sight of the castle of my dreams, teach me still to be thankful for life and for time's olden memories that are good and sweet; and may the evening's twilight find me gentle still.

BRIGHT HOURS

MARGARET ANN HUSTED

"I mark the hours that shine." So runs the legend graven
Upon an old sun-dial in a garden by the sea;
In a fair Italian garden, where it long has told the story,
That it tells to-day, O friend, for you and me.
Where the sky is blue above it and the golden sunbeams fall
Over all the pleasant garden, sweet with thyme and gay with flowers;
When the birds' glad carols echo songs of children at their play.
Silently the gnomon shadow marks the swiftly flying hours.

And when song and play are ended, and the birds and children sleep,
And the garden all is silent in the moonbeams' silver light,
Save for fountain water falling with a sound of summer rain,
Fainter shadows on the dial mark the quiet hours of night.
But when clouds and tempests gather o'er the garden by the sea,
And the bees and birds and children all have left their work and play,
And the winter rain is falling on dead leaves and withered flowers,
Then the dial marks no moment of the long and dreary day.

Let us take to heart the lesson that the dial mutely gives
Unto all who heed its teachings; let us count life's pleasant hours,
Count its many treasures given, count the blessings that it brings,
Gather all its golden harvests; gather all its wayside flowers.
And when shadows gather round us, and the summer days are fled,
When our hearts grow faint with longing for the friends we loved of yore,
And the wintry rain is falling on the graves of buried hopes,
Let us leave the days uncounted till the sun shines out once more.

VOICES OF MORNING

SAMANTHA WHIPPLE SHOUP

Far in the dewy east a purple line,
Above a golden gleam is growing clear,
While faint and silver-pale the planets shine,
The voices of the morning hours I hear.

A throbbing chant at first awakens me,
Monotonous, but full and grand and deep,
As if the silent waves of prairie sea
Talked of the far-off ocean in their sleep.

And through the prairie fowl's unchanging bass,
The cry of wild geese, flying to the north,
A ghost of sound, wide wandering through space,
Where high they lead their winged armies forth.

Now chirps and twitters chase the flying dark,
  And soon the chorus rises full and strong,
The thrilling sweetness of the meadow lark,
  The thrush's rich and ever-varying song.

The hearty call from robin's honest throat,
  The bobolink's wild jubilant acclaim,
The oriole's triumphant bugle-note,
  The scarlet tanager, a singing flame!

Higher and higher floods the morning gold,
  Hush, one by one, the winged songsters bright,
Till all their minstrel music manifold
  Is silenced, drowned and swept away in light!

A VISIT TO THE PYRAMID OF CHEOPS

GEORGE ADE

During the first three days in Cairo a brilliant and original plan of action had been outlining itself in my mind. At last I could keep it to myself no longer, so I told Mr. Peasley.

"Do you know what I am going to do?" I asked.

Mr. Peasley did not.

"I am going to write up the Pyramids. I am going to tell who built them and how long it took and how many blocks of stone they contain. I shall have myself photographed sitting on a camel and holding an American flag. Also, I shall describe in detail the emotions that surge within me as I stand in the shadow of the Sphinx

and gaze up at that vast and imperturbable expanse of face."

"It's a great scheme," said Mr. Peasley, "but you've been scooped. They've been written up already."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, sir; the whole outfit of Pyramids has been described in a special article by a man named Herodotus."

"How long since?"

"About 470 B. C."

He produced a guide book and proved that he was right. All the things that I had been getting ready to say about the Pyramids had been said by Herodotus. He had been there ahead of me—just two thousand three hundred and seventy-six years ahead of me. In daily newspaper competition, when some man gets his news twenty-four hours ahead of another one, he is proud of his "beat" and is the hero of the office for fifteen or twenty minutes. But think of trailing along twenty-four centuries behind a Greek space writer! It took all the starch out of me.

Mr. Peasley suggested that inasmuch as considerable time had elapsed since the appearance of the first write-up, possibly the average reader would have only a dim recollection of it and accept my account as brand new stuff. But I knew better. I knew that some old subscriber, with a complete file put away in the bureau, would rise up and draw the deadly parallel on me. All I can safely do in regard to the Pyramids is touch up a few points overlooked by my predecessor.

Herodotus, by the way, had quite a time in Egypt. At that time Shepheard's Hotel was not in operation, although it must have been under way, and no round-trip

tickets were being issued by Cook, so Herodotus had to do his own booking and put up at a boarding house. In Memphis, which is now a fragmentary suburb of Cairo, Herodotus engaged a guide. He does not tell us how much he paid, but he does give us a line on the character of the dragoman, who was full of superfluous and undesirable information, but who fell down when asked to divulge facts of real importance. This proves that the breed has not changed since 500 B. C.

The guide took Herodotus out to the Pyramids and filled him up. It is now believed that most of what Herodotus sent back was merely hearsay, but it made good reading. The Pyramids had been standing some two thousand years, and any information in regard to their origin could hardly come under the head of personal recollections. Whatever Herodotus had to say about the Pyramids is now accepted as gospel, in spite of the fact that he never saw them until twenty centuries after the last block had been put in place and Cheops had taken possession of the tomb chambers. Rather late for a grand opening.

When he arrived at the Great Pyramid he stepped it off and put down the dimensions, and then he remarked to some natives standing around that it must have been quite a job to build a tomb of that size. They said yes; it had been a big contract, and as the work had been completed only two thousand years they were enabled to go into details. They gave Herodotus a fine layout of round figures. They said that one hundred thousand men had worked on the job and the time required was thirty years —ten years to build the road and the huge incline for bringing the blocks of stone into place, and then twenty

years to quarry the stone and transport it across the Nile and the valley. The stone cutters worked all the year and during the three months' inundation, when farming was at a standstill, the entire rural population turned out, just as they would at a husking bee or a barn raising, and helped Cheops build his tomb. They did this year after year for thirty years, until they had piled up two million three hundred thousand blocks of stone, each containing forty cubic feet.

Herodotus discovered some large hieroglyphics on the face of the Pyramid and asked the guide for a translation. It is now supposed that the guide could not read. Any one with education or social standing would not have been a guide, even in that remote period. But this guide wanted to appear to be earning his salary and be justified in demanding a tip, so he said that the inscription told how much garlic and onions the laborers had consumed while at work on the job, and just how much these had cost. Herodotus put it all down in his notebook without batting an eye.

"How much did they spend for onions and garlic?" he asked, poising his pencil. The guide waited for a moment, so that his imagination could get a running start, and then he replied, "They cost one thousand six hundred talents of silver."

Now, that sum in talents is equivalent, under modern computation, to three hundred and fifty thousand English pounds, or one million seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Think of a million dollars' worth of garlic! Try to imagine the bouquet that permeated the desert when one hundred thousand men who had been eating garlic began to call for more bricks and mortar!

Herodotus told his story and got away with it. By the time the next letter-writing traveler came along, a good many centuries later, the outer casing of the Pyramid had been stripped off and the inscription had disappeared. His story has stood because he was there ahead of the rest of us and saw the marks with his own eyes and had them translated by a ten-cent guide.

Marco Polo, Mark Twain and all the other great travelers of history love to tell tall ones once in a while, but the garlic story by Herodotus will doubtless be regarded as a record performance for a long time to come.

Cheops was probably the most successful contractor in history. It is estimated that he really did work one hundred thousand men in the building of the great Pyramid, as related by Herodotus, and that he must have devoted at least thirty years to the big undertaking. During all that time he never had a strike or even a clash with the walking delegate. All he had to do was to give orders and the entire population obeyed him. Everybody worked but Cheops. He didn't even pay salaries. It is true that in a spirit of generosity he set out a free lunch for the laborers—about two million dollars' worth of garlic and onions. If he had tried to feed them on quail, probably he would have gone broke.

The great Pyramid at Ghizeh, its two smaller companions and the Sphinx are on a rocky plateau five miles to the west of Cairo. There is a bee-line road across the lowlands. It is a wide and graded thoroughfare, set with acacia trees, and as you ride out by trolley or carriage you look up at the Pyramids, and when you are still three miles away they seem to be at least a half mile distant.

At the end of the avenue and at the foot of the hill there is a hotel, and from this point one may climb or else charter a dumb animal. We were pining for Oriental extravagance and new sensations, so we engaged camels. The venerable animal allotted to me creaked at every joint as it slowly rose into the air on the instalment plan, a foot or two at a time. We had come thousands of miles to see the Pyramids, and for the next ten minutes we were so busy hanging on to those undulating ships of the desert that we overlooked even the big Pyramid, which was spread out before us seven hundred and fifty feet wide and four hundred and fifty feet high. Riding a camel is like sitting on a high trestle that is giving way at the joints and is about to collapse. The distance from the ground is probably about ten feet, but you seem to be fifty feet in the air. As soon as we could escape from the camels we walked around and gazed in solemn silence at the Sphinx and the three Pyramids and doubtless thought all of the things that were appropriate to the time and place.

The great Pyramid of Cheops has been advertised so extensively that many people will be surprised to learn that there is a whole flock of Pyramids on this plateau on the edge of the Libyan desert. There are Pyramids to the north and Pyramids to the south, five groups in all, sixty of them, and they vary in size from a stingy little mound looking like an extinct lime kiln up to the behemoth specimen which is photographed by every Cook tourist.

The reason that Cheops has the biggest Pyramid is that he held office longer than the others. If Methuselah

had been a Pyramid builder he would have been compelled to put up a tomb probably a mile and a half high and about eleven miles around the base.

Just as I am about to conclude this treatise it occurs to me that, although I have given a wealth of information regarding the Pyramids, I have rather overlooked our old friend the Sphinx. I can only say in passing that it looks exactly like the printed advertisements. There is no deception about it. It is in a bad state of repair, but this is not surprising when we consider its age. Herodotus does not mention the Sphinx. It was right there at the time, in fact it had been there fourteen hundred years when he arrived. It seems strange that an observing traveler should have overlooked a monument sixty-six feet high, with a face nearly fourteen feet wide, a nose five feet and seven inches long, and wearing a smile that measures over seven feet! Herodotus either walked by without seeing it or else he did not think it worthy of mention. The only plausible explanation is that he was too busy figuring up the garlic statistics.

From *In Pastures New.* By permission of and arrangement with Doubleday, Page & Company.

SEPTEMBER

ELIZABETH FLETCHER

Soft through the grasses the gay wind is blowing,
  Down in the meadow the golden-rod sways,
Far o'er the hillside, I hear drowsy lowing,
  Hazy-sweet, lazy-sweet, September days!

Up in the tree-top a sleepy bird twitters,
  Down in the orchard her happy mate sings,
From the far meadows where autumn grain glitters,
  The song of the harvester echoes and rings.

O silver-grey world, and O sunset, above you,
  Goldenly hazy to left and to right,
O clear crystal stars, and O moon, how I love you!
  Shimmering, glimmering September night!

JAPAN'S GLORIOUS MOUNTAINS

DELIGHT SWEETSER

We went from Yokohama by rail and tramway and riksha to a lovely place up in the mountains called Myanoshita, where the scenery and the peasants suggest Switzerland at every turn. Indeed, there is no place in the country where we have been that the scenery is not beautiful and the people quaint and picturesque.

The tramway took us eight miles through a long winding village street, sometimes varied by avenues of bending pines, and when we got to the end it was dark. A crowd of coolies were waiting for us, each riksha decorated with a bulbous paper lantern, and after tea at the tea house we climbed into the rikshas and started for Myanoshita, leaving the tea house girls bent double with polite bows and smiling "Sayonaras." We rode for several hours up the mountains before we saw the gleaming lights of the Fuji Ya Hotel. It was a strange experience for us, even in Japan, the black darkness, the swaying

s, the eerie shadows of passers-by, all armed like elves with big paper lanterns. The cool night breeze invigorating, and there was a song of mountain tor- ; in the air. The great black slopes rose so straight nd us that we had to throw back our heads to see stars.

ıe Fuji Ya is a fine hotel, with fine hot baths straight ı the boiling springs. The excursions that can be e from this place are many. One day we went up ıe Ojigoku pass and had a grand view of Fuji, just ıe sun was sinking to the horizon. We started in a ıa over a road that was very rough for the first mile wo, but it afterward grew better and we rodè with : comfort. As we mounted above the timber line we a vista of gaunt treeless peaks that shone like silver e sunlight. In spite of the metallic glint, they had a :ty, changeable tone which we discovered was given raving fields of a sort of pampas grass that grows up to the summits. After we left the rikshas we ged ourselves up the rockiest, steepest mountain path we've yet met—three full miles at an angle of at least r degrees. One of the big gulches, known as the Hell, was full of a sulphurous steam rising in clouds ı fissures in the rock. High up toward the summit rossed a comparatively level spot where our guide ıed us to follow exactly in his footsteps, and then ahead, striking the ground with his staff to make it would bear his weight. The hollow crust resounded ı drum, leaving us in unpleasant certainty how far we d drop if it caved in. It is in this place that too ıresome travelers have lost their lives. I have not 'elt an earthquake shock in this country so talented

in that line, and though I have had my head filled with enough gruesome tales of them to make me wake up in the night with the shivers, I have really been wishing that Mother Earth would favor me with an experience. However, when I was walking across that slippery hollow apology for terra firma, the thought of those gigantic mountains swaying on their foundations with little myself trying to stick to them gave me such a start that I hoped that the interesting earthquake shock would be indefinitely postponed. A little later we crawled along the edge of a spongy cliff, where my bamboo stick sank three or four inches in the vari-colored earth at every step, climbed a last short incline, and there glorious Fujiyama burst upon our view. We had seemed at the tiptop of loneliness, but there stretched its lofty, silent slopes far above us, away into cloudland. The sun was not shining directly upon it and there was a soft haze in the atmosphere that made the lower part of the cone a purplish shadow, and through which the upper diadem of snow shone dimly.

A range of lower mountains hid the base of Fuji from our view, but just above them, bordering the purple shadows of the cone, lay bank after bank of fleecy clouds shining white and tipped with pinkish gold where the sun reached them, melting into delicate grays beyond his beams. Peerless Fujiyama! No wonder her countrymen adore and worship her. We have not half appreciated her as yet. You will know that I was at least enthusiastic when I tell you that I arose at five o'clock next morning to see the Fuji in the opal tints of dawn.

Fuji and the bay were lovely as we passed them in the afternoon. The mountain had that same low-lying

cloud across her slopes, leaving the cone clear and cloudless, and we saw her in all the changing tints of sunset and twilight. The sky across the bay was shell pink, against which the gray mountains stood out in divine harmony.

From *One Way Round the World.* Published by The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

THE WINTER HOUR

ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON

Now call the Muses' aid to flout
The bleak storm's roaring rage without;
And bring it hail, or bring it snow,
It shall be Love's delight to show
What fire and two defenders dare
Against the legions of the air,
Whose sharpest arrows shall not find
Cleft in the armor of the mind.
Why dread we Winter's deep distress,
His pale and frigid loneliness,
When here at hand are stored, in nooks,
All climes, all company, in books!
A moving tale for every mood,
Shakespeare for all,—the fount and food
Of gentle living,—Fancy's link
'Twixt what we are and what we think,—
Fellow to stars that nightly plod
Old Space, yet kindred to the clod.
Choose now from his world's wizard play
What is frolicsome and gay;

'Twas for such evening he divined
Not Juliet but Rosalind.
Put the storied sorrow down—
Not to-night, with Jove-like frown,
Shall the mighty Tuscan throw
Fateful lightnings at his foe,
Nor Hawthorne bend his graceful course
To follow motive to its source.
No, let gladness greet the ear:
Cervantes' wit, or Chaucer's cheer,
Or Lamb's rich cordial, pure and sweet,
Where aromatic tinctures meet;
Or princely Thackeray, whose pages
Yield humor wiser than the sages;
Or, set in cherished place apart,
Poets that keep the world in heart:
Milton's massive lines that pour
Like waves upon a windward shore;
Wordsworth's refuge from the crowd—
The peace of noon-day's poisèd cloud;
That flaming torch a jealous line
Passed on to Keats from Beauty's shrine;
Visions of Shelley's prophet-soul,
That, seeing part, could sing the whole,
Most like a lark that mounts so high
He sees not earth but from the sky.
And of the bards who in the grime
And turmoil of our changing time
Have kept the faith of men most pure
The three whose harps shall last endure:
Browning, Knight of Song,—so made
By Nature's royal accolade,

Whose lines, as life-blood full and warm,
Search for the soul within the form,
And in the treasures of whose lore
Is Love, Love, ever at the core;
Tennyson, of the silver string,
Wisest of the true that sing,
And truest singer of the wise;
And he whose "stairway of surprise"
Soars to an outlook whence appear
All best things, fair, and sure, and near.

WHO'S WHO IN JUNGLE LAND

JOHN T. MC CUTCHEON

In the course of the average shooting experience in British East Africa the sportsman is likely to see between twenty and thirty different species of animals. From the windows of the car as he journeys from Mombasa to Nairobi, three hundred and twenty-seven miles, he may definitely count upon seeing at least seven of these species: Wildebeest, hartebeest, Grant's gazelle, Thompson's gazelle, zebra, impalla and giraffe, with the likelihood of seeing, in addition, some wart-hogs and a distant rhinocerous, and the remote possibility of seeing cheeta, lion and hyena. Of the bird varieties, the traveler will be sure of seeing many ostriches, some giant bustards and perhaps a sedate secretary-bird or two. . . .

The hartebeest is speedily identified, because he is un-

like any other antelope in appearance and exists in such large numbers in nearly every part of East Africa. Indeed, if a returned traveler were asked what animal is most typical of the country he would at once name the hartebeest. He sees it so much and so often that after a time it seems to be only a necessary fixture in the landscape. A horizon without a few hartebeests on it would seem to be lacking in completeness.

Furthermore, the stranger soon learns that the hartebeest is commonly called by its native name, kongoni, and by the time his shooting trip is over the sight of the ubiquitous kongoni has become as much of his daily experience as the sight of his tent or his breakfast table. To me, the kongoni appealed most strongly because of his droll appearance and because of a many-sided character that stirs one's imagination.

He is big and awkward in appearance and action; his face is long and thin and always seems to wear a quizzical look of good humor, as if he were amused at something. Others, besides myself, have remarked upon this, so I am hoping that the kongoni wore this amused look even at times when he was not looking at me. His long, rakish horns are mounted on a pedicle that extends above his head, thus accentuating the droll length of his features. His withers are unusually high and add to the awkward appearance of the animal. Standing, the kongoni is the picture of alert, interested good humor; running, he is extremely funny, as he bounces along on legs that seem to be stiffened so that he appears to rise and fall in his stride like a huge rubber ball. We made quite a study of the kongoni, for he is a most interesting animal. He is unselfish and vigilant in protecting the other crea-

tures of the plain. His eyes are as keen as those of a hawk, and when a herd is feeding there are always several kongoni sentinels posted on ant-hills in such a strategic way that not a thing moves anywhere on the plains that escapes their attention. Oftentimes, I have crept cautiously to the top of a ridge to scan the plains, and there, a mile away, a kongoni would be looking at me with great interest.

If you try to approach, he will remain where he is until his warning sneezes have alarmed all the other animals, and finally, when all have fled, he goes gallumphing along in the rear. He is the self-appointed protector of his fellow creatures, the sentinel of the plains. I have seen him run back into danger in order to alarm a herd of unsuspecting zebras.

He leads the wildebeests to water and he lends his eyes to the elephants as they feed. With nearly every herd of game, or nearby, will be found the faithful kongoni, always alert, watchful and vigilant, and it is nearly always his cry of warning that sends the beasts of the plains flying from dangers that they can not see.

One day, I tried to shoot a topi. It was a broiling hot day and the sun hung dead above and drove its burning javelins into me as I crept along. For several hundred yards, on hands and knees, I slowly and painfully made my way. The grass wore through the knees of my trousers and the sharp stubbles cut my palms; once a snake darted out of a clump of grass just as my hand was descending upon it, and lizards frequently shot away within a yard of my nose. My neck was nearly broken from looking forward while upon my hands and knees,

and it was nearly an hour of creeping progress that I spent while stalking that topi.

When I got within two hundred and fifty yards, and was just ready to take a careful aim, with an ant-hill as a rest, a kongoni somewhere gave the alarm, and away went the topi, safe and sound but badly scared. The kongoni went a little way off and then turned and grinned broadly. I was momentarily tempted to shoot him, but on second thought I realized that he had acted nobly from the animal point of view, so I forgave him.

The hartebeest, or kongoni, is hard to kill. The Dutch gave him the name for that reason. It often seems as if the bullets have no effect on him. He will absorb lead without losing a trace of his good-humored look, and after he has been shot several times he will go bounding earnestly away, as if nothing was the matter. If he succeeds in joining the herd there is little way of distinguishing which one has been shot, unless he suddenly exhibits signs and falls over. Otherwise he is quite likely to gallop away, far beyond pursuit, and then slowly succumb to his wounds. Whenever I shall think of Africa in the future, I shall think of my old friend the kongoni, dotting the landscape and sticking his inquiring ears over various spots on the horizon. In four and a half months I think I must have seen at least a hundred thousand kongoni.

From *In Africa*. Published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company.

FORESTRY

CHARLES W. FAIRBANKS

Everybody, both young and old, should cultivate an interest in forestry; they should learn to love trees and to plant them in every vacant space where they can be grown. In that way, they will add to the beauty of their homes and the attractiveness of the community; they will be doing something which will please others as well as themselves, something which will be good in their day and generation and in the generations to come.

Our country was greatly favored by nature with forests. When our forefathers landed upon the Atlantic coast the forests were filled with Indians and wild animals. They were obliged to subdue their natural foes and cut down the forests so that they could erect their log cabins and churches, build cities, cultivate fields, reap harvests and construct great railroads. They endured many hardships in carving their homes out of the wilderness. In many instances they went too far in destroying forests; they cut many trees from hillsides where they should have been left to protect the soil, which, without the trees, was washed away and the land destroyed. We now have many large areas which have been entirely robbed of their forests. The few forests we still have are rapidly disappearing, and unless we take some steps to conserve them, ours will become a treeless community.

Many people do not plant trees because it requires so many years for them to grow to maturity; there are more

who are selfish and not willing to go to the trouble of planting trees because they feel that they will not get much benefit out of them. The right view for us to take is that we should do those things which not only help ourselves but which also add to the comfort and happiness of those who come after us. Boys and girls who plant trees will live to enjoy them and at the same time they will have the satisfaction of knowing that they are doing something which will benefit others for many years to come.

Some of the old countries I have visited have been robbed of their trees and are desolate looking places. A treeless country is not good to look upon, and we naturally pity folks who can not enjoy the companionship of trees. Trees are our friends. They protect us in the heat of the summer with their shade; they make us pleasant homes and add to our comfort in many other ways.

When in Egypt I visited the tombs and saw the mummy of one of the old kings who ruled about fifteen centuries before Christ was born. All this takes our minds far back. Much has happened since then in the history of the world, particularly in our own country. It is interesting to know that there are trees now living which began to grow many centuries before the old Egyptian kings were born. Some of the great Mariposa trees in California were many years old when the king whose mummy I saw ruled in Egypt.

There are many other interesting historic trees in the world. There are many in our own state, as well as in other states of the Union. We are all familiar with the Constitutional Elm at Corydon. It is a magnificent tree and every one in Indiana feels a personal interest in it

because under its far-reaching branches some of the men who drafted the Constitution of Indiana deliberated more than a half-century ago. In Cambridge, near Boston, stands the elm under which George Washington assumed control of the Continental Army. It is badly decayed, but the people preserve it with all the affection and solicitude they could bestow on a human being.

I saw trees along the highway leading to Nikko, Japan, where there are many great temples. They were planted on either side of the roadway and there they stand like sentinels in close touch with each other. Between these two rows is a narrow roadway along which the rulers of Japan for many years traveled with great pomp and ceremony.

Poets have sung of trees in their sweetest songs, because they loved them and understood how dear they are to the hearts of the people; and great orators have paid tribute to them.

> "The groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned
> To hew the shaft and lay the architrave
>
> . . . . . .
>
> . . . in the darkling wood
> . . . he knelt down,
> And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
> And supplication.
>
> —WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

> "Of all man's work of art a cathedral is greatest.
> A vast and majestic tree is greater than that."
>
> —HENRY WARD BEECHER.

"When we plant a tree we are doing what we can to make our planet a more wholesome and happier dwelling place for those who come after us if not for ourselves."

—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

What a fine thing it is to plant a tree and see it grow into strength and beauty! We should all learn what trees to plant and when and where to plant them. In addition to this we should also know how to care for them. We should plant them about our homes, along the streets, in towns, cities and villages, about schoolhouses and churches, upon the banks of running brooks, along lanes and highways. What a noble thing it would be if every boy and girl in Indiana should every year plant at least one tree. How it would enrich the community in the course of years! Every one who does a good deed is made better by the doing; the very thought of it is stimulating and ennobling.

From *Arbor and Bird Day*. By permission.

LUCK AND WORK

ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON

While one will search the season over
To find the magic four-leaved clover,
Another, with not half the trouble,
Will plant a crop to bear him double.

From *Saint-Gaudens: An Ode and Other Verse*. Copyright, 1910, by Robert Underwood Johnson. Published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company.

WHY I LOVE DICKENS

STELLA LODGE EDWARDS

When I think of Charles Dickens, it is as though a diamond, flashing in the sun, had caught the light in all its hundred facets, so scintillating is the art, so wonderful the genius of this man. Although born a poor boy, the prototype of his own David Copperfield, yet through his sympathetic interpretation of life, shall he continue to draw men unto him, unless the old world plucks forever the laughter from her heart and sits down amid woe and ashes.

I love him first of all for his saving sense of humor; that quality rare enough to entitle it to fourth place among the Christian graces. Dickens realized that without this lubricating oil, the wheels of life creaked but sadly; so to amuse and bless a tired humanity, he sent an ever-willing Barkis, a buoyant Micawber, a poetical Silas Wegg and a spirit-imbibing Sairy Gamp. I love him for his cheerfulness; that half-sister of Humor, who, though her feet sink deep into the bogs of life, yet adds but gladness to the world's great song. From Joe Gargeries, the Mrs. Lirripers, the Tom Pinches, the Mark Tapleys of Dickens, I learn that

> "In the mud and scum of things,
> Something always, always sings."

So again do I acknowledge my debt to this most versatile of masters.

I love him for his hatred of sham and hypocrisy, for if, as Thackeray says, "The world is a mirror, and gives back to every man the reflection of his own face," then should all men gaze upon the faces of the Uriah Heeps, the Chadbands, the Stiggins and the Pecksniffs of life and know that the end of all such is in defeat.

I love him for his exquisite pathos; he the great magician who, catching the sob in the symphony of life, transmutes it into golden prose. Through the passing of Jo, of Little Nell, of Paul Dombey, do we learn that old, old fashioned Death, and thank God even more for that older fashion of Immortality.

Again do I love him for his belief in the power of imagination; Dickens had only pity for minds which, through lack of this endearing grace, were merely grubs, and which had never in all their lives brought forth one mental butterfly. How he hated the Gradgrinds of life, who want only facts, to whom primroses by rivers' brims are merely primroses. Oh, most understanding author, to encourage reverie and dreaming, to know that there must first be castles in the air, before there can possibly be castles on earth; Sissy Jupe, wrapped in memories of dwarfs and giants; Lizzie Hexam, witching the glowing coals; crooked little Jenny Wren, in her dingy attic, smelling roses and hearing birds; and Jemmy Lirriper, learning arithmetic by means of spoons and toasting forks; all these lay very near their author's heart. Would you know something of imagination in spiritual evolution, read his Child's Dream of a Star:

"There was once a child, and he strolled about a good deal and thought a number of things. He had a sister, who was a child, too, and his constant companion. These

two used to wonder all day long. They wondered at the beauty of the flowers; they wondered at the height and blueness of the sky; they wondered at the depth of the bright water; they wondered at the goodness and power of God who made the lovely world.

"They used to say to one another, sometimes, 'Supposing all the children upon the earth were to die, would the flowers, and the water, and the sky be sorry?' They believed they would be sorry. For, said they, the buds are the children of the flowers, and the little playful streams that gambol down the hillsides are the children of the water; and the smallest bright specks playing at hide and seek in the sky all night must surely be the children of the stars; and they would all be grieved to see their playmates, the children of men, no more."—But, read it!

Last of all, I love him for his friendship with childhood, for to the end of his life he battled with his pen that the world might be a happier place for children. Other English writers have written considerately of youth, but with Dickens it is as though he were actually looking out upon an unkind world through their eyes. He knew the rankling injustices, the terrors of childhood; Copperfield, forced at school to wear the placard, "He bites"; Smike, quivering in anticipation of the descending lash; Oliver Twist, apprenticed to an undertaker and compelled to sleep among the coffins, all found in Charles Dickens a righteous and vengeful friend, and to the system behind such outrages he seemed indeed a Daniel come to judgment. It was Dickens who first gave to the child the place of honor in literature; it was Dickens who, while not preaching that the child is divine, yet insisted that folded away in each fleshly house is some

spark of divinity, waiting only for the breath of love and appreciation to fan it into life.

"When I love a person, my tendency, indeed my understanding, seems to brighten; my comprehension is quickened when my affection is." So said Esther Summerson, his most sympathetic character. So lived and wrote and died Esther Summerson's creator, whose spirit, alive in the world to-day, "enkindles generous ardor, begets the smiles that have no cruelty, whose music is the gladness of the world."

MAKE-BELIEVE

HELEN MCKAY STEELE

Of course, in your younger days, you have played make-believe. Perhaps you were Alice in Wonderland, or Robinson Crusoe, or Peter Rabbit, with Mr. McGregor chasing you all over the yard before you could find the gate and get safe home to the fir tree.

Let us make-believe now—you are not your own self at all. No, you are a little English boy about ten years old, and you have on a shabby white hat, a funny jacket and corduroy trousers. It isn't to-day, either, but long, long ago, in 1822, and you are in London. It is a cold, dark, foggy morning. As you trudge across Blackfriars bridge you can not see the muddy Thames, but you hear the stevedores and bargemen shouting, and the foghorns blowing hoarse and deep.

The fog is so thick that you can scarcely see the big, heavy carts that rumble on the echoing bridge, and the tramping, tramping feet belong to people that are just

ghostly shadows in the mist. And, oh! how lonely and cold you feel. This fog is worse than rain; for rain just falls on you, but the fog seems to creep under your jacket and chill the very inside of you. Through and through you, and up and down your poor little bones run the shivers of cold and dampness, and in your heart are the more terrible shivers of loneliness and sorrow.

But you keep back the tears that almost will fall and travel bravely on. On down the turning in Blackfriars road, where Rowland Hill Chapel is on one side, and a golden dog licking a golden pot over a shop door on the other; on and on to the blacking factory.

The blacking factory! Yes, that is where you work, even though you are only ten years old, for father and mother are very poor. No wonder you feel cold and lonely, lodging away from home in this big city, and working so hard all day with never enough to eat or clothes enough to keep you warm.

You are not the only child in the factory, however. Right beside you when finally you get to work, stand Bob Fagin and "Poll" Green. Bob Fagin is an orphan and lives with his brother-in-law, who is a water man. "Poll" Green (whose real name is Paul), is a very distinguished person, for his father is a fireman employed at Drury Lane theater. "Poll's" little sister is more or less wonderful, too, for she does "imps" in the pantomimes at the Drury Lane.

Bob Fagin, who is bigger and older than you, is always kind. You never can forget how very kind he was that awful day you had such cramps. He fixed a pile of straw in one corner of the room for a bed, and filled

empty blacking bottles with hot water and laid them against your side. He tended you this way for more than half a day, and when evening came, though you were a great deal better, Bob insisted upon taking you home. You were almost more miserable that Bob should find out what a wretched place you lived in than you had been with the cramps. You made several attempts to get rid of him, but Bob, the good-hearted, did not take any hints. At last you had a bright idea and shook hands with him at the steps of a house that wasn't yours at all. It was near Southwark bridge, on the Surrey side, and as Bob walked on you went up the steps to the door, so that if he looked around he would think you had gone in. And to the woman who came to the door you said politely, "Does Mr. Robert Fagin live here?"

Oh, poor, proud, lonesome, sick little boy! No wonder that when you grow to be a man you will write straight from your heart of children who are lonely and cold and sad. Right out of your memory will walk Oliver Twist and Little Nell, the blind girl, the doll's dressmaker and David Copperfield. For who are you, little English boy, working in the blacking factory for six shillings a week?

You say your name is Charles Dickens, but surely you are not the great Charles Dickens who wrote stories that people fairly went wild over when they were first being printed in the papers and magazines! Yes, you say you are that very man. That breaks our make-believe spell, for we could pretend to be a poor little factory boy of London, but we just can't pretend to be such a wonderful person as Charles Dickens, the famous English novelist.

It is said that when Dickens visited America, giving

readings from his stories, such crowds of people wanted to see and hear him that it was always hard to get into the hall or theater where he appeared. The ladies had their bonnets knocked off and their shawls torn, and the men fairly climbed over each other to get a glimpse of the magician who, with a pen for a wand, could make people laugh or cry.

There is a story of a man who was very sick. He asked: "Doctor, will I live to the end of the week?" "Oh, to be sure, to be sure!" replied the doctor; "in fact, my dear sir, you are going to get well." At which the sick man said, "I'm glad to hear it, for I didn't want to miss the next number of Pickwick." This story probably isn't true, yet it could be true, for people watched for the Pickwick Papers as if they had been the bulletin boards on election night.

We do not forget what happens to us when we are children. Indeed, it is just the other way. Childhood memories grow more distinct and real as the years pile up behind us. So it sometimes came about that Charles, honored and middle-aged, sitting by the bright fire in his cozy study at Gad's Hill, would have a memory vision of himself as he used to be.

The facts of his being successful, much loved and famous, with a dear wife and children and comfortable home would all fade like a dream. He would be Charles Dickens, the child, again; the little factory boy alone and cold and hungry; a pitiful wisp of humanity in the great city of London. And one time after Dickens had had this sort of a vision he wrote: "I know that, but for the mercy of God, I might easily have been, for any care that was taken of me, a little robber or a vagabond."

THE LITTLE ENGLISH GARDEN*

ANGELINE PARMENTER CAREY

Oh, the little English garden
  Hiding close within a wall!
There fond memory's backward glances
  Love to linger best of all.

There behind the pink-walled dwelling,
  Underneath the dull grey skies,
In embrace of grey wall hoary,
  Green and shadowy, it lies.

Cool and dark, in sweet seclusion,
  Wind the gravelled walks beneath
Slender trees of ash and aspen
  Thickly clothed with June's green sheath.

There a box hedge hints a mystery,
  There a filbert tree hangs low,
There a trellis climbed by jasmine,
  There laburnums in a row.

Where the shadows black lie deepest,
  There a fountain splashes cool
O'er the ferns and mossy marble
  Mirrored in the shining pool.

Goldfish shimmer in the basin,
  In the tree a jackdaw tame,
'Mong the stones a creeping tortoise,
  Air with butterflies aflame.

* Micklem Hall, Oxford.

There the lilacs, myrtles, elders,
  Plan for us a sweet surprise—
Twine their arms and form an archway
  Where a vista beckoning lies.

Just beyond, a flash of emerald,
  Soft and close invites the foot
To a carpet which the Ages
  And the Mists have 'neath us put.

Apple trees with trunks moss-coated
  Offer here a quiet nook
'Neath their gnarled, wide-spreading branches
  For a table, seat and book.

And the garden laughs with color,
  For the hollyhocks so gay
Stretch their pink and crimson freshness
  'Gainst the crumbling walls of grey.

Sleepy poppies redden corners
  Where, the senses to defy,
Rocks are piled aslant, to lengthen
  The perspective to the eye.

Here and there, in tiny borders,
  Primrose, phlox and violet
Mix their color with the fragrant
  Lavender and mignonette.

Everywhere the ivy's fingers
  Cover with a glossy screen
Blackened stone or padlocked gateway
  Where Time's heavy hand has been.

Quiet broods above the wall-top
  Where the fringing grasses grow
'Gainst the chimney-pots for background
  And the red tile roofs below.

Oh, it is the English garden,
  Little garden 'neath a wall,
That, in all the world of beauty,
  Is the dearest spot of all.

THE THRUSH

EVALEEN STEIN

The creamy dogwood branches,
  The rosy redbud trees,
The drifts of sweet wild-plum bloom
  O'erhung by honey-bees,
The gleaming buckeye blossoms
  The south wind blew apart,
Oh, all the woods awaking,
  They overfilled my heart.

Then clear, from out the thicket,
  There rang that golden note
That flutes from none but only
  The tawny thrush's throat;
So charged with all sweet secrets
  The April has to tell,
I bowed my head and hearkened,
  Enchanted by its spell.

Till presently that magic
  Heart-melting melody
Drew all my soul to meet it
  In sudden ecstasy.
My spirit found its pinions
  In blessed bird-like birth,
And knew the joyous passion
  That thrilled through all the earth.

The while the thrush was singing,
  I heard the violets stir,
And through the dreamy woodlands
  The breaking buds confer;
I half divined the glories
  Of all the springs to be,
When, O, the song was silent!
  The thrush had flown, ah me!

From *Among the Trees Again.* Published by The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

PICTURESQUE PEACOCK INN

MAY LOUISE SHIPP

Among many pleasant excursions which I made during my summer in England, one keeps recurring to me as specially charming, because it held in combination a greater variety of interest, human as well as scenic and historical, than most of them, so I am going to tell you about the two-days' trip that I took with my host and hostess to the picturesque little Peacock Inn at Rowsley, in Derbyshire. The journey from Liverpool to our des-

tination, three hours east as the train flies, offers some quite special delights in the way of scenery. Part of the way is through a dark and ugly manufacturing district, but the road is largely across a country beautifully distinguished by its hills and lovely streams. The Peak country, it is called. The guidebooks and other unimaginative sources of information assign as a reason for the name given this picturesque part of Derbyshire that it is a hilly district rising above adjacent and lower parts. The traveler makes out his own definition of the term and makes it differently. For him, the reason lies in the formation of the hills themselves which everywhere lift with a clearly though softly defined impulse into odd little points and peaks, and give a special and individual note to the landscape.

The time of our journey was after the middle of August, but summer had not yet turned the corner toward autumn as would be the case in America. Indeed, the English earth was but just thoroughly warmed through, and the air, now for the first time, had in it the mellowness of the American summer season, while green in grass, shrub and tree, of a richer tint surely than that of spring, was yet perfect and undisturbed in color.

Our party idly watched the panorama of hill, of sky and of stream as we moved along with it and watched it with that feeling, which is part of a holiday, that there was something in it especially designed for our pleasure. Sometimes we tried to interest the only other occupant of the compartment, a pretty little girl of twelve or thirteen whom an anxious relative had confided to our care at Liverpool. But she had the aloofness and reserve characteristic of English children and we could not bring

into our circle. Either she thought our gayety rather silly, or her sense of decorum forbade her to join in with it. Only once did she laugh with us and this at a specially funny sally of the American consul about the politeness of our very slow train in backing and shunting before the London Express. She would not have any of our luncheon, though I know she wanted some. She sat in a corner of the compartment holding before her, exactly as she had been told was proper, I fancy, the open page of a book. When I discovered this to be the Tale of Two Cities, I thought I had also discovered a topic of conversation. "It is a beautiful story, isn't it?" I ventured. "It is nice," she answered. And I felt dashed for the thousandth time by the English genius for understatement. In view, however, of the little girl's reticence, of a certain exquisitely laconic something about her, I felt it a mark of favor when, without prelude, she confided to me that she would rather say good-by to anybody in the world than to the cousins she had left behind in Liverpool. This, I knew, was to be quite between us and I did not betray her until she was out of sight and hearing.

Two of our party had visited Peacock Inn before and by them the excursion was personally conducted. They had been, however, discreet in their praise of the place, saying just enough about it to pique one's curiosity, not enough to dull the edge of surprise. Yet it is in the sense of an anticipated surprise, if I may so phrase it, that the little inn appeals to the American traveler. The place is an answer to expectation. "It keeps its promise to one's fancy." The passionate pilgrim, now for the first time on English soil, has had dreams, vague but not so vague that one could not recognize them when trans-

lated into reality, of what an English inn ought to be like, and here is one of the dreams come true. The facts come trooping here to meet shadowy prepossessions and to mold them into reality.

It is proper, one sees it instantly, and along the line of one's dream, that five or six roads should meet for conference just below the narrow, gray, rose-covered frontage of the inn—that among them there should not be one straight road—that all should take the line of beauty, curving along between stone walls which in this part of the country take the place of the more familiar hedge. This is as it should be, but not more so than the slightly musty air that assails one when the Gloire de Dijon roses over the door, glorious with their pale yellow petals and blushing centers, are left behind and one pushes on into the quaint old hall, sole gathering place of the house, where old prints, carved oak and a framed obituary, delicious in its commonplaceness, to the late Duchess of Devonshire, former owner of this place, strive in an amiable contest for one's attention.

The rooms downstairs are small and stuffy and there are not many of them, but they are typical and that is what one is looking for. Anything that is typical is to the anxious seeker after that quality what cream is to cats. The dining-room, with one long table, is accommodated with a writing-desk which plainly indicates the double intention of the apartment. Electric lights and gas have never invaded this precious place. You look at your neighbors of the dinner-table across the light and shade cast from candles and you find the effects exceedingly piquant and entertaining. By ten, or a little after, you have lighted your own candle and marched up to a bed-

room where you will find no plush nor velvet, but where you will discover what is necessary for your comfort.

If your bedroom overlooks the garden you may count yourself fortunate. Then some time you may open your casement windows, with diamond-shaped panes and look out upon a large, quiet, secluded piece of ground where flowers, trees and shrubs are so easily disposed that you can not tell where nature ends and art begins. This garden is not advertised. One would not suspect its presence from the outside. It is somewhat by accident one discovers it, either by looking down upon it from a bedroom window or entering it from below, through an inconspicuous and veiled opening between two formally cut cedars. It was one of the best authors, and that is enough for anybody to know, who said that in England the best view was always the private view, which is another way of saying that an Englishman's house is intended for himself and not outsiders.

Whenever you step out of the inn door, there are six roads waiting to welcome, to invite you. And it matters not which invitation you accept, you can not go wrong. One of these ways leads over a curved stone bridge, of the beautiful sort builded sometimes by Inigo Jones. Ten minutes' walk under splendid arching trees that look down upon you from a slight elevation on either side, and you are as deep in the heart of nature as you might be in the Catskills. A second road leads up behind the inn past stone cottages, base-bordered by a mist of fuchsias blooming as freely as daisies do with us, to a quaint old church.

A third road leads through miles of wild and change-

ful country past walls of rock and beds of fern, through a village or two made after old English patterns, past the Cat and the Fiddle, said to be the oldest inn in England, to Matlock Bath, an ancient health resort with a hotel perched on a site from which all the surrounding country may be viewed.

Haddon Hall, a walk of two beautiful miles from the inn and the scene of Mr. Major's novel, Dorothy Vernon, is the objective point on yet another road.

The boy who sold picture postals and light literature at the station said that the story was "great" and advised everybody to read it. A young woman who acted as guide at Haddon Hall was more chary in her praise. She doubted whether the heroine was like the historical Dorothy or like English girls. She asked me if she was not more like a "United States young lady." I could not answer and I left the quotation in the air. Certainly the author could not have made a happier selection in the way of environment for a heroine than Haddon Hall. The leading lady of a novel should be both good and happy there. The place smells romance. Henry James spoke the final word about it and exquisitely described it when he said that it looked as if it were set for one of Shakespeare's plays. Particularly does it suggest the lovely ladies of the comedies, Rosalind, Beatrice, Viola. And as one makes this bid for the rights of comedy there, one realizes that Juliet would not find her nationality a bar to kinship with the place.

LITERARY LANDMARKS OF NEW ENGLAND

CHARLES SUMNER OLCOTT

The quest for literary landmarks is always a fascinating pursuit, particularly to the amateur photographer who likes to take pictures that mean something. I have always found a certain exhilaration in seeing for myself and reproducing photographically the places made memorable by some favorite author. To look into the ground glass of my camera and see the reflected image of some lovely scene that has been an inspiration to poet or novelist, is like suddenly coming into possession of a prize that had ever before been thought unattainable. It brings the author of a bygone generation into one's own time. It deepens the previous enjoyment—makes it more real.

When I stand before the house in which some great author has lived, I seem to see more than a mere dwelling. The great man himself comes out to meet me in his garden, tells me how the surroundings of his home have influenced his literary work and finally sends me away with a peculiar sense of intimacy. I go home, reach out my hand for a certain neglected book on my shelves, and lo! it opens as with a hidden spring, a new light glows upon its pages, and I find myself absorbed in conversation with a friend.

CONCORD

For this kind of hunting I know no better place in America than New England, and no better town in which to begin than the sleepy old village of Concord, twenty miles northwest of Boston. On the occasion of a recent visit, we walked out Monument Street and made our first

stop at a point in the road immediately opposite the Old Manse.

A party of school children was just entering. Had we been looking at the grove on the hillside, at the opposite end of the town, where Hawthorne used to walk to and fro, composing Tanglewood Tales, we might have supposed they had come to catch a few echoes of the famous story-teller's voice, and I should have made a photograph with the children in it. But here they did not seem so appropriate, and we waited until they had gone.

When all was quiet again, it did not require a very vigorous imagination to look down the vista of black-ash trees seen between the "two tall gateposts of rough-hewn stone," and fancy a man and woman walking arm in arm down the avenue toward the weather-stained old parsonage, its dark sides scarcely visible beneath the shadows of the over-arching trees. The man is of medium height, broad-shouldered, and walks with a vigorous stride, suggesting the bodily activity of a young athlete. His hair is dark, framing with wavy curves a forehead both high and broad. Heavy eyebrows overhang a pair of dark blue eyes, that seem to flash with wondrous expressiveness as he bends slightly to speak to the little woman at his side. His voice is low and deep, and she responds to what he is saying with an upward glance of her soft gray eyes and a happy smile that clearly suggests the sunshine which she is destined to throw into his life.

Thus Nathaniel Hawthorne and Sophia Peabody, his bride, on a day in July, 1842, passed into the gloomy old house where they were to begin their honeymoon. The dingy old parsonage was a paradise to them and the new Adam and Eve invited no intrusions into their Eden.

Some of their friends came occasionally, it is true, but Hawthorne records that during the next winter the snow in the old avenue was marked by no footsteps save his own for weeks at a time. And his loving wife, though she had come from the midst of a large circle of friends, found only happiness in sharing this solitude.

Let us peep through the windows of the parlor at the end of the dark avenue and indulge in another flight of fancy. It is an unusual day at the Manse, for two visitors have called to greet the new occupant. The elder of the two men, in his fortieth year, is Ralph Waldo Emerson, who lives in the other end of the town in a large, comfortable and cheery house which we expect to see a little later. He knows the Old Manse well. His grandfather built it shortly before the outbreak of the Revolution and witnessed the battle of Concord from a window in the second story. This good man, who was the revolutionary parson of the village, died in 1776 at the early age of thirty-three, and a few years later his widow married the Reverend Ezra Ripley. In October, 1834, Emerson came there with his mother and remained at the Old Manse a year, during which he wrote his first, and one of his greatest essays—Nature.

The other visitor is Henry D. Thoreau, a young man of twenty-five then living with the Emersons. The two guests and their host are sitting bolt upright in stiff-backed chairs. The host speaks scarcely a word except to ask, for the sake of politeness, a few formal questions, which Thoreau answers with equal brevity. Every man in the room loves freedom and hates conventionalities. The ordinary formalities of polite society are unendurable, therefore the four walls seem oppressive and the

straight-back chairs produce an agonizing tension of the nerves. They are all glad when the call is over.

A hundred yards beyond the gate of the Old Manse we turn into a bit of road, at right angles with the highway, now preserved because it was the scene of the famous Concord fight. A beautiful vista is made by the overarching of trees that have grown up since the battle, and in the distance we see the Monument, the Bridge, and the Minute Man. The Monument marks the spot where the British soldiers stood and opened fire on the 19th of April, 1775, while the Minute Man stands at the place where the Americans received their order to return the fire. The Monument was dedicated on the sixty-first anniversary of the battle, Emerson offering his famous Concord Hymn, the opening stanza of which, thirty-nine years later, was carved on the pedestal of the Minute Man, erected in commemoration of the centennial of the event:

> "By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
> Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
> Here once the embattled farmers stood,
> And fired the shot heard round the world."

The bridge is of no significance. It is a recent structure of cement, the wooden bridge over which the minute men charged having disappeared more than a century ago.

Next to the Old Manse, the most interesting house in Concord is Emerson's. The first thing which strikes your eye, as you pass it, is the row of great horse-chestnuts shading its front. Emerson added to his original two

acres until he had nine, and planted an orchard of apple trees and pear trees, on which Thoreau did the grafting. "When I bought my farm," said Emerson, "I did not know what a bargain I had in the bluebirds, bobolinks and thrushes, which were not charged in the bill. As little did I guess what sublime mornings and sunsets I was buying, what reaches of landscape, and what fields and lanes for a tramp." To appreciate the full extent of Emerson's domain, we must next visit the favorite objective of his Sunday walks, Walden Pond, only a mile or two away.

Walden Pond is a pretty sheet of water, about half a mile long, completely inclosed by trees, which grow very near the water's edge. I fancy the visitors who go there may be divided into two classes: first, those who go for a swim in the cool, deep waters, as Hawthorne liked to do; and second, those who go to lay a stone upon the cairn that marks the site of Thoreau's hut. It is well worth the pilgrimage, in these days, to see the place where a man actually built a dwelling-house at a cost of twenty-eight dollars twelve and one-half cents and lived in it two years at an estimated expense of one dollar and nine cents a month. The site of the hut was admirably chosen. It overlooks a little cove or bay, and the still surface of the pond, glimpses of which could be seen through the trees, reflecting the blue sky overhead, made a beautiful picture.

We must now return to the village, for there are two more houses to be seen, both on the Lexington Road. The first is the Alcott house, now restored to something like its original condition and preserved as a memorial to the author of Little Women. A. Bronson Alcott came to live in Concord in 1840. Emerson at once hailed him

as "the most extraordinary man and the highest genius of his time." His lack of practical wisdom came near bringing disaster to his family. But his daughter came to the rescue with Little Women, a book that has had astonishing success from the first. Girl visitors to the old "Orchard House" take great delight in the haunts of Meg, Amy, Beth and Joe, and particularly in Amy's bedroom, where the young artist's drawings on the doors and window frames are still preserved.

Just behind the Alcott house is a pine grove on the side of a hill and then the "Wayside," Hawthorne's home for the last twelve years of his life. When Hawthorne left the Old Manse he went to Salem, then to Lenox, and for a short time to West Newton. In the summer of 1852 he returned to Concord, having purchased the Wayside from Alcott. While living in Lenox he had written The Wonder Book, which so fascinated the children, including their elders as well, that his first task upon settling in the new home was to prepare, in response to many urgent demands, a second series of the same kind to be known as The Tanglewood Tales.

From *The Lure of the Camera.* By permission of and arrangement with Houghton, Mifflin Company.

COUNTING THE COST

STRICKLAN W. GILLILAN

To make one little golden grain
Requires the sunshine and the rain,
The hoarded riches of the sod—
And God.

To form and tint one lovely flower
That lives to bless for one short hour
  Doth need the skies and clouds above—
                And Love.

To make one life that's white and good,
Fit for human brotherhood,
  Demands the toil of weary years—
                And Tears.

A CHILD OF THE UNIVERSE

JULIET V. STRAUSS

Regret not human friendships gone,
Oh, heart of mine, go singing on!
For one who sings a song shall hear
Its echoes answering, sweet and clear,
From the deep haunts whence Nature sends
Her loving greetings to her friends.
What though the world's dark side I see?
The face of Nature smiles on me
From woodlands darkling to the west,
From hills in gray mist garments drest,
From hollows where clear waters flow
With murmurs tremulous and low,
Past the old places where my feet
Followed in days of childhood sweet,
Seeking, with woodcraft all untaught,
What gifts the early spring had brought.
What though no human heart is near,
No voice to soothe or call me dear,

The silence thunders in my ears
With messages none other hears?
The dark pines whisper tenderly;
They nod—they wave their hands to me!
The night calls to me and the rain;
The snowflakes 'gainst my window-pane
Are white-winged carrier birds that bear
Me greetings from the upper air.
The wind walks with me, talking low,
Or follows after, where I go.
Sometimes he runs in playful freak
To press cold kisses on my cheek,
Or catch my tresses' loosened strands,
Or blows brown leaves to kiss my hands.
And, sometimes, in my lonely room
The sunlight falls athwart the gloom—
I smile, because all silently
A friend looks in and smiles at me.

From *Poets and Poetry of Indiana*, by Parker and Heiney. Silver, Burdette Company.

TO-DAY

DAVID STARR JORDAN

To-day is your day and mine;
  The only day we have;
The day in which we play our part.
  What our part may signify in the great world,
We may not understand,
  But we are here to play it and now is our time.

MOSES

HARRIET NOBLE

Moses is as real to us as the Father of our own country, although he lived over thirty times as long ago. We have all read his history in the books of Exodus and Deuteronomy, told in the quaint fashion of the primitive Hebrews.

It begins when he lay a babe in a rude, covered basket of reeds daubed with pitch among the tall papyrus plants on the bank of the Nile in ancient Egypt. The princess of the land, coming down to bathe under the soft skies, saw him there and loved him. He must have been a beautiful, big smiling boy, for her to perceive in him a lowly Hebrew child, and then feel prompted to adopt him as her own, as she did. Maybe the mother had hoped for something like this when she put him in such a perilous situation. At any rate, she must have accepted with an overflowing heart the office of nurse to the baby whom she dare not acknowledge as her own.

For this event occurred in northern Egypt, among a body of Israelite serfs. Their ancestors, on first coming to this land long years before, had been welcomed, and made wards of by the state. But these of later days had grown so numerous as to be a cause of alarm to the new king. With oriental despotism, he had ordered all the male infants killed. This one baby had been hid for three months after his birth, and then he was put at the river's brink, and his sister placed nearby to note what might befall. He was saved, as we have seen.

The record does not tell about his childhood; but, surely, the loving mother must have repeated to him over and over the hard story of why he had been hid and how saved, and must have taught him about the God of her fathers, to whose care she, in her faith, had intrusted this precious child. And she must have wept sorely when the time came for him to go to live with his foster-mother at the court. She could not know that this was to give him the preparation necessary for an immortal work which God had planned for him.

In his new home, he became "learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians." This means that he saw how a great government is carried on, and knew the lore of the priests among whom the learning and wisdom of that famous nation was cherished. And he "became a mighty man in word and deed."

He was "one hundred and twenty years old when he died; his eye was not dimmed nor his natural force abated;" but his work was accomplished. Through him an immortal thought, the idea of service to a god of goodness was made the basis of a nation's existence and so perpetuated among men.

Centuries afterward a Hebrew writer says: "And there arose not a prophet since in Israel like unto Moses, whom the Lord knew face to face." And centuries later, still, the great Michael Angelo carved in marble the Moses whom he had imagined, which we can see in Rome to-day. In that giant statue, every line speaks of power; the tablet in his hand represents divine law; and in his face are duty and justice and divine authority.

WORK

WILBUR D. NESBIT

The expression of universal inspiration is work. Failure and success are comparative terms. They are the two ends of the balance. No man fails who works honestly and well; who goes at his task with heart and soul.

It is a good thing to think of work as the inspiration of man, as well as the result of the inspiration. We speak of a painter as inspired, of an orator as inspired, or a musician, or a poet, or a scientist as inspired. But it has always seemed to me that there can be even inspired and uninspired ditch-diggers.

It does not matter what a man does, how humble his vocation, if he does it well, if he has the true craftsman's love for excellent handiwork, and his delight in driving his nails truly or digging his ditch straight and square, or tying a package neatly, may we not think that inspiration is having its influence upon him?

The man who thought of the first carpet sweeper had an inspiration, and the man who made the first aeroplane was putting fancy into action just as much as Longfellow was when he wrote "The Psalm of Life." When little Jimmy Watt sat and looked at the lid of the tea-kettle being rattled by the pressure of steam, and upon the impressions stored, upbuilt into reality his dream of using that power, he was giving the mechanical world of the future the benefit of his faculty of being inspired. When Marconi perfected wireless telegraphy he was amplifying the inspiration of Morse and Edison and Bell and all

other men who have made electricity a messenger. Yes, the man who makes it possible for us to cross a river, who gives us another road, who gives us cleaner food, who gives us better and brighter surroundings, who plants trees that shade us as we rest in the heat of summer, who does anything that makes life saner and sweeter—he is an exemplar of the universal inspiration.

It may interest me to be told that light travels one hundred and sixty-eight thousand miles per second, but it is more inspiring to me to realize that there is a source of that light and that that source was placed where it is for a purpose. It is doing something, not merely traveling. You can look at Jupiter through the telescope almost any night and see a little black dot go across the disk to emerge against the blackness of the night a glittering jewel of light—one of Jupiter's moons. That may while away an evening for you, but it is a great deal bigger thought for you to have and hold if you meditate upon the eternal fact that Jupiter and the moons which whirl about it are part of a universe which is so huge no one may comprehend it, and all of which, suns, planets, comets and nebulæ, is working and inter-working in some mighty task whose beginning and end knows neither time nor eternity.

And the growing of a blade of grass, the filling of a husk of wheat, the reddening of an apple, the digging of a canal, the charting of a sea—all these are as important in the scheme of things as will be the arrival of Halley's comet, a mere blur of haze, uncounted millions of miles away, at the appointed spot, on time to the second and the minute and the hour and the day eighty years from now.

Things that don't work die.

Men that won't work vanish.

Faith without works is dead, and work without faith is hopeless.

For by our works we are known.

THE BONNY BROWN QUAIL

LEE O. HARRIS

The song, the song of the bonny brown quail!
  My heart leaps up at the joyous sound,
When first the gleam of the morning pale
  Steals slowly over the dewy ground;
Ere yet the maples along the hill
  Are draped with fringes of sunlight gold,
I hear the notes of his piping shrill,
  From hill, and valley, and field, and wold—
    "'Tis light! 'Tis light!
    Bob White! Bob White!"
Then up he springs to the topmost rail,
  And struts and sings in proud delight,
The song of the bonny brown quail.

Thus all day long in the tasseled corn,
  And where the willowy waters flow,
In fields by the blade of the reaper shorn;
  In copse, and dingle, and vale below;
Where star-crowned asters delight to stand,
  And golden-rods in their robes of state;
And in the furrows of fallow land,
  He calls aloud to his dusky mate:

"All right! All right!
Bob White! Bob White!"
And from her nook where the brambles trail,
She guides the course of her whirring flight
By the song of the bonny brown quail.

O bonny bird with the necklaced throat,
The song you sing is brief and shrill,
And yet methinks there never was note
More sweetly tuned by a master's skill.
And like the song of a vanished day,
It fills my heart with a subtle joy,
Till, all forgetting my locks of gray,
I mock your whistle, again a boy;
"You're right! You're right!
Bob White! Bob White!"
The hair may whiten, the cheek may pale,
Time only mellows the old delight
In the song of the bonny brown quail.

THE WORDLESS POEM

ALBION FELLOWS-BACON

What need to toil with rhyme and meter?
The thought I labored to express
The rose vine speaks in language sweeter,
Ay, more divine and far completer,
In one rich bud's pink loveliness.

THE SWORDS OF THE CID

KATE MILNER RABB

Ruy Diaz was a stout-hearted Spanish cavalier who followed the fortune of his lord and master, Sancho, who reigned over Castile during the first part of the tenth century A. D. Castile was an ancient kingdom of Spain, occupying the center of the peninsula and being the chief seat of the Spanish nation. Sancho's father had divided the kingdom among his children, who quarreled and fought over their possessions, until, at last, Sancho, who had won most of them, was assassinated while laying siege to Zamora, his sister Urraca's city. His brother Alfonso, who succeeded him, was suspected of conniving at his death, and Ruy Diaz would not pay homage to him and kiss his hand in fealty until Alfonso took an oath publicly that he had had no hand in his brother's destruction. This angered Alfonso, who soon found an excuse to banish his over-bold vassal.

Ruy Diaz stoutly bade farewell to his wife and daughters and, with a few gallant and devoted followers, went forth beyond the Sierra de Miedes to fight the Moors. He had already had much experience in this kind of warfare and was called el Cid by the Moors because in one battle five Moorish kings had acknowledged him as their Seid, or Lord. He was also sometimes called the Campeador or champion of the Christians.

While he was encamped on the hill afterward known as the hill of the Cid, tidings of his camp there and of his levying tribute over the country were borne to Raymond Berenger, Count of Barcelona, who became very angry

because that part of the land of the Moors was in his keeping. Soon the Cid heard, as he was returning to the Pine Wood of Tebar, laden with spoils, that Count Raymond and a great host of Moors and Christians were in pursuit of him. He sent the Count a friendly message, but the angry Count pressed on, and as his force of Moors and Christians came down the hill they were met and charged by the squadrons of the Cid.

Some were pierced, some were overthrown, some were put to flight, until soon the Cid had won the victory and had taken Count Raymond prisoner. With the Count was taken his great sword, Colada, worth a thousand marks of silver.

The next day the Cid set the Count free, but, as was the custom, he kept his spoils and his sword, with which he won many a battle. After having gained many victories over the Moors, the Cid took their city of Valencia, and made it his residence, taking thither his wife and daughters, with the permission of the King, whose favor he had at last won by making him many rich presents. Soon after their arrival in Valencia the city was besieged by King Yucef of Morocco, with an army of fifty thousand men. For two days the Cid fought bravely, and the second day conquered the Moors and drove them to their ships, taking from King Yucef his famous sword Tizon, the Fire Brand, worth a thousand marks in gold. With this sword the Cid did even greater deeds than he had wrought before with Colada.

In the meantime the Cid's daughters had been wedded to the princes Ferrando and Diego Gonzales, Lords of Carrion, who went to live in Valencia. These young men were noble in name only; they had wedded the Cid's

daughters for their wealth and were false-hearted and cowardly. Unhappy in Valencia because they had shown themselves cowards in battle and were despised by all the Cid's followers, they pretended to want to take their wives home to Carrion. Although the Cid was grieved at parting with his daughters, he heaped presents upon them and gave their husbands, besides much silver and gold, his two great swords, Colada and Tizon.

The two princes were no sooner out of sight of Valencia, in the depths of a gloomy forest, than they dragged their wives from their horses, beat the poor ladies until they swooned away, and then rode off, leaving them for dead in the lonely forest, where they were found by friends and carried home to Valencia.

At the request of the indignant Cid, King Alfonso called a Cortes (or Parliament) and thither the Cid went to demand restitution of his sons-in-law. The Cid and followers were received with great honor, and the King bade the Cid take an ivory stool near him, saying that thereafter none but King or Prelate should sit by him, he had so well employed his time in exile, conquering Kings. Then, at the King's command, the Cid arose and stated his case to the Cortes. He had won his swords, he said, like a man; he had given them to his sons-in-law that they might honor his daughters and serve the King. They had betrayed their trust and he now demanded back his swords.

When the swords were laid in the King's hands, he looked wonderingly at the mighty scabbards. Then he drew forth the blades and the whole court shone with their brightness; the eyes of all were dazzled, for the hilts were of gold.

The Cid received the swords and laid them in his lap. "Ah, my swords, Colada and Tizon," he cried, "truly may I say of you that you are the best swords in Spain, and I won you, for I did not get you either by buying or barter. I gave you into the keeping of the Infantes of Carrion that they might do honor to my daughters with ye. But ye were not for them. They kept ye hungry, and did not feed ye with flesh as ye were wont to be fed. Well it is for you that ye have escaped that thraldom and are come again into my hands, and happy I am to recover you."

The craven princes, who had hoped that the Cid would be satisfied now he had received back his swords, were terrified when they heard his demand for redress by contest. Their protests were in vain; the Cid's request was granted by the Cortes and they were met in the lists by his followers, armed with Colada and Tizon, and were very soon put to flight.

The Cid, being righted, returned in splendor to Valencia, with his swords once more in his possession. There he passed many years in peace, until at last King Bucar of Morocco besieged Valencia with a mighty host. One night, while the Cid was lying in bed thinking of some way to defeat the Moors, St. Peter appeared to him, telling him that he would die in thirty days, but being dead, would win the battle.

The next day the Cid called his people together and commanded them what to do when he died. Accordingly, when he passed away, they embalmed his body, tied it on his horse, Babieca, fastened his great sword, Tizon, in his hand, and went forth and won the battle, with him at their head. The great army of the Moors being defeated,

the Christians, with the body of the Cid at their head, marched toward Castile.

When they reached San Pedro of Cardens, in whose monastery the Cid wished to lie, the King himself came to see the body of his faithful vassal, and when he saw how marvelously it was preserved, he agreed with the widow, Dona Ximena, that it should not be buried. It was accordingly placed on the ivory stool he had used at the Cortes, with the strings of his mantle in the right hand, and the left hand on the scabbard of his sword, Tizon.

Many people visited the monastery to see the body of the Cid, and the anniversary of its arrival there, it was celebrated each year by a great festival, the giving of gifts to the poor and the preaching of a sermon by the Abbot. On the seventh anniversary, there was such a great company of Moors and Jews assembled that the Abbot went outside the church in an open space to preach. During the sermon, one man remained inside the church, gazing at the body of the Cid and marveling at its wonderful preservation. He was all alone, no man dared to pull his beard. "I will take him by the beard now." But as he put forth his hand, marvel of marvels, the Cid let go the strings of his mantle and laid his hand on Tizon, which he pulled partly out of the scabbard. The frightened man screamed so loudly that all the people heard him and hurried in to see what was the matter. The man was lying before the ivory chair in a swoon and all saw for themselves, Tizon, a palm's length out of the scabbard.

After the body of the Cid had remained in the chair for ten years, it was interred before the altar, still sitting

in the chair with the sword beside it. Later, it was laid in a stone coffin on which was carved, "I am the Cid, Ruy Diaz. . . . I am he who won Colada and Tizon."

The swords of the Cid are still preserved. Colada is in the Royal Army at Madrid. It is of very ancient make; its hilt is a cross, and on one side are engraved the words, "Yea, yea," and on the other, "No, no." It is of moderate length, broad, straight and double-edged. The sword Tizon descended to the Cid's son-in-law, the Infanta Don Ramiro, and thence to the house of Falces, in which family it is an heirloom. It is three fingers wide at the hilt, and lessens down to the point; near the hilt is engraved in Roman letters, "Ave Mariaplena, Dominus," and on the other side, in the same letters, "I am Tizon, which was made in the era 1040," that is to say in the year 1002.

MY LIFE

JONATHAN W. GORDON

I stood in youth beside a grand old hill,
  Made grander by the wooded crown it wore,
And heard the low, weird murmur of a rill
  Whose waters leaped and laughed toward the shore,
Which restless ocean laved and chafed forevermore;
  And musing thus, I said: "The rill is I—
A symbol of my little life that flows
  Forever onward to its destiny
In God, from Whom, through Whom, to Whom it goes.

THE OLD STONE HOUSE*

1791-1916

MARY H. KROUT

Back from the noise of the busy street,
The bustle of traffic and passing feet,
With quaint, queer windows and blackened roof,
It proudly stands from the world aloof;
While the years with their changes have come and
gone
From snow to blossom, from dusk to dawn,
The shadows have fallen across the eaves
Of more than a hundred summers' leaves.

Where the city around it spreads far and wide
The fruits of her labor in haughty pride,
Unbroken forests stretched dark and still;
The wild deer drank from the limpid rill,
The fox, the panther, the wolf and bear
Wandered unscared and unhunted there,
Save when the Indian his light bow bent
And through the thicket his arrows sent.

But the stroke of the ax through the silence rang,
In the settlers' cabin the good wife sang,
Through new-made clearings their children ran,
Bright-eyed, white headed and brown with tan.

* This house was built by Thomas Kennedy in what is now Covington, Kentucky. The settlers took refuge under its roof when the Indians became troublesome. The house-door bore the marks of tomahawks and was an object of interest for many years, until it was finally replaced by one of modern make.

Then, when its neighbors were far and few,
Broader and higher those strong walls grew
By patient labor, until, at last,
They challenged the might of the fiercest blast.

Hearty welcome and homely fare
The weary stranger found always there.
And many have gathered around the hearth,
Its walls have echoed with sounds of mirth,
The click of the loom and the creaking reel,
The steady whirr of the spinning-wheel;
What words of sorrow, of fervent prayer
And faithful love have been uttered there.

There life first throbbed in the infant's breast,
The young grew aged and dreamed of rest,
The bride came in at the open door
Where the dead went forth to return no more;
There is little of life, of its joy or grief,
Its sorrows many, its pleasures brief,
Of marriage, of birth, of shroud and knell,
If those walls could speak that they might not tell.

But they keep their counsel, and dark and dumb
They wait for a day that will surely come,
When we shall be gathered to those who sleep
And others shall struggle, and laugh, or weep,
Unclaimed by honor, unknown to fame,
Not one shall remember our place or name;
Then strangers and aliens will tear it down
And yield its place to the growing town.

PATRIOTISM

BENJAMIN HARRISON

"If we would strengthen our country, we must cultivate a love of it in our hearts and in the hearts of our children and neighbors; and this love for civil institutions, for a land, for a flag—if they are worthy and great and have a glorious history—is widened and deepened by a fuller knowledge of them. . . ."

If a boy were asked to give his reasons for loving his mother, he would be likely to say, with the sweetest disregard of logic and catalogues, "Well, I just love her." And we must not be hard on the young citizen who "just loves" his country, however uninstructed he may be.

Patriotism should be cultivated—should, in every home, be communicated to the children, not casually, but by plan and forethought. For too long our children got it as they did the measles—caught it.

The old-time Fourth of July celebration, with its simple parades and musters, the reading of the Declaration and the oration that more than supplied the lack of glitter and color in the parade—once the event of the year—went out of fashion. We allowed ourselves to be laughed out of it. The day as a patriotic anniversary was almost lost and a family picnic day or a baseball day substituted. It is coming back, and we ought to aid in reinstating it. The old Declaration has a pulse in it and a ring to it that does the soul good. Has your boy ever read it?

I like to think of the flag as I saw it one night in Newport Harbor. Clouds of inky blackness had extinguished

the stars, and only the harbor lights revealed to our pilot the path to the sea. Stillness and darkness brooded over the waters and over the shores. Suddenly there was presented to our sleepy eyes a dazzling sight. Away up in the heavens the "star-spangled banner" appeared, lustrous as a heavenly vision, its folds, waving gently in a soft night air, seemed to shine by inherent light and to move by inherent life. The flag was "transfigured before us," and seemed to have been flung out of the skies rather than lifted from the earth. A great searchlight turned upon the flag as it hung from a high staff wrought all this surpassing beauty.

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THREE IN ONE

EVA M. BONDY

Think thoughts of truth, kind words will then fall from your lips
As gently as from lily's cup the pure dew drips;

Speak words of love, then deeds of noble worth to you
Shall be consigned which only heroes do;

Good deeds perform, then conscience's voice shall wait to tell
Your soul, "peace be your portion, all is well;"

Thought, word and deed, blest trinity in one!
Then think, and speak, and do—and be God's son.

THE FLAG, THE EMBLEM OF PEACE

SUSAN E. H. PERKINS

Think of your flag as the flag of the free,
  The freedom of justice and right,
The banner all glorious, great and victorious,
  But a banner of right, not a banner of might;
A banner of courage, a banner of truth,
  A banner for veteran, and a banner for youth,
A banner that each and all may uphold,
  Be he native or alien. A banner like gold,
Pure, precious and priceless, wherever it be. Then
    agree—
  To think of your flag as the flag of the free,
The freedom of justice and right.

Honor your flag both with head and with heart,
  Make it a flag of joy.
As it floats overhead, let each do his part
  In the intimate circle, or busiest mart,
And never neglect to enforce the respect,
  And the love, and the care, it's entitled to share
With our holiest treasures. As it adds to our
    pleasures
  Both the keenness and thrill of patriot spirit,
Of national will,—still—
  Honor your flag with head and with heart,
Make it a flag of joy.

Border your flag with a band of white,
  Make it the emblem of peace—
Tho' our ancestors fought in a war for right
  And we honor their valor—yet, keen is the
    blight
That all strife must bring to peasant or king;
  And we crave a surcease of the sorrow and
    grief
That tugs at our heartstrings; that into our life
  Brings the incurable woe, both of friend and of
    foe,
So—
  Border your flag with a band of white,
Make it the emblem of PEACE.

GLIMPSES OF HOLLAND

MARGARET BUTLER SNOW

As I look out of my window and hear the queer old chimes, this lovely Sunday morning, I seem to have waked up in 1600, and I believe if I tried, I could go out and find Rip Van Winkle's grandfather! We got up to Amsterdam, alone for the first time in a strange land. For the first time, we can not understand anything. And these sturdy, self-sufficient Dutch people do not speak any language but their own incomprehensible one, which is more like Danish than like French or German. We were glad to be welcomed in English at the Bible Hotel,

so called because in the house that stood where this is now the first Bible of Holland was printed.

We had a long drive last night, all through the city, and around it; and formed a clear idea of its ninety islands and three hundred canals; the lovely, shady streets along the water's edge, where the old Dutch bluebloods, the Knickerbockers and the Vons-This-and-That live; the docks, where the great ships come in the river "Y" from the North Sea or the Zuyder Zee; Vondel park, the palace and the stores. Amsterdam is beautiful because its coloring is so odd and lovely; indeed, I could not appreciate Achenbach's charming sea scenes of the North until I saw the peculiar yellow-gray water and dead overhanging sky and the warm-tinted red and yellow sails and patches of bright color everywhere. The houses are tall, narrow and fantastic, no two entirely alike. The water is so smooth; great ships lie right in the city; here, they are making a street of a canal; there, a canal of a street. We have not, even in Venice, seen so odd a picture, for in Venice the people were not so queer and quaint, and we could understand their French signs and customs. We saw such a pretty orphan girl, with the orphan costume, one side red, one side black, with a peculiar white headdress.

This lovely, lovely Holland! so dainty and pretty; the very cows are prettier than the cows of other countries—so shining and black. The windmills are so picturesque, on these flat meadows. These plucky people say, "God made the sea, we make the shore." And it seems to be literally true. We stopped first, after a long drive, at a D. D.—Dutch dairy. It was the brightest, queerest old place! All I have ever read of Dutch neatness I have

found to be true, though it seems such an odd contradiction that these cleanly people only have their washing done once in six months! In this dairy, in the stalls where thirty-six cows are kept in winter, were brass kettles and foot-warmers, in glittering array; priceless china plates, cups and saucers; colored shells paving and bordering the stalls, and the whole room as attractive as a summer parlor. In the house, each room had a frieze of blue china plates. There was an old, old tall clock, with a windmill on the face, which worked when the hour was struck. And oh, the funny little hole in the wall, with steps up to it and a curtain to keep out the air, they called a bed! In the dairy-room were fifty-seven cheeses, salting, and we were given sweet milk or buttermilk, which was refreshing after our long drive.

Then on and on we rode, over the smooth roads, enthusiastically enjoying the flat green meadows, the canals, the black and white cows, the windmills, the people. About noon we came to Monnickendam, a pretty little town on the Zuyder Zee, and here we set sail for the island of Marken. As we neared the island slowly, the men in their Sunday suits were in groups on the little wharf, and their boats, great heavy fishing smacks, with dull red sails, lay clean and dry in the offing. These men wear a queer costume: full woolen drawers, brought in tight just below the knees, dark stockings and clumsy shoes, a blouse waist and a broad hat. Further on were the women and children, the handsomest, halest specimens! though they lived almost altogether on fish. The feminines all have, great and small, a yellow curl hanging on each side of their fair, rosy faces, from out their tight-fitting caps. The children wear the cap, both boys

and girls. The little girls, with their tiny skirts nearly touching the ground, their dear little bodices of gay chintz or calico, their chubby faces and bright yellow hair, were the sweetest little images I ever saw, and quite self-possessed, too. The houses are miraculously clean, and all shoes are removed just outside the door. To see old ladies of seventy years and over walking around in their stocking feet, with their short skirts—for here the skirt shrinks as the wearer grows older, apparently—was so funny.

From year to year, these women stay here on the island, their life to watch and wait for the men, who are out on the dangerous waters of this coast, or voyaging on distant seas. . . . They marry and intermarry, and they are also bound together by the strongest ties of sympathy; the widows and the orphans all have one common foe; the husbands and the sons all have one common friend—the sea.

HALLOWE'EN

ALBION FELLOWS-BACON

To-night the witches ride o'erhead,
So all good folk should haste to bed.
Each imp and elf and goblin sprite
In eerie revels join to-night.
Across the churchyard ghosts will stalk.
Through haunted ruins shades will walk.
Around the barns will warlocks prowl,
Across the wastes, the banshees howl,

And where the thorn fire blazes blue
Will steam for all a bubbling brew.
Oh, many a strange and fearsome sight
He'll see, who stays out late to-night—
'Tis Hallowe'en.

To-night fair maidens sit up late,
To try their luck and tempt their fate,
With many an olden charm and spell
By trysting tree and wishing well.
Upon the hearth will chestnuts burn,
The apple peel to letters turn,
Strange faces from the mirrors peer,
Strange voices greet the wistful seer,
While skein and candle, loaf and key,
Are tried in turn on mystery.
Oh, many a tender, charming sight
He'll see, who stays out late to-night—
'Tis Hallowe'en.

CORN GROWING

LAURA A. SMITH

Happy I, to have spent my childhood in the corn belt, and in the prize state of that belt—Indiana! Many are the delights of the nearby cornfield playground. Every minute while the corn is growing it is a joy. The first appearance of the tiny single feathers of the green pushing their way up through the rich, black soil of the river bottom lands makes your child-heart jump, and you shout, "Spring is here! Spring is here!" During the

long vacation days you have a royal playground in the cornfields. They are so alive, so much more alive than your dolls or wooden soldiers! At first the stalks of corn just reach your shoetops. Then day by day you see them coming up, waist-high, shoulder-high, way over your head. Now you play in a thick forest of green, alive with whisperings and rustlings. Each mysterious rustle may be a giant, a wicked fairy or a good one, a bear or an Indian! You play hide and seek in the corn and enjoy the shivers which come when you find yourself isolated, surrounded by walls of green and a silence which fills you with awe. You are alone in the world! When it grows hotter and hotter and drier and drier and the city pavements are red-hot gridirons, and the skies coppery, sullen red, the men folks say, "This is fine weather for growing corn." So you rejoice that the corn crop is going to be a big one. Meanwhile the corn is now King Corn, with tasseled crown of green and arms full of money bags in shape of golden ears. Oh, how beautiful it is as it ripples in the summer breeze! But more glorious than all, is the cornfield in autumn. There, too, are the great golden pumpkins awaiting Cinderella in search of one fit to be the coach which is to take her to Prince Charming's ball! Every shaggy brown corn shock lends itself to play and adventure, its favorite rôle being that of a wigwam in a great Indian village. If you have once ridden along a country lane or road flanked by cornfields, the beeches shedding their last yellow leaves, the harvest moon beginning to show over the woods, the air filled with the tang of hickory brush burning, you have acquired a picture which will live for aye in your memory, As the moon puts on a bolder face, you half close your eyes, and be-

hold, the cornfield becomes peopled with lords and ladies bowing in the minuet of the harvest dance. The homely shocks of corn are thus transfigured.

Happy I, to have spent my childhood in Indiana with the cornfields so friendly!

THE STORY OF THREE GOLDFISHES

CLARA INGRAM JUDSON

Once upon a time, not so very long ago, three handsome goldfishes lived in a big fish bowl that stood on a pretty table in the living-room of a certain house.

And the three goldfishes were different, each from the other; just as different as could be.

There was a great big fish who had a beautiful, long, frilly tail which floated after him like a robe of softest chiffon. He, I'm sorry to say, was very vain about his beautiful tail; he trailed it out after him as he swam through the fish bowl and let it spread out its whole length. Naturally he felt as though he owned the whole bowl and that the other fishes were very unimportant.

The middle-sized fish had a middle-sized tail that would have been thought very beautiful had it not always been compared with the more beautiful tail of the great big fish—a comparison that was far from favorable to the middle-sized fish.

Then there was the little bit o' fish who really had no tail to speak of. The tiny bit of thick, stubby tail he happened to have didn't float out behind him—it wasn't big enough for that; and he never saw it or played with it—

he couldn't have seen it had he tried—it was too short! But for all his lack of beauty, the littlest fish was quite the favorite of the family who lived in the house. You see, having no vanity and no tail to show off, he always had time to frolic in and out of the pebble castle at the bottom of the bowl, or to dart quickly up to the surface of the water if any one wished to feed him. Yes, he was quite the most satisfactory fish of the three.

Of course the great big fish and the middle-sized fish played in the pebble castle at the bottom of the bowl, too. Oh, dear me, yes! They swam through the green grass that grew in the bowl; they nosed over the pebbles and they drifted through the halls of the pretty little castle. But they were too busy watching their tails all the time, seeing that the tails stayed spread out to their widest stretch, that they could never play and frolic as the littlest fish did. Wasn't that too bad?

Then one day a little girl came to visit at the house where the three fishes lived. She had never seen goldfishes before and she thought they were very wonderful. She stood by that fish bowl hours at a time watching these fishes and learning things about them.

The little girl, who was very fond of pretty things, liked the great big goldfish the best because of his beautiful tail. She liked him so well that she made up stories about him. "Do you know what I think about you?" she softly asked the great big goldfish one morning; but the goldfish being busy thinking about himself, made no answer; and the little girl continued her talking. "I think that some time, long, long ago, you must have been a beautiful prince. Long, long ago, in the days when princes wore beautiful flowing capes of cloth of gold."

The great big goldfish came up out from the castle just then, and spreading his tail out in the water seemed to invite the little girl to admire its beauty.

"Yes, I am sure you were a prince," said the little girl, noting the tail, "and your cloth of gold cape was lined with white velvet—the softest white velvet that was ever made. Then one day you fell in love with a beautiful princess. But she, alas! was not good and kind! She was a wicked witch in disguise, and when she came to the palace to be your bride, she changed you into a goldfish. I think that's how you got your long, frilly tail—it was your beautiful cloth of gold cape!" And the little girl laughed softly to herself, for she liked to make up stories about the creatures she saw.

Just as she had finished the story about the great big goldfish, the middle-sized goldfish swam lazily upward toward the surface of the water, as much as to say, "Here, don't talk about him all the time! Make a story about me!"

"All right!" laughed the little girl, understanding at once what he wanted. "I'll make a story about you! I think you must have been the grand vizer to the prince. Your cape was beautiful, but it was neither so long nor so soft as was the prince's. When the wicked witch changed the prince into a goldfish, you were nearby and you loyally tried to save your prince from harm. The wicked witch saw that you meant to go and get help—someone that could change the prince back to his natural shape, so she changed you into a goldfish and threw you into the tiny pond where she had put the prince."

Even as the little girl finished speaking, the littlest goldfish swam clear up to the tip-top of the water and

opened his mouth wide at the little girl as though he was saying, "Here, don't leave me out of the story! I may be little, but I want to be in the story!"

"Oh!" laughed the little girl, understanding, "you can't be in the story! You're too little! I guess you must have been a little page, and the wicked witch threw you into the water by mistake!" And with that the littlest fish had to be satisfied.

Now you may think it most unlikely, but those fishes were very observant and they knew quite well that the little girl was watching them. And the great big fish knew that the little girl admired him the most of all—he easily guessed that because she watched him the most carefully. So he put on his very best behavior.

"Just see how wonderful and important I am," he said to himself. "This little girl thinks I am the best fish in the bowl. I'll show her what I can do." So he swam up and down in the bowl; he went around and around (spreading his tail after him, of course) and through the castle and over it, till the little girl thought he was more wonderful than before.

Now that was all very well, and the story would have ended beautifully if that great big fish had kept up his good behavior—but he didn't!

He got to thinking how very wonderful he was; and how wonderful he was; and how wonderful he was; over and over again just that way till he couldn't think of anything else. And that's bad for anybody—man, child or fish!

And he forgot to be on his good behavior and simply acted natural.

"Pooh! Look at those silly little fish I have to live with," he said to himself. "They aren't worthy to live with me! Stupid little things! I guess I'll just eat them up! Fish with no tails and fish with poor tails are fit for nothing but eating!"

So he started after them.

Around and around the bowl he chased the middle-sized fish. And that poor, surprised middle-sized fish didn't know what to think or where to hide—you see, there is very little room for hiding or dodging in a fish bowl! And though he swam as fast as he could and dodged whenever he had a chance, the great big fish soon caught him and ate him up!

After that, the little fish was no trouble at all; he was so frightened by what he had seen happen to the middle-sized fish that he could hardly swim. So the great big fish caught him and ate him in a hurry.

But was the great big fish happy? Did he have a good time now that he had the whole fish bowl to himself? Not a minute! Does greediness ever make any one happy? Never! Does vanity? Or selfishness? Not a minute!

No sooner had that great big goldfish swallowed the little goldfish than he took sick and died—and that was the end of those three goldfishes.

I AM A PRESENT

EDITH BROWN KIRKWOOD

I am a present. I was made in Illinois from a queer mixture of things. I do not know my inner self, but outwardly I wear a coat of silver and am stamped "sterling." My shape from the first has been a bit confusing. The artistic call me "smart"; the other folks just look at me in wonder. I, myself, am not sure where I begin or where I end, for my head apparently floats in a sea of hair and I am melted gracefully into a position which gives me reason to suspect one half of me does not know where the other half is going. One hand and arm is lost in the draperies at my side, while the other holds aloft a bowl intended for a candle-stick—and therein has laid many of my woes.

I was not many days old when I was sent on my first journey. It was not pleasant. I found myself packed in with many other pieces bearing my own name of "sterling" which, in itself, might have been annoying had I not been so doubtful as to my fate. Not any one of our company knew why we had been sent away from our birthplace or where we were going.

We stopped many times along our way but finally we reached a great city and there the doors of our car were thrown open and we were hurried out into a drafty, dirty place called the freight house. Such a mass of scrambling workers! And oh, some such dreadful words reached our ears that the little Heathen God paper weight packed next to me smiled and whispered something about

our "advanced civilization!" Before he could finish his observations, however, we were loaded onto a big wagon and taken for a long ride over bumpy roads.

The mob and noise at the freight house were as nothing compared with our next week of life. We were dumped into a gaily decorated place and I heard some one say we were "getting ready for the crowd."

"Ah, here's the stuff for the 'marked-down novelties table,'" the manager called when the head was lifted from our box. "Let's see," he went on, examining a small paper tag. "Cost, twenty-five cents each. Here," he cried to a small girl, "take these things to that saleslady over yonder and tell her to get out her last year's marked-down tags. This one"—he pointed to me—"—is to be tagged '$2.50, marked down to $1.25.'"

So I was taken to the saleslady who smiled as she looked at me but who tied a little paper tag to me and placed me upon a table where presently I was joined by most of my traveling companions.

Very late that night we were covered with big sheets and then everything grew very quiet. But, dear me, early the next morning all of the people were back again and it was on this day that I was given my first real glimpse of the world.

I think the new girls—the "extras," the older clerks called them—must have had charge of us, for sometimes I noticed it was very hard for them to say we really were silver and they did not seem very well posted as to our birthplace. In one day I was said to have been made in Germany, Australia, France and Italy and I began wondering whether I was mistaken in thinking it was Illinois, after all.

Several of my companions were admired, wrapped up and taken away from our table and finally it came my turn. She was a middle-aged woman with a business-like face. She picked me up, looked me over carefully and smiled queerly. Then she turned to a companion and said with a laugh:

"Here's one I think I'll take. Emily's such a freak, you know, I'm sure she'll like this and, anyway, I'm afraid if I leave it some one might buy it for me!"

I went with a very heavy heart. I had the feeling that I had very little in common with this woman, but I soon found that Emily lived in another town, very far away, and that another railroad journey confronted me. As it turned out, it wasn't as bad as my first journey, for this time I went packed in dainty wrappings as if I were very precious. Traveling in a private compartment really is very delightful.

Emily was so delighted to get anything from the city that I was placed on the mantel in the parlor, where life was lonesome indeed, and I learned that being exclusive and valuable has its drawbacks. I think I was glad one day when the door opened and Emily came in. She had no dust-cloth in her hand so I knew something was about to happen.

"I don't see why folks invite you to weddings when they know you can't come," she was saying fretfully, as she held me off and looked at me. "I hate like everything to give up that piece of statuary but I declare I won't spend any money on Sue Jones. Besides, Sarah never'll know!"

So began the story of my next journey and how I once

again found myself on exhibition. This time the card that went with me read:

"Congratulations from a loving friend," instead of the "Merry Christmas" with which I had come to Emily.

When I arrived I was seized upon by a very agitated young woman but, unwrapped, my identity seemed to trouble her. She put me first upon the table with much silver, and then in turn upon many other tables and among varied displays, but it was not until I reached the table of "Oriental gifts" that she clapped her hands and shouted gleefully:

"Oh, now I know what it is! It's an incense pot!"

I must admit this was something of a shock. Personally I never had heard of this thing I was expected to impersonate, but if I had rebelled against being born in a foreign country certainly I felt good cause for indignation in being asked to play the rôle of a pot, oriental or otherwise. No self-respecting American should be compelled to submit to this. But she was a romantic young thing and what was I to do? For many weary months I suffered the heat and smell of this new name. It was true I occupied the "cozy corner" in the new home and learned many things, but the travel mood had seized me and my heart jumped with delight when the bride took an inventory of her gifts when Christmas came again and I heard her say:

"I'll wrap the incense pot in some clean tissue paper, put a blue ribbon around it, and Blanche won't know the difference."

Blanche turned me over very impertinently—at least I thought so—when I emerged from my latest bed of tissue paper.

"Wonder what this thing's intended for?" She examined me critically. "If that isn't Sue! I wish people like she would label their presents when they send 'em out. I tell you what I'll do with you, old lady." (Heaven forbid that I must remain long with this insulting person!) "I'll put that dinky glass thing May sent me in this hole you're holding up, and use you for a violet vase!"

Well, that wasn't so bad. The violets were a relief after that incense stuff, anyway.

But this was too good to last. Not so very long after that a morning mail brought a funny-looking invitation all fixed up with silver cord and tassels. Blanche opened the mail—(she opened everything that came to the house).

"Oh, mother!" she shouted, "here's what I call a piece of good luck. I've found a place to send the bias-built silver lady. Aunt Sally and Uncle Jim are celebrating their silver wedding anniversary and they've invited us to come up to the city for it. They know precious well we can't come and I'll bet I'll get good and even." She took the glass vase from my embrace and laughed diabolically.

"Aunt Sally'll hate that thing," was her only remark as she wrote, "Hoping we may send you a gold lady twenty-five years from now," and slipped the card beneath me in the box.

Something familiar about the noise of the place struck me when I was taken from the express car. The voices at the house, too, brought back memories, but at that I was not prepared for the surprise in store for me. When, once more, my wrappings were removed I looked straight into the face of my original business-like pur-

chaser! No mistaking, it was the same face. The friend who had been with her on the day of our first meeting was there too. They looked at each other and then "Aunt Sally" kind of gasped and sat down. The friend laughed.

"Justice, plain justice," she remarked irrelevantly.

"But I thought it was an exclusive pattern," replied Aunt Sally.

"Maybe it's the same one," answered the friend. "It's at least two years since you bought that one you know."

"Mercy no, that's not possible,"—Aunt Sally said it as decidedly as if she really knew—"I sent that one to Virginia and this comes from California. Besides, Emily never would do that with a present from me. Well," she sighed, " 'he who laughs last.' I'll just wrap it again and put it on my shelf of next year's Christmas gifts."

And here I am.

FORCEYTHE WILLSON

LAUREL CONWELL THAYER

"He came among us as softly and silently as a bird drops into his nest."—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Indiana justly claims a writer whose thought was so stirred by the events of the war that he gave to the world two poems, *The Old Sargeant* and *In State,* which Emerson said "were among the most remarkable poems ever written in this country."

Forceythe Willson, although a native of the East, spent

the years of his early manhood in New Albany, Indiana, chose the granddaughter of a Hoosier pioneer for his wife, and his grave overlooks the beautiful Whitewater Valley near the town of Laurel.

There is something tragic in the destiny of this man of poetic vision. Spared the necessity of grinding toil, his genius gave promise of fruitful years until a master more inexorable than toil bade him lay down his pen.

Before his twentieth year, his poems were finding their way into newspapers and magazines. *The Old Sargeant* first appeared in the *Louisville Journal* as a New Year's address in 1863. Two days later, it was being read and wept over by congressmen in Washington and President Lincoln, deeply interested, was inquiring as to its authorship. Doctor Oliver Wendell Holmes read it to a large audience and compared it for human interest to *The Ancient Mariner.*

The attraction of kindred spirits is rarely so marked a matter of destiny as was the meeting of Forceythe Willson and Elizabeth Conwell Smith of Laurel. The gifted young writer, whose poems began to appear in local papers during her sixteenth year, was the granddaughter of James Conwell, pioneer of Indiana and founder of the town of Laurel. Introduced at a literary club in New Albany, where both were guests of the evening, they recognized the kinship, for she, too, had the poet's gift, and a peculiarly sensitive nature had accustomed her to the joys and sorrows of "the hermit soul." Similar tastes and sympathetic natures constituted a bond that soon resulted in marriage, and the ceremony took place under the trees in the yard of the old Updegraff home near Connersville. The poet took his bride to

Cambridge, Massachusetts, where their home was opposite that of Longfellow, who was one of the group of friends which included Emerson, Oliver Wendell Holmes and William D. Howells. It may be said parenthetically that Mr. Willson is the only Indiana poet who came in close touch with the New England writers. The marriage of the Indiana poets has been compared to that of Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, and the young Hoosier writer is said to have resembled the English poetess in personal appearance as well as in poetic nature.

Besides the verses mentioned, Mr. Willson's best known poem is *The Rhyme of the Master's Mate,* included in a volume published in 1866 under the title, *The Old Sargeant and Other Poems,* several of which had appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly.* After the death of his wife, Mr. Willson gathered her poems together in a volume which he published in a limited edition.

Forceythe Willson, the man, was as remarkable as Forceythe Willson the poet. Of commanding appearance, medium height and symmetrical build, it was perhaps his wonderful dark eyes that challenged attention—eyes that Longfellow called "the finest type of the oriental." Strength and gentleness were finely balanced in Mr. Willson, whose personality has been described as being most lovable. He was a scholar and a gentleman. His dignity of bearing was touched by an unfailing courtesy. Particularly kindly toward the aged, his fine nature found expression in little ministrations too often forgotten in the stress of common life. He saw clearly, he felt keenly, he loved deeply.

Though he looked upon life with the vision of the poet, the courage, the virility of the soldier also were his.

Patriotism ran high in his nature. But who shall say that he is not the real hero who can call the hearthstone his battlefield when duty points the way?

DIANA OF THE HUNT

FORCEYTHE WILLSON

All can see, in the shining places,
Vestiges of her classic graces;
Where her footsteps, fleet and stark,
Have beautifully embossed the dark.

We know, indeed, that stately and golden
Antlers, hunters and heroes olden,
Wood-nymph, satyr, and sylvan fawn,
Goddess and stag, are gone!—all gone!

But still,—as strange as it may appear,
Sometimes when the nights are bright and clear,
The long-breathed hounds are heard to bay
Over the hills and far away!

And lovers who walk at Love's high noon,
See something flash in the light of the moon,
As a shining stag swept through the sky,
And the chase of the goddess were up on high.

Be this as it may, in sooth,
It is only in the pursuit of Truth,
That the soul shall overtake and possess
The most exalted happiness.

THE MAGIC PITCHER

ELIZABETH CONWELL WILLSON

I know an ancient story of a maid
  Who broke her golden pitcher at the well,
And wept therefor; when came a voice that said,
  "Peace, sorrowing child; behold the magic spell
Wherewith I make thy loss a certain gain!"
  Then through her tears she saw a shape of light
Before her; and a lily, wet with rain
  Or dew, was in his hands—all snowy white.

Then stood the maiden hushed in sweet surprise,
  And with her clasped hands held her heart-throbs down
Beneath the brightness of his eyes
  Whose smile seemed to enwreathe her like a crown.
He raised no wand; he gave no strange commands;
  But touched her eyes with tender touch and light,
With charmed lips kissed apart her folded hands,
  And laid therein the lily, snowy white.

Then, as the south wind breathes in summer lands,
  He breathed upon the lily-bloom; and lo!
Its curling leaves expanded in her hands,
  And shaped a magic pitcher white as snow,
Gemmed with the living jewels of the dew,
  And brimmed with overflows of running light,
Then came a voice, the mystic voice she knew:
  "Drink of the lily waters, pure and bright,

Thou little maiden by the well," it said,
"And give to all who thirst, the waters cool;
So shall thy grieving heart be comforted;
So shall thy pitcher ever more be full!"
Then, as the sunlight fades in twilight wood,
He faded in the magic of the spell;
While, mute with joy, the little maiden stood
Clasping her magic pitcher by the well.

UNAWARES

ALICE WILLIAMS BROTHERTON

A song welled up in the singer's heart
Like a song in the throat of a bird,
And loud he sang, and far it rang,—
For his heart was strangely stirred;
And he sang for the very joy of the song,
With no thought of one who heard.

Within the listener's wayward soul
A heavenly patience grew,
He fared on his way with a benison
On the singer, who never knew
How the careless song of an idle hour
Had shaped a life anew.

THE GREATER GLORY

WILLIAM ALLEN WOOD

"Strength and Beauty are in His Sanctuary."
—PSALM 96, VERSE 6.

One night I traveled over mountainous ways
And feared the menace of Almighty Power;
His terrors in the lightnings were ablaze,
His crashing thunder made the summits cower—

When o'er my path, from out the dark, there blew,
Making my heart leap up in sheer delight,
The thrilling scent of roses cooled with dew.
Thy beauty, Lord, is stronger than Thy might.

THE WEAVER

GEORGE BICKNELL

I am a weaver, and the cloth I am weaving is my own dear life. And this cloth shall be finer than cloth of gold. And it shall be as permanent as Eternity itself. And it shall be worn by the fairest of men in all of the ages that follow. And they shall be glorified thereby and shall glorify me. And the woof and the warp of this fabric shall be all the gifts of the years. Shall be all the griefs and the sorrows and heartaches. All the joys and exultings and honors. The bitter words of my enemies and

the dangerous mouthings of flatterers. The gentle and generous kindnesses of friends that are true, and the depths of vice of my own soul and its flights of divine aspiration. All of these shall be woven into this cloth that is finer than cloth of gold, and shall be left for the honor and glory of men who shall follow. For I am the weaver and I have foreseen that the Fates have given me all of these fragments to weave into beautiful fabric. And that none is better or worse than the other. And that my mission is not to choose but to weave and accept what is given, and call it the best that could come. And so I accept, with heartiest thanks, the all that is given, nor will I depart until I have praised every giver and told him that he was as kind and as worthy and useful as any another.

THE SET OF THE SAIL

WILLIAM ALLEN WOOD

From whencesoe'er the wind may blow,
It bears the sailor where he'll go;
He trims his sail to suit the breeze
And scuds along while singing glees.

And you, my brother, "born to woe,"
Can shape life's circumstances so
That every counter-current bleak
Will push you toward the goal you seek.

"It's all pretty comfortable and cheerful and busy in Indiana, with lots of old-fashioned human kindness flowing 'round; and it's getting better all the time. And I guess it's always got to be that way, out here in God's country."

—MEREDITH NICHOLSON.

RS